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Klopstock, Friedrich Gottlieb  
1724-1803.

# MEMOIRS

OF

## FREDERICK

AND

## MARGARET KLOPSTOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY THE

*Author of "FRAGMENTS in Prose and Verse."*

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SECOND EDITION.

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## ***ADVERTISEMENT.***

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THE translations contained in this volume, with the exception of a few pages, were finished by Miss S— in the year 1805; and the Preface was read and approved by her. Some letters in Mr. Klopstock's publication are omitted, to avoid repetition; as well as several passages in those which are inserted in this collection; particularly such as contain remarks on the Messiah, as it was thought they would appear dry and uninteresting to those who are unacquainted with that ad-

mirable Poem. In taking the liberty to omit such parts of the work as seemed least likely to please the English reader, the Editor only fulfils the request of her lamented friend, as expressed in her letters on this subject.\*

*Bath, Dec. 1808.*

\* See *Fragments*, p. 126.

## PREFACE.

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THE Letters of MARGARET KLOPSTOCK, printed in the Correspondence of Mr. Richardson, have been so much admired, that I flatter myself the volume now offered to the public will want no other recommendation, than an assurance that it contains the genuine writings of that most amiable woman, which were published at Hamburg in the year 1759, by her afflicted husband. To the translation of that publication is prefixed an Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Klopstock, with some letters and papers which tend to illustrate the character of that great Poet.

Klopstock, the Milton of Germany, the pride of his country, whose piety and virtue, still more than his talents, made him an honour to human nature, —Klopstock is scarcely known in England; while

on the stage, and in the closet, the principles and morals of the rising generation are corrupted by an inundation of German literature, in which the boldest flights of genius, the noblest sentiments, and the most interesting feelings, are too often employed to betray the unsuspecting heart. Many an admirable pen has been employed to counteract the mischiefs which such writings are calculated to produce, and may success attend their labours! I have taken a different path in order to attain the same end, and will endeavour to make vice odious, by exhibiting virtue in her genuine form. I offer to the public no imaginary characters, but a picture drawn from the life. Klopstock is not here presented to the reader as the first poet of the age, but as one of the best and most amiable of men; the tenderest husband, the kindest friend. But this is not all: he appears in a far higher character. Fallen in an instant from the height of human felicity, called to resign such a blessing as few of his fellow-mortals ever possessed,—his exalted mind seemed marked by Providence to shew the triumph of genuine Christianity. In this little collection of letters, we penetrate into the deepest recesses of his heart; we see how much he loved, and was beloved. His warm

imagination and acute feelings made him peculiarly susceptible of pleasure and of pain. Blest with the hand and heart of one of the most excellent of women, he was in every respect "happy past the common lot:" when he was called to prove to the world that no trial is too great for Christian fortitude to support. With hopes always fixed on the invisible world, he looked forward to that happy moment, when those who have been separated on earth shall meet again in heaven to part no more.

"Strong in this hope, his comforters he comforts."

YOUNG.

The love of God which glowed in his heart, taught him to rest with filial confidence on His supporting hand, fully convinced that all will work together for good to those who feel *that* love as it ought to be felt by a Christian. To the cold scepticism which now assumes the venerable name of philosophy, his sentiments may perhaps appear absurd and irrational. To such philosophers every thing which *they* do not believe is superstition, every thing which *they* do not feel is enthusiasm. But leaving them to the darkness which they prefer to the clear light of revelation, I wish to obviate ob-

jections which may possibly be made, by very sincere and pious Christians, to some of the sentiments expressed by Klopstock and his Margaret with regard to the nature and employment of the Angels, and the state of the soul after death. On subjects which are placed so far beyond the reach of human reason, and on which the word of GOD gives us only such information as is calculated to animate our hopes, but not to gratify our curiosity, it may perhaps be thought improper to indulge the imagination in groundless and unfounded speculations ; and Letters from the Dead to the Living, or from the Living to the Dead, may be received with a smile of contempt, or with a frown of disapprobation. From this hasty decision I venture to appeal to those, and those *only*, whose hearts have felt the pain of losing what they fondly loved, and who are supported by the hope of an eternal union in a happier world. Such readers (and in this vale of tears there are many such) will view with indulgence the little arts by which the mourner tried to sooth his grief. They will not suppose that he expected his letters should really be read by his departed wife, but they will feel what he felt, and willingly yield to a sweet illusion. ——

It is true that we know little of the invisible world, of the happy spirits who surround the throne of the Great Creator, or of the state of those who are released from the corruptable body, and from all the sorrows of life; but do we therefore doubt their existence? and is it criminal to indulge the thoughts which are so natural to the heir of immortality, and to conjecture what certainly we cannot prove? We know, from the highest authority, that there are ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation; and it seems not improbable that they may, as Klopstock supposes, be peculiarly attached to individuals, and being united to them by a friendship, of which earthly attachments give us only an imperfect idea, that they may be employed to protect and guard the objects of their care. This is “a doctrine, which has prevailed more or less in every age of the church, which is without question most soothing and consolatory to human nature, and is certainly countenanced by several passages of holy writ, as well as by the authority of Origen, Tertullian, and other eminent fathers and commentators.”\*

\* Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew, by Bishop Porteus, vol. ii. p. 82, 83.

This opinion is likewise supported by Grotius, Bishop Andrews, Bishop Horne,† and other eminent divines; and it is not censured by one of the brightest luminaries of our own age and nation, whose words I have just quoted; and who adds, with the mild wisdom, and truly christian liberality, so conspicuous in all his writings, “No one that cherishes this notion can be charged with weakness or superstition; and if it should be at last an error, it is (as Cicero says of the immortality of the soul) so delightful an error, that we cannot easily suffer it to be wrested from us.”

We know that when the body returns to the earth as it was, the spirit returns to GOD who gave it; and it is a pleasing thought, that friends thus separated from us by death may still watch over us with tender concern, may still behold, and perhaps assist, our humble endeavours to perform the will of Him who reserves for us such happiness as they now enjoy. We may be mistaken in this idea; but it seems to be an innocent illusion; and it has afforded comfort to many wretched mourners, on whom unfeeling

† See his admirable Sermon on the Existence and Employment of Angels, vol. iv. p. 311.

scepticism has no comfort to bestow. Such speculations tend to disengage us from sensual pleasures, and to strengthen our connection with the invisible world ; they animate our exertions to attain the happiness which is not to be found in this life, and they reconcile us to those dispensations of Providence which often call us to resign our highest enjoyments, and our most virtuous attachments; which command us to forsake *all*, and follow Him, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross. That such was their effect on the exalted mind of Klopstock, must be evident to all who are acquainted with his writings;—and if this little publication should increase the number of those who study his works with the attention they deserve, I flatter myself that I am doing an important service to my country; and (to borrow the words of the elegant translator of Oberon) that not the lovers of poetry only, but whoever loves his neighbour, and adores his God, will owe no trivial obligation to the editor who makes him better acquainted with the author of “The Messiah.” This I will endeavour to do by throwing together such particulars as I have been enabled to collect, of the life, the character, and the sentiments, of this extraordinary man.

Of his lovely and accomplished wife it is unnecessary to say more than that she was, as Cramer calls her, “Klopstock in feminine beauty.” Her picture has been already presented to the English reader, drawn by her own hand, in her letters to Richardson, with such enchanting softness, and such beautiful simplicity, that it is superfluous to add any thing on the subject. Those letters shew what she was while she was the happy wife of Klopstock; and some of those which are now presented to the public, will shew what she was in the last dreadful moments of her life; when, with a martyr’s firmness, she resigned her pure and virtuous spirit into the hands of her Creator.

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MEMOIRS\*  
OR  
MR. KLOPSTOCK.

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FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK  
was born in Quedlinburg, July 2d, 1724. He  
was the eldest of eleven children; six sons, and five  
daughters. His father, who was a magistrate of  
Quedlinburg, and afterwards farmed the bailiwick of  
Friedeburg, was a singular character; but with  
some peculiarities, he possessed many virtues; and  
united great good-nature with extreme uprightness

\* Compiled from papers which were communicated by  
Dr. Mumssen, and translated by Miss S—. To which  
are added extracts from “Klopstock Er und über ihn,” by  
Professor Cramer; Hamburg, 1780: and from a Life of  
Klopstock, published in the Monthly Magazine.

of principle, and uncommon firmness and resolution. His eccentricities appear to have had no serious influence on the education of young Klopstock. He left the powers of his body and mind to unfold themselves freely, unrestrained by severity; and his boyish years flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of happiness, resulting from a proper distribution of his time between serious business and innocent relaxation. In a beautiful country, on the banks of the Saal, the poet passed his early years, under the guidance of a private tutor. He was employed during some hours every day in learning the elements of the languages, and he devoted the remaining part of his time, with youthful ardour, to athletic exercises. When he was fit for a public school, in his thirteenth year, his father took him to the Gymnasium at Quedlinburg. Here Klopstock passed three years, unmarked by fame, and rather unfolding his corporeal than his mental powers: but the remembrance of those unfeathered years afforded him, ever after, the sweetest enjoyment. Even in his old age, he intreated all his friends who travelled through Quedlinburg, to visit the play-yard where he had enjoyed those early pleasures which are never forgotten, and which he loved to describe even to the minutest circumstance.

It appears that while he attended the Gymnasium, he had in some degree neglected his studies, for when speaking of his intended removal to the College, he says, “ My father now represented to me that I must be particularly industrious, as the time of my remaining at the College would depend upon the success of my first examination, and on the consequent rank which I should obtain in the classes. I followed his advice, and again assiduously applied myself to Latin and Greek; and I still remember how frequently I walked up and down my garret in the heat of the sun, and studied in the sweat of my brow.” His introduction at the College is thus described by Mr. Cramer. ‘ His father now took him to the College, and the examination was arranged. The Rector conducted him into an apartment, and gave him an exercise to write, leaving with him Weismann’s Lexicon, and a grammar. It was to be completed in three hours, and then he was to ring the bell; but he rung before the appointed time. The Rector appeared. “ Is it finished already ? ” said he; then cast his eye over it, and sent him into the play-ground, where the scholars assembled, as usual, to welcome and to ridicule the new comer. One of the elder ones came to him with a scornful

air, and said, “K-l-o-p-Klop stock, is that your name?” Upon which his uncommon name was immediately echoed and re-echoed, and laughed at. This enraged him, and going up to the boy, with a menacing air and stern look, he answered, “Yes, my name *is* Klopstock:” and from this time he was never assailed with any raillery, particularly as the Rector highly applauded his exercise, and immediately gave him the highest place in the third class.

Klopstock was in his sixteenth year when he proceeded from the Gymnasium to the College, where his character as a man and as a poet began to be displayed in a very advantageous point of view. The rector Freytag deserves particular notice amongst his teachers; he elucidated the ancients with a precision and taste which were very rare at that time: he sought to make his scholars familiar, not only with the language, but with the spirit of the writer. Under this gentleman the industrious youth acquired perfect knowledge of the classics, entered into all the beauties of the ancient authors, and while he followed with rapture the bold flights of their original genius, he fed a flame within himself which was soon to burst forth in full lustre. He read few books, but they were the best; and he read with acute

discrimination and unwearied attention. Virgil was his favourite poet; and while he saw in him the model of perfect beauty, he felt a strong impulse to imitate him. He applied himself very diligently to compositions both in prose and verse; and some *Pastorals*, according to the fashionable taste of the time, preceded one of the noblest plans that ever entered the soul of a poet.

At this early period of his life, Klopstock formed the resolution of writing an epic poem, which till then had not existed in the German language. He tells us himself how this idea arose in his mind. His enthusiastic admiration of Virgil; the glory he promised himself in being the first who should produce a work like the *Aeneid* in the language of his native country; the warmth of patriotism which early animated him to raise the fame of German literature in this particular to a level with that of other European countries; the just indignation he felt in reading the works of a Frenchman, who had denied to the Germans any talent for poetry; all combined, with the consciousness of his own superior powers, to spur him on to the execution of his exalted plan.

In his beautiful Oration on quitting the College at Quedlinburg, after a very ingenious dissertation on

the state of poetry in Germany, he expresses his idea of the talents requisite for the composition of an Epic Poem, in the following words. “ If amongst our present poets there may not be one who is destined to embellish his native country with this honour; hasten to arise, O glorious day, which shall bring such a poet to light! And thou sun which shall first behold, and with mild beams enlighten him, approach ! May virtue, and wisdom, with the Celestial Muse, nurse him with the tenderest care ! May the whole field of nature be displayed before him, and the whole magnificence of our adorable religion. To him may even the range of future ages be no longer wrapt in impenetrable darkness ! And by these instructors may he be rendered worthy of immortal fame, and of the approbation of GOD himself, whom above all he will praise ! ” On this passage Cramer makes the following observation. ‘ How much would any other person have found to say of himself on this occasion ; but he, with his whole plan in his head, and in his heart, and a determined resolution to execute it, and to be that poet of whom he here speaks ; — he says *nothing*. ’ Klopstock was long undecided in the choice of his subject. He sought out some hero in the Ger.

man history, and had once fixed on the Emperor Henry, the founder of the freedom of his native city;\* but after choosing and rejecting many different subjects, he at last formed the plan of his Messiah; and this preference was given even before he was acquainted with Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* became, soon after that period, his favourite and almost uninterrupted study.

An interesting account of Klopstock, when very young, was inserted in Bodmer's *Letters on Criticism*, and reprinted by Cramer, in the year 1780, with the approbation of the poet. Mr. Cramer speaks of it in the following manner. 'I think it cannot be wrong to insert here this letter of our excellent Bodmer, since it is very worthy to be known, and is in a collection of pieces which are no longer read. Klopstock himself is, I know, well satisfied with it; and it is very remarkable that Bodmer should have drawn such an animated portrait of him previous to their personal acquaintance. I can venture to assert, that if we divest this representation of mere fiction and

\* Henry the First, surnamed the Fowler, who began to reign in the year 920. He conquered the Huns, and afterwards made a successful war on the Venedi, who inhabited Saxony. He died in 936.

ornament, we shall find much truth which Bodmer has blended with it.'—From this account I venture to make a few extracts, omitting conversations which are probably fictitious.

In his father's library are many sermons, and ten Bibles, but not a single poet. He soon distinguished the Bible from all the rest, still more through his own taste, than on account of his father's earnest recommendations. He made it his constant pocket companion, not merely as a duty, but for pleasure. While yet in his childhood, he was so well acquainted with the phraseology of the Hebrew language, and the figurative manner of representing things, which he found in that book, that he used it, unknown to himself, wherever he would express any thing with earnestness.—In a walk with his father, in a fine spring morning, before he was quite fourteen years old, they had sat down under an oak, and a cool western breeze blew on them. His first words were, "All around the oak receives us in his shadow. Soft airs breathe on us, like a whisper of the presence of GOD." Then again he said, "How peaceful grows the tender moss, here on the cool earth! The hills lie round about in lovely twilight, as though new made, and blooming like Eden."

At that time the strong representations of inanimate nature, which he found in the poetical books of Job and the Prophets, affected him most deeply, and he was often heard, when he awoke in the morning, repeating whole chapters with a strong accent, as a poet might do who was reciting his own work, The descriptions were so strongly impressed on his mind, that when the things themselves came before his eyes, he would often say they were not new to him; he had already *seen* them in the Psalms and the Prophets. When he approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart, as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy, drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration. From this turn of mind sprung a style of writing full of poetry, before he had ever seen a verse, or knew any thing of prosody. He was a poet, while neither he nor his father suspected it. I have seen a letter he wrote, before he

had attained his seventeenth year, to a youth of his own age, who seems to have been his only intimate acquaintance: it contained the following expressions. “ My friend ! Image of my mind ! whom an invisible Son of Heaven raises up, with me, to higher hopes than those of the human herd ; dost thou look on the tender youth of our friendship with that cheerful eye, which makes the innocence of youthful days cloudless like the days of eternity ? What dost thou feel in the expressions wherewith thy noble heart consecrates to thy friend, more than merely a verbal friendship ? Let us so ennable it by the rectitude of our minds, that He who pours down his blessings from Heaven, may look with pleasure on it.”

In the autumn of the year 1745, Klopstock left the College at Quedlinburg, and removed to the University of Jena. His intention was to study theology, but the dull disputes of scholastic divines did not accord with the state of his mind at that period. He wanted no evidence to prove the truth of a religion which had taken entire possession of his heart, and he could not listen with patience to the cavils of infidels, or the cold reasonings of metaphysicians ; and after a tedious half year, the

ardent youth, whose mind was accustomed to better nourishment, removed with his relation Schmidt to the university of Leipsic.

During the few months spent at Jena, he had, however, in the stillness of his closet been realizing some part of his intended plan by tracing out the three first cantos of the Messiah. He composed these three cantos in prose, but his performance greatly displeased him. He was fired with a laudable indignation at feeling himself so inferior in harmony to his great models Homer and Virgil. Lost in his own reflections, he would frequently wander up and down the country round Jena, and in one of these solitary walks he came to a determination to imitate the great poets of antiquity, in the structure of their verse. In a few hours he completed a page of Hexameters, and from that time decided on composing his poem in this measure. Thus he was the first who introduced into German poetry a metre which was supposed to be unattainable in that language, and he afterwards triumphantly defended this mode of versification, both by example and argument.

In the spring of the year 1746, he carried with him to Leipsic the three first books of the Messiah,

which astonished and delighted a few ingenious friends to whom he shewed them. Amongst these early friends of Klopstock were, Cramer, Gärtner, Schlegel, Giesecke, Zacharia, Gellert, and Rabener. Schmidt, the relation as well as the bosom friend of the poet, had accompanied him to Leipsic. These young favourites of the Muses had formed themselves into a literary society, in order to improve their taste by mutual criticisms on their various essays, of which the best were printed in a paper entitled “Bremen Contributions.” Klopstock was admitted into their small society, and the Messiah was made known to them in consequence of a scene which is thus described by Mr. Cramer. “In Klopstock’s apartment the Messiah first came to light. After the first compliments between him and my father, Schmidt proceeded immediately to the execution of a plan he had formed. He turned the discourse to literary subjects, spoke of the English with excessive praise, and then adverted to the Germans, and particularly to the Contributors,† of whom he spoke in a manner that induced my father to take the part of

† The Literary Society who published the Bremen Contributions.

his friends, but with the greatest moderation, according to his well-known character. He said, they knew very well that they were not perfect, but they endeavoured to become so. They employed all possible severity of criticism towards themselves ; they——Schmidt interrupted him, and said, with a smile, “ Yes, yes, severity of criticism is very well ; but genius, not one German possesses that ; the English,—the English.” My father was preparing to reply, when Klopstock, who till then had been only a spectator, grew warm and interposed. ‘ Dear Mr. Cramer, what will you think of my friend ? But he only pretends to insult you. When you shall become more acquainted with his manner, you will find that he is not in earnest.’ “ What, (cried Schmidt,) does he say so ? Do not believe him. He is the most severe critic amongst us. If you did but know how malicious he is ! ” Then starting up, with an arch look, and a firm grasp, he drew the manuscript of the Messiah out of a chest. “ There, there, (said he,) now you shall hear *something*.” The affair now became serious. Klopstock, whose plan of secrecy was at once overturned by this treachery, sprung up, his countenance glowing, and said, ‘ Schmidt, I do not know you at this moment.’ He struggled with

him, endeavouring to snatch away the manuscript ; but Schmidt, who became more and more resolute, paid no regard to his opposition, kept him off with one hand, and with the other held up the papers, like Cæsar when he swam across the Nile. My father, whose curiosity was now strongly excited, entreated ; Klopstock protested ; but Schmidt began to read. Still however Schmidt contrived a little mischief; for though he usually read well, he now took pains to do it ill, that he might if possible induce my father to find fault with the work, or at least to listen coldly, in order that his own triumph over the Contributors might be complete. But my father was too sharp-sighted to be deceived. Scarcely had Schmidt read one page, before he interrupted him with much animation. ‘ Mr. Schmidt, I must tell you that should be read quite in a different manner.’ “ You have taken the words out of my mouth, (said Klopstock;) and now, Schmidt, since the secret is betrayed, give it to me. I will read it myself.” He now took courage, and read the whole first canto, and he particularly excelled in reading Hexameters. The termination of this adventure may easily be imagined. Hostilities with Schmidt were presently laid aside; my

father received the poem as it ought to be received, expressed to Klopstock his warmest approbation, and said: there was a society of friends, to whom it would afford the greatest pleasure, if he might be permitted to impart it to them, and that it should remain a secret with them. The heart of our dear friend was already gained, and he consented. My father took the Poem first to Gärtner, then to the others, and in consequence was sent, by them all, with an invitation to Klopstock to join their society. He accepted it. They regarded each other at the first moment as friends, and they were really so, for amongst such beings tedious ceremonies are useless."

In the two following years he produced many excellent Odes, which, together with the three cantos of the Messiah, appeared at first in the Bremen Contributions. It may with truth be observed, that at this period Germany was not prepared for the reception of a poet of so superior a cast; the public taste was not sufficiently formed to relish the lofty flight of Klopstock's genius; but his cantos were read with the highest warmth of admiration by those who possessed a genuine taste for poetry, and their applause was sufficient to animate the poet in the prosecution of his sublime plan.

Klopstock's residence at Leipsic became unpleasant to him, after he had lost his chosen friends, who gradually left the University. The warm and tender attachment that bound him to this estimable circle in Leipsic, formed one of the sweetest recollections of his past life, on which he dwelt with peculiar pleasure even in his old age. When he afterwards contemplated in pensive sadness each of these beloved friends sinking successively into the grave before him, his only comfort was the remembrance of what they had once been to him, and the prospect of what they would be in a happier world.

In the course of the year 1748, Klopstock left Leipsic, to reside at Langensalza, in the house of a relation named Weiss, whose children he undertook to instruct. This is an interesting period in the life of Klopstock, as he now became acquainted with the beautiful sister of his friend Schmidt, who is the subject of some of his most admired poems, in which she is distinguished by the name of Fanny. He never had courage to make proposals of marriage, as he thought he had no prospect of success, and the lady was soon afterwards united to another. Many of his odes and elegies, as well as his letters to Bodmer, prove the purity and ardour of this youthful passion;

and the pain of not seeing himself beloved, added to the influence of severe application on his health, conspired to throw him into a deep melancholy, which lasted for some time, and threw a dark colouring over all his poetic effusions. It is probably to this period of Klopstock's life that Mr. Cramer alludes, when speaking of his cheerful disposition in the latter part of his life he makes the following observations. "I could wish to know from what cause it arises, that in many persons who are remarkable for sensibility, and strong powers of imagination, precisely that period of life when the body is in its greatest vigour, and the animal spirits are the most lively; when the prospect of all the delights of honour and friendship is most fair and blooming, and when the termination of these enjoyments appears at the greatest distance;—*that* period is, however, frequently the time of melancholy reflections, of familiarity with the grave, and habitual contemplation of death. This "Youth for ever,"\* whose age even now shines with all the brightness of a fine spring morning, and who, with the well-

\* The "Youth for ever" was the title given him by some of his intimate friends, as appears by Dr. Mumssen's third letter to the Editor.

regulated disposition of a wise man, his brow never clouded with melancholy or ill-humour, gathers all the flowers of joy, was formerly wrapped in the mourning attire of Young. Never did he more seriously reflect on the instability of all earthly things, or on the importance of eternity. Many times did he *then* dip his pencil in the darkest colours, while on the richest and most beautiful night pieces, he painted—death.” This however wore away entirely after a few years, from travelling, agreeable society, constant occupation, increasing fame, and a fresh attachment.

While Klopstock had retired from the world to an obscure retreat, his Messiah excited such a degree of attention, as no other book had ever awakened in Germany. Friends and enemies, admirers and critics, appeared on all sides; but its success was owing as much to the sacredness of the subject as to the beauty of the poetry. Young preachers quoted it from the pulpit; and Christian readers loved it, as a book that afforded them, amidst the rage of controversy, some scope for devout feeling. By some divines it was condemned as a presumptuous fiction; and the partisans of the grammarian Göttshed raised still greater clamour against the work on account of

the language ; while the Swiss critics, on the other hand, extolled it to the greatest degree. Bodmer in particular, the translator of Milton, embraced the cause of the German epic bard with enthusiastic ardour, and contributed greatly to accelerate the celebrity of the poem. Klopstock, whose mind was occupied with sublime and original ideas, engaged in none of these disputes, but suffered friends and enemies to write as they pleased, while he was silent, and followed the bent of his genius.

In the summer of the year 1750, Klopstock went to Zurich, on an invitation from Bodmer, at whose house he resided, and with whom he had previously carried on a correspondence. Some of his letters to this excellent friend will be found in the following collection. Klopstock was received in Switzerland with the most flattering marks of esteem and respect. The sublime and enchanting beauties of that romantic country, the friendship of some highly cultivated minds, and the uncorrupted manners of that virtuous nation, would perhaps have made him faithless to his native land, had not an unexpected circumstance opened to him very different prospects in life. The good genius of Germany raised up the illustrious Danish Count Bernstorff, whose capa-

cious mind traced in the very commencement of Klopstock's work the future glory of the poet. The three first cantos had been presented to him at Paris, where he resided as Danish Ambassador, and he immediately resolved to take the author under his patronage. By Count Bernstorff Klopstock was recommended to the favourite minister of Frederick V. and through him to the King himself, by whom he was invited to reside at Copenhagen, on a pension which set him above pecuniary cares, and left him at liberty to compleat the Messiah. This entitled the Danish Monarch to the noble ode in which Klopstock dedicated to him his sublime poem, and gratitude attached him to his new country.\*

It was in the spring of the year 1751, that Klopstock quitted his beloved Switzerland, and travelled through Saxony to Denmark. He visited his relations at Quedlinburg, and some of his academical friends at Brunswick; and at Hamburg he first saw

\* It appears however that his friends thought him idle; for in a letter to Cramer, dated May 6, 1755, Rabener says, "How is Klopstock? Here people think he is dead. If we do not receive the promised book at the present fair, I shall be of opinion that it is not right for kings to give pensions to great geniuses."

the lovely and accomplished Margaretta Möller, who afterwards made him the happiest of men. An interesting account of the progress of this attachment will be found in Mrs. Klopstock's letters to Richardson; and the letters of her friends, after the fatal event which put a period to the poet's short-lived felicity, with his own account of her character, and some fragments of her writings, form the principal contents of the following pages.

After his first meeting with this lady, Klopstock continued his journey to Copenhagen, where he lived in the enjoyment of tranquillity and leisure, beloved and respected by all who were friends to science and virtue. Here he studied the works of Young and Richardson. With the former he kept up a correspondence, and addressed to him an Ode, which is strongly expressive of esteem and admiration. The letters which constantly passed between him and his beloved Margaret, knit still closer the bonds of affection; but domestic circumstances obliged them to delay their union to a distant period. In the year 1752, the King having determined to spend the summer in Holstein, Klopstock took that opportunity to return to the object of his affection at Hamburg, and consecrated this happy interval to

love and the muses. To this circumstance we are indebted for his captivating songs to his Margaret, under the title of Cidli, the name which he had given to Jairus's daughter in the Messiah. His matrimonial alliance was, however, still deferred, and he was obliged to leave her once more, in order to return with the King to Copenhagen, where he continued during the whole of the following year. In the summer of the year 1754, he travelled again to Hamburg; and at length, on the 10th of June, he was united to the amiable object of his affection. After his marriage he went with his bride to Quedlinburg; and it was there that, after a severe illness, he wrote his celebrated Ode on Recovery. But he enjoyed for a very short time the bliss of connubial affection; in the year 1758, the beloved partner of his heart died in childbed, and his affliction may be more easily imagined than described. He cherished the remembrance of this charming woman to the last moment of his life, and always found a melancholy pleasure in visiting her grave in the village of Ottensen, near Hamburg, where he directed that his own remains should be placed by her side.

The afflicted heart of Klopstock still hung on his protector and friend, Count Bernstorff; and he made

Copenhagen his residence, till that great man resigned his office in the year 1771. After this period the poet returned to Hamburg, where he still enjoyed a pension from the King of Denmark, by whom he was much esteemed and loved. In 1775, the Margrave Frederick of Baden sent him a pressing invitation to Carlsruhe, where he remained about a year, and then returned to Hamburg, at which place he resided during the remainder of his life.

Notwithstanding the serious turn of mind which pervades the writings of this great poet, he was fond of society, and very lively and agreeable. His countenance (as I am informed by one of his friends) was extremely pleasing, though not remarkably handsome. His eyes were blue, full of animation, but chiefly expressive of softness and benevolence. His voice was uncommonly sweet; and when he first addressed a stranger, it was in a low, gentle, *intreating* tone, till by degrees he commanded his whole attention by the spirit and energy of his conversation. Animated with all the fire of genius, but always gentle and unassuming, there was no harshness in his look or manner; nor were his extraordinary talents marked by any strong lines, or remarkable expression of countenance; so that where he was

not known, his figure would probably have attracted no notice, till he entered into conversation. His character is thus described by his friend Sturtz: "Klopstock is always cheerful in company, and possesses an unabating vivacity. He often adorns a trifling thought with all the richness of his poetic powers. He is never severe in ridicule, nor positive in argument, but expresses his opinions with great modesty, and listens attentively to the opposite sentiments of others. Equally remote from the servility of the courtier or the superciliousness of vulgar pride, he never loses sight of the *man* in the splendour or the meanness of his situation: he esteems birth highly, but real merit still more. In the polite circles of insipidly fine people, unmarked by any stamp of character, Klopstock is never to be found; he prefers the humbler and more substantial enjoyment of domestic friendship, heightened by the surrounding charms of nature in rural seclusion. I have often been delighted at seeing him pass by amidst a crowd of young people, by whom he is almost always surrounded, and who appeared highly gratified at being in his company. In painting, he loves only what delineates life, deep thought, and speaking expression; in music, only what affects the

heart. One of his favourite amusements is skating; and he has recommended it with enthusiasm. This amusement had once nearly proved fatal to him. The ice broke, and his life was exposed to very serious danger; but he was saved by his noble friend Count Bernstorff."

Klopstock's merit as a poet is now universally acknowledged by all who are capable of forming any judgment on the subject. His divine songs breathe the genuine spirit of Christianity; zeal in the cause of truth, fervent piety, and active benevolence. All is grand, sublime, and original. His Messiah has raised the fame of his native country in the highest department of epic poetry to a level with that of every other nation. Such at least is the opinion of many excellent critics, who share the regret which Klopstock always strongly expressed, that this admirable work has not been translated into the English language in such a manner as it deserves.\* From

\* *Note by Mr. Cramer.*—I was acquainted with an Englishman of the name of Eaton, a young man of an excellent understanding, who had made a sufficient progress in the German language to understand Klopstock's poetry, and to be an enthusiastic admirer of him. As he had been consul at Bassora, and had made many voyages to the Levant,

the superior qualities of this great poet in the epic style, it is usual to forget his dramatic talents, which are allowed to be considerable, though his tragedies are more fitted for reading than representation. His first tragedy, entitled the Death of Adam, was succeeded by two others, entitled Solomon and David; and by three dramatic pieces, intended to celebrate the German hero Hermann, or Arminius. In Horn's 'Critical History of German Poetry and Eloquence,' printed at Berlin in the year 1805, are the following remarks on the character and the poetical talents of Klopstock.

" We may observe in Klopstock three equally excellent traits of character which are displayed in Arabic and Persic were as familiar to him as his mother tongue. He related to me a singular anecdote respecting the effect of the Messiah. He once attempted to translate to an Arabian priest, as accurately as the great difference between the languages would permit, a passage in a Hymn to CHRIST. He said that it was impossible to describe the attention with which the Arab listened to it. At length the blood rose into his face; he stood up, and exclaimed with vehemence, " Excellent! but Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son." He then begged Mr. Eaton to proceed, and again rose hastily, with a sort of indignant admiration, continually repeating, " Allah pardon him, for having so highly exalted the Son."

his poems—patriotism, warmth of friendship, and pure religion; and each of these deserves some observations. The poet appeared in Germany at a time, when, unconscious of our own powers, or at least neglecting them, we favoured only foreign productions, and were not restrained from proceeding in that unworthy conduct, even by the insolence with which our neighbours received such adulation. We had accustomed ourselves to consider the poetical compositions of the French as particularly excellent; and whilst one person after another repeated this opinion, all our attempts were imitations of those models; and the bold, national, poetic spirit of former times was regarded with contempt. Klopstock alone had the courage to awaken the attention of his sleeping countrymen, by his noble compositions, full of ardour and tenderness; in order that they might resume their ancient force and energy, and that calm dignity, which confides in itself, and is unwilling to borrow from others. He was the man who first animated his native land with the spirit to attain to that degree of excellence in the higher species of poetry, of which it was capable, and to which it has already attained.

“Friendship inspired Klopstock with many of his finest Odes. It is a thought which fills us with the

most pleasing sensations, that this man, who must have felt so firm a confidence in himself, yet constantly lived on the sentiments of friendship, and even had the art of warming many cooler hearts with the overflowings of his affection ; and although that animated and ardent feeling of friendship should sometimes have deceived him, with regard to the worth of those on whom he bestowed it, yet even they who had the least merit amongst them were capable of appreciating in some degree his elegant and rich mind.

“ Klopstock’s piety, in its full extent, as it influenced both his heart and his understanding, may clearly be discovered in his Odes, entitled, ‘ The Omnipotent,’ ‘ The Contemplation of God,’ &c. and in the plan of the Messiah. When we contemplate this last in all its dignity and grandeur, and at the same time consider the courage which was requisite in order to adopt it as the subject of an epic poem, we shall, even on this account alone, bestow on Klopstock the title of a great poet. The reception which the Messiah found in Germany, was adequate to its merits; we congratulated ourselves on a work which the most sacred spirit had inspired, and the admiration which was excited by this extraordinary

poet restrained the frivolous criticisms, with which the Göttingen school had presumed to attack his work."

As an additional proof of the justice of these observations on the character of Klopstock, I will here insert the conclusion of the speech which he pronounced when he quitted the College in his twenty-first year. It shews what were the sentiments which animated his heart from youth to age.

"Piety, and the duty of expressing a thankful heart towards thee, O Eternal G O D, the holiest and the sweetest duty, which is imposed on mortal man, now animate and inflame my soul; but at the same time I am confused at the view of thy majesty; I tremble with holy awe; and when I would wish to say much that should be worthy of Thee, I am speechless. I stand far off with down-cast eyes, astonished and immoveable. Yet wherefore do I stand thus? Though I am an atom amidst thy works, O thou great Creator, I will fall down and worship. The paths through which Thou leadest man, can by none of us be entirely discovered; but we find in this labyrinth, the wisest order, and the highest degree of mercy and love. What wonder do these thoughts raise in me! The soul is averse to receive the con-

iction that she cannot contemplate herself without being liable to error; but she learns (and that is her greatest happiness) that she cannot err, when convinced of her own ignorance, she believes it to be the highest wisdom to adore Thee, O thou Holiest of Beings! Delighting to be occupied in the contemplation of Thee, she overflows with pure and sacred joy, and triumphs in the recollection of her dignity and immortal destination, glorious in divine light. This is the greatest blessing, which Thou, O most beneficent of Beings, hast conferred upon me. With how much delight and astonishment do I glorify that goodness, which has bestowed on me an enlightened mind, and health, by which I am enabled attentively to contemplate thy fair creation. O Best of Beings, let me so employ these gifts, that I may by their aid seriously endeavour to acquire piety and virtue. And finally, to the benefits which thou bestowest on my body, O grant stability; and to those which my immortal soul has received, eternity.—

“ And you, my most beloved friends, may with reason expect from me some expression of gratitude; since I have acquired much, and much that is excellent, in your society. I have always attentively studied you as a book; I have often dwelt long even

on the most insignificant pages, and have repeatedly perused them with such unwearied diligence, that the greatest part of their contents remains for ever impressed on my memory. If I read with a strong spirit of investigation, reproach me not ; for if it were in my power to confer honour on you, this would redound to your honour. Many books weary me in the reading; and those must be very excellent which I allow myself to read a second time. But why should I dwell so long on this comparison ? I behold you, speak to you, and call you friends. You have seen, and will see, many in your society, of more exalted talents and learning; but none who could more carefully observe your conduct, or more delight in your society, than myself.

“ And finally, my College, guardian and witness of this friendship, hail to thee ! For ever shall I remember thee with gratitude; for ever consider and revere thee as the parent of those works, which I have ventured to commence uuder thy protection ! ”

The remaining years of the life of Klopstock afford few events. In 1791, when he was in his sixty-eighth year, he married Johannah von Wenthem, who was nearly related to his first wife; and much of the happiness of his cheerful old age was owing

to his union with this lady. To the close of life he retained his poetical powers; and his sacred harp still sent forth strains of sublime and heartfelt piety.

Klopstock died at Hamburg, on the 14th of March, 1803, in the 80th year of his age, with a firm expectation of happiness beyond the grave. His strong feelings of religion shed a lustre on his last moments, when he displayed a noble example of what he had often sung in his divine poems. He preserved his gentle animation, his fervent piety, and the admirable serenity of his mind till the close of life. To the last his heart was as warm as ever; and the hopes which had supported him through all his trials, continued unshaken to his last moments. He spoke of death with the most cheerful composure. The pleasing images of immortality sung by his own lofty muse recurred to his mind in the moment of trial, and whispered comfort to his spirit as it fled.— His soul had been undismayed at the symptoms of decay which increased every year. His strength was greatly diminished in the winter of 1802, but he was still pleased with the visits of his friends. He frequently read his Messiah, but “think not,” he once said to a friend, “that I now read it as a poet; I only occupy myself with the ideas it contains.”

His voice was remarkably pleasing, and he repeated his poems with much taste and feeling. To the last he loved to speak of his Meta, and pleased himself with planting white lilies on her grave, because the lily was the most exalted of flowers, and she was the most exalted of women. He did not love to speak of the events which have lately disturbed the world, but turned the discourse with peculiar pleasure to the past scenes of his life. His retentive memory, the liveliness of his imagination, and the elegance as well as force of his language, made his representation of these scenes extremely interesting to his friends.

In the last weeks of his life he secluded himself entirely, even from those who were most dear to him. He sent them many kind messages, but declined seeing them. Tranquillity of mind, resignation to the will of GOD, warm emotions of gratitude for the happiness he had enjoyed in life, gentle endurance of the pains of death, a calm prospect of the grave, and joyful expectations of a higher existence, these were now his sensations. The fair form of the Angel of Death, the exalted view of a better world, which had fired the lofty-minded youth to compose his sacred hymns, these now hovered round the head of the aged dying saint. In the 12th

canto of the Messiah, he has sung the happy close of a virtuous life with unparalleled grandeur of description. Such christian triumph attended him in the hard struggles of dissolution, which grew more painful on a nearer approach. In the last and severest conflict he raised himself on his couch, folded his hands, and with uplifted eyes pronounced the sacred words so finely illustrated in one of his Odes. “Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have pity on the fruit of her womb ? Yes, she may forget, but I will not forget Thee !”—The struggle was now over, he fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke no more.

A solemn funeral, such as Germany had never witnessed for any man of letters before, honoured the venerable remains of Klopstock. The following account of the awful ceremony was written by one of his friends, and inserted in a Hamburg newspaper, dated March 22, 1803.

“ At ten o’clock this morning, above seventy coaches assembled before the house of the deceased. This respectable train consisted of the Diplomatic Corps resident in the circle of Lower Saxony, the Members of our Senate, the Ministers of our Church, the Teachers of the Gymnasium and of St. John’s,

Literati, Merchants, &c. Notwithstanding the immense concourse of people, amounting to at least fifty thousand in the streets and market-place, all interference of the police was unnecessary. An universal sentiment of awe supplied its place, and imposed silence on an innumerable multitude of people. The procession, preceded and followed by a guard of cavalry and infantry sent by the Senate, followed the open hearse, drawn by four horses, on which stood the simple coffin, and proceeded through some of the principal streets to the gate which leads to Altona. At the gate the body was received by the first President of Altona, preceded by ten Marshals, and followed by many citizens and inhabitants, among whom were many Members of the Senate, as well as celebrated Literati, foreign Generals, and other persons of distinction. They joined the respectable train from Hamburg, in the following order. An escort of Hussars. Two Marshals in carriages, with a train of forty-five coaches. Between the Marshals went three young ladies dressed in white, crowned with oak leaves and white roses, and carrying wreaths of roses, myrtle, and laurel. The procession passed through the principal streets of Altona, to the grave in the church-yard of the

village of Ottensen. The corpse was every where met by open demonstrations of respect and love, and of grief for such an irreparable loss. The guards by whom the procession passed in both towns, paid military honours, and the ships in the harbour had mourning flags. When the procession arrived at the grave, where it was received by music of wind instruments muffled, the coffin was taken off the hearse, carried into the church, and placed before the altar. The noble poem of the Messiah was laid on the coffin. A young man stepped forward, and covered the open book with a laurel crown, while the young ladies from Altona laid theirs on the bier. Then began the musical celebration performed by above an hundred musicians, together with many female singers from different families in Hamburg. Stanzas and chorusses out of Klopstock's paraphrase of the Pater Noster, and his spiritual songs set to music by Romberg and others, and out of Mozart's mourning cantata, resounded through the aisles, and added a melting solemnity to the scene. During a pause in the music, Dr. Meyer took the book from the coffin, and read, from the 12th canto of the Messiah, the description of the death of Mary the sister of Lazarus,

comforting, animating images of death and immortality which had hovered round the death-bed of the pious Poet ! exalted thoughts of religion with which his soul departed from this world ! Then burst forth the chorus. “ Arise, verily thou shalt arise ! ” during which the coffin was taken up and carried into the church-yard, and after every sacred rite was performed, it was let down into the grave.

“ A noble lime-tree overshadows it. Flowers, the firstlings of the new awakened spring, were scattered over it. Peace, heavenly peace, shall hover over this beloved grave. Ye men of future generations, men of genuine taste and feeling, ye will make a pilgrimage to this grave, and pay to the manes of a man who was the glory of his age, and the pride of his nation, the offering of admiration and gratitude, which we his friends and contemporaries by this day’s ceremony can but faintly express for our dear departed friend.”

The letters which the Editor had the honour of receiving from the venerable Dr. Mumssen of Altona, to whom she was indebted for almost the whole of the following collection, will furnish some

interesting particulars with regard to the character of Klopstock; and it is presumed that they will be more acceptable to the reader, if presented in their original form.

### LETTER I.

*Altona, near Hamburg,*

MADAM,

*7th Sept. 1804.*

I Think myself highly honoured by your letter. It came from a delightful island,\* which, though many years ago, I remember well. It was about this time of the year when I visited it, the evening sun and the harvest moon appearing in direct opposition above the horizon, on our walk to Carisbrook Castle. I could have built my château en Espagne in that island, and have made it my residence for ever.

When I observed in the papers the publication of Richardson's correspondence, Mrs. Klopstock's letters occurred to my thoughts, for I remember Richardson's answers.

\* The Isle of Wight.

Very willingly will I look out for such materials as you desire for your friend, if I can meet with such as will be proper for the present time and taste. Klopstock certainly deserves to be more known to the English, not only for his extraordinary genius as a sublime poet, but also for his private virtues and amiable character, for he was the most agreeable companion in private life, and his conversation was pleasant to all ranks and to every age: an excellent classic, and a great scholar in every branch of philosophy. I have lived above forty-five years in intimate and uninterrupted friendship with him. I owe to him some of my honourable connexions in the world; and having been so lucky as to meet with him in my youth, I reaped great benefit from following his principles and moral rectitude. Besides his *Messiah* and *Odes*, &c. he has published several philological writings, in which he appears as a grammarian; and as such, the German language owes to him her resurrection from the barbarous ages. They suppose a reader versed in all the Northern as well as Greek and Latin dialects; and you may judge that even among scholars, the number of such as can profit or be entertained by them cannot be considerable. —I remember that my for ever dear and lamented

friend Charles\* had begun to translate some of his Odes; he who was master of both languages; but I do not know what is become of them. They are no where to be found. All that I can send you at present is a collection of Margaretta Klopstock's letters, &c. and a Lecture delivered last year at Quedlinburg, his native place, containing particulars of his education. &c. &c.

P. S. You will excuse when I write not correctly; being so long parted from England, where once I thought myself at home.

## LETTER II.

*Altona, 7th Nov. 1804.*

I Will hope, dear Madam, that before this letter comes to hand you will have received the materials relating to our divine poet. Should I be so happy to discover any thing more, you shall have it; and in a deluge of books and pamphlets, should something really beautiful and worth your notice appear, which

\* Charles Hanbury, esq. This excellent young man died in the year 1783.

might please you and your young friend, or accommodate the taste of the English, I will very willingly forward it to you.—I have lately been well entertained by a drama, *Polyxene*, worthy of the true spirit of the ancients.—*Regulus*, by Collin, an officer in the Imperial service, and *Wilhelm Tell*, by Schiller, I can recommend as productions promoting virtue and religion.

I am in these long evenings reading Hume's History of England, and find very little consolation in comparing the times of Charles 1st, and those of Louis XVIth. There is so much resemblance, that it would surprise many who no more recollect the times past. The Revolution in England has at the end proved beneficial to your country. What will be the consequence of that which we have seen, God alone knows ! &c.

### LETTER III.

*Altona, 2d July, 1805.*

I Am charmed to find that you and your friend are pleased with the materials I have sent. Go on

in your laudable endeavour, in spite of those cold hypercritics, that are a sad race of men every where.

Fanny is the poetical name of Miss Schmidt, a near relative of Klopstock. He never declared his passion to her, for there was no prospect of a nearer union. She was afterwards married to a gentleman whose name I do not remember. The gentle youth, in the prime of life, inspired by religion, and in love with Fanny, applied in vain to Bodmer at Zurich for an employment. These letters are lately published, and though certainly not intended for the press, they do honour to the feelings of his heart and the ardour of his mind. I intend to send you these letters by the first traveller whom I can entrust with the charge.

We have as yet no biography of Klopstock to my mind. Professor Cramer (son to the late Chancellor of the University of Kiel, Klopstock's intimate friend, he that published the Nordische Aufseher, a periodical paper in imitation of your Spectator) would be the proper person, being acquainted from his youth with Klopstock. He lives at Paris, and I remember that he collected many curious circumstances concerning that extraordinary genius.

Cidli is an imaginary name from the Messiah. Klopstock gave that name to Jairus's daughter,

and that of Semida to the youth of Nain. See the Episode in the Messiah. In his Odes he gives this name to his beloved Margaret Möller. Meta is Margaretta contracted.

Klopstock's principal occupation was that of a grammarian, the comparative study of languages with regard to the German. I who saw him every day when in Hamburg, found him always in pursuit of whatever is noble, sublime, and beautiful. He was a most agreeable companion. We used to call him "*den ewigen Jungling*," *the youth for ever!* He has lived free,† all his life time, and has recommended liberty on all occasions. His Bardits were intended to rouse the Germans from their apathy, and to inspire them and their princes, even the Emperor Joseph himself, with the love of their country. Alas! he was much deceived in these hopes. Things have taken a different turn.—He kept up his gentle spirit, his religious principles, and his serenity of mind, till the end of his life. His obsequies were like those of a great and virtuous prince. Hamburg and Altona joined in the funeral pomp. Mozart's Requiem, and some of his own sacred

† Independent.

hymns, were sung in the church of Ottensen, where he was interred under the beautiful lime tree planted on Meta's grave forty years ago, and which I have every day before my eyes. I was present when it was planted.

This morning, July 2d, Klopstock's birth-day, some friends came to strew flowers on his grave. Mrs. Hanbury will assemble his old friends at Flotbech, where I am going to celebrate his memory, for ever dear and sacred !

One of our friends last year read a lecture before an assembly on some of his Odes, in which he followed the progress of his genius through the several stages of life. It is in German, but as it may give pleasure and entertainment to your friend, I will send it with the letters above-mentioned. Should I succeed in finding more materials, I will take care to send them in time.

#### LETTER IV.

*Altona, July 24, 1805.*

A Gentleman of Hamburg will be so good to forward to you the pamphlet mentioned in my last

letter, which as it contains the letters written by our divine poet to Bodmer will give pleasure both to your friend and yourself. These letters will certainly adorn your collection, and shew the world the delicacy of his mind, and the virtue and magnanimity of his heart. I have not yet been able to procure the manuscript of another friend, which will illustrate the progress of his genius through the different periods of his life. I hope to send you the Epitaph written by Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg, which is to be engraved on the tomb-stone. Professor Cramer, whose name I mentioned in my letter, published twenty years ago a work entitled "Klopstock, his person, his manners, and character." Should your friend be curious to have it, I may send it by another traveller. &c.

## LETTER V.

*Altona, Sept. 16, 1805.*

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind letter, and think myself very happy in the approbation which the materials relating to Klopstock's character have met with by yourself and

your amiable friend. Nothing can equal the pleasure I feel, that under your auspices the author of the Messiah will obtain justice in a nation that produced a Milton.

I have desired my bookseller in Hamburg to procure and direct to you, Cramer's "Klopstock er und über ihn." You will find in it very interesting particulars. You will, besides this, and probably in a few days, receive the small pamphlet composed by Hutwalker, a senator of Hamburg. The author, who was very intimate with Klopstock and his writings, has tried to trace the different stages of the divine poet's activity as near as possible from his own words. Mr. Hutwalker not intending this essay for the public, but only for Klopstock's friends, it may be regarded as a manuscript, and it will perhaps be found of service to your design.

A near neighbour and most intimate friend of Klopstock, and thoroughly acquainted with all his writings, has given me the names of those letter writers which you are curious to know.\*

All these, except Mr. Funke, and the Countess Dowager Bernstorff, at Weimar, are now no more.

\* These will appear in their proper places.

One of Klopstock's brothers, Mr. Victor Klopstock, lives in Hamburg. The epitaph will soon follow.

The political state of Europe has taken another turn.——The fate of Germany, should it come to a continental war, will be dreadful.

I recommend you, dear Madam, and your country, and all our friends, to **GOD ALMIGHTY**, in whom we trust for ever, &c.

Saturday last, September 28, the tomb-stone of white Carrara marble was placed on the grave of our divine poet. It is crowned by two sheaves, and underneath a verse of the Messiah—

“Seed sown by God, to ripen for the day of harvest.”

In a niche the Celestial Muse, in one arm the cross, her hand on an urn, her eyes and the other hand directed towards heaven. Alto relieveo.

#### *THE EPITAPH.*

By the side of his Meta and his child, rests

**FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.**

He was born July 2d, 1724.

He died March 14, 1803.

Germans, approach with veneration and love  
the relics of your greatest poet.

Approach, ye Christians, with grief and heavenly joy,  
 the resting place of the sacred songster,  
 Whose song,—life,—and death,—praised JESUS CHRIST.  
 He sung to men, in human strains, the Eternal,  
 the Divine Mediator.

Near the Throne is placed his great reward,  
 A Golden Holy Cup filled with Christian tears.

His second loving and beloved Spouse,  
 JOHANNA ELIZABETH,  
 Erected this marble to the Guide of her Youth, her Friend,  
 her Husband.

She waits in tears the hour, that will, where death shall be no  
 more, where the LORD will wipe off the tears of his beloved,  
 unite her with him, and those whom she loved.

Adore HIM, who for us lived, died, and  
 arose from the dead.

## LETTER VI.

*Altona, Oct. 29, 1805.*

WHEN I lately sent you the Epitaph, time would  
 not permit me to accompany it with some observa-  
 tions. The first four lines are indeed excellent.  
 What follows is certainly honourable to him, and

well expressed, but it will not be intelligible to many. The passage regarding the golden cup, relates to one of Klopstock's Odes, inscribed "To the Redeemer." All who are unacquainted with those sublime poems, will be unable to judge of what is meant. —————

—————The navigation is now restored again; I wish it may remain so,—————Buonaparte has destroyed and taken almost the whole Austrian army. Unpardonable faults have been committed; and if no unknown hero arises, all will end in another and more ignominious peace. The misery of those countries that are become the seat of war is beyond expression. After a bad harvest the unhappy inhabitants will be deprived of every support. With sincere regard, and hearty wishes of happier times, I have the honour, &c.

## LETTER VII.

*Altona, Nov. 26, 1805.*

I Sincerely wish, dear Madam, that your amiable friend may be entirely recovered; and in her convalescence I hope she will take proper care of herself

in this cold season, in order to become your assistant again in your honourable undertaking. My bookseller has sent Cramer's book. &c. &c. Whatever shall occur worthy of your attention, and fit for your design, will be sent by me from time to time.

Britannia has obtained a glorious victory, and the Admiral ended nobly, and according to his wishes ; but Germany is ruined. Buonaparte, not a son of the waves, though born in an island, like Anteus the son of the earth, is invincible on the Continent; no Hercules appears to grasp him in his arms, and lift him from the ground. The capital of Austria is at his mercy. He has summoned the nobles of Hungary to Vienna, or to have their estates forfeited to the conqueror. May GOD have mercy on us in this part of the world; and may you, and all that are dear to you, enjoy health and happiness in your blessed island.

#### LETTER VIII.

*Altona, July 6, 1806.*

IT is a long while, dear Madam, that I have no account either of yourself, or of our dear friends at

Portsmouth. May you live in happiness, and enjoy all the blessings derived from religious principles and good intentions.—The last winter has deprived me of two very dear friends—but not for ever!

Mrs. Klopstock has favoured me with part of a correspondence between Klopstock and Meta Möller, written in the year 1752, when they were promised to each other, and lovers in that period of life when the fire of imagination appears in its clearest and most sparkling light. You will be pleased with them, and admire with us, in the happy pair, the elevation of mind, the purity of their innocent passion, and their religious sensibility, far above the common conception, comprehensible only by minds like theirs, superior in virtue, candour, and ingenuity.

I perfectly agree with you about the times, and with regard to your late illustrious Minister. The late Count Bernstorff, and all my noble friends in the diplomatic line, unanimously gave him a great character. He loved his country, and remained true to his principles from the beginning to the end. He might perhaps have been better acquainted with the whole continental state. ——————

Most fortunately, and to my great pleasure, your sister is arrived here from Italy. I passed yesterday

in her company at Mrs. Hanbury's, where I might wish to see you all united, if such a scheme could be realized in this world. It will be our happiness in a better state, that those who agree in the love of truth and virtue, will not be separated, as we now are, by such difficulties.

I remain, with true respect and affection, &c.

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## LETTERS

FROM

KLOPSTOCK to BODMER.

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To J. J. BODMER.

*Langensalza, Aug. 10, 1748.*

I Should long since have written to you, my dear Bodmer, had I not been deterred by the praise with which you loaded me in your letter to Grtner. Unaccustomed to behold the threshold of Olympus, on which you placed me, I was overcome with shame. To have returned thanks, would have seemed as if I thought myself worthy of that for which I thanked you. As I believe you to be a good man, and to have spoken sincerely, so I would wish you to believe that I am sincere, and that I do not say any thing

out of feigned modesty. Let me therefore pass over this subject, and leave you to defend your opinion of me before the tribunal of critics. I will now tell you,—but hear me as a father hears his son,—how I not only reverence but love you; and what great services you have, unknown to yourself, already done me. When yet a boy, reading Homer and Virgil, and enraged at the German commentators, your criticisms and Breitenger's came into my hands. Having once read, or rather devoured them, they were always at my left hand, to be continually turned over while Homer and Virgil were at my right. How often I then wished, and still wish, for your promised Treatise on the Sublime!—But Milton, whom perhaps I should too late have seen, if you had not translated him, when accidentally he fell into my hands, blew up at once the fire which had been kindled by Homer, and raised my soul to Heaven, and the poetry of religion. Often did I then behold the image of an epic poet, such as you have described in your critical poem, and I looked at it, as Cæsar on the bust of Alexander, in tears;—how often then,

“ Cum spes arrestæ juvenum, exultantiaque haurit

“ Corda pavor pulsans.”

VIRG.

Such are your services to me, but faintly sketched.  
Yet greater (if you please) remain. The Messiah is  
scarce begun. If what I have sung deserve your  
attention, I shall sing greater things hereafter.

“ Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,  
“ Majus opus moveo.”

VIRG.

But I want leisure; and being of a very weak constitution, and probably short-lived, I have even now but little hope of finishing the poem. A laborious employment awaits me; with which oppressed, what can I sing worthy of the Messiah? My native country neither cares, nor will care for me; but see the road I have found out, by which, if you would go before me, I feel as if I might conquer fortune. There was amongst you a poet, Van Haarer, whom without doubt you know; he is in great favour with the Prince of Orange, who is said to be generous and magnanimous. What if he should give me a pension? If you can do anything to assist me in this business, excellent Bodmer, I know you will do it, but not as asking in my name; for I would not beg my fortune of princes, though I would of Bodmer.

I will now, trusting to the strictest secrecy, introduce you to the interior of my most sacred thoughts.

I love a tender holy maid, to whom my third Ode is addressed, with the most tender holy love ; but she is not accessible to me, nor likely to be so, for fortune separates us widely. Yet without her I am miserable.—By Milton's shade, by thine own blessed infants, by thy own great soul, I adjure thee, Bodmer, make me happy, if thou canst ! Farewell ; salute most kindly in my name Breitenger, Hingel, and that good man to whom you inscribed an ode.

This is written August 10, 1748, at Langensalza in Thuringia, where I am instructing the son of a merchant, named Weiss, (who will be a poet not unworthy of my pains;) where the greater part of my family reside, (more opulent than my parents;) where dwells that heavenly girl whom I love, the daughter of my mother's brother. Whatever you think likely to be the event, whether there is any hope or not, write to me as soon as possible; that my soul, struck by powerful love, love which is but faintly traced in my Odes, for it was impossible to express it, may either be relieved from her anxiety, or totally depressed. The last would be more tolerable to me than this troubled sea of uncertain thoughts. Farewell, and love me.

## LETTER II.

Sept. 27, 1748.

IT is a glorious reward for my poems, to hear from one of the best of men that he is *my friend*. How tenderly have you sympathised in my uneasiness ! I used to have so much greatness of mind as not to be miserable; and now that I am so, I find a friend who calls me back into myself; but yet I return with lingering steps, continually looking back. The sorrows of love are so great, that they deserve to have such power over me. She whom I love is now more cruel to me than when I first wrote to you. Yet your letter, the consciousness that my love is exalted and pure, and my sense of religion, prevent my being completely miserable. She knows but little of my sentiments, or if she has discovered them, she does not let me know it, but she is capable of feeling them all. How would she feel your letter, if I had courage to read it to her; and if she loved me, how would she look on me, with those eyes so

full of soul ! She has a certain character of beauty that distinguishes her from all others; I can no otherwise describe it to you at present, than by saying that it exactly corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs. Perhaps Laura, who so thirsted for immortality, was like her. Radichen belonged to this order of beauties, though she was not like her. She is thus described in my Ode.

“ She is young and beautiful.—Unlike the fluttering troop of rosy maids, who thoughtless bloom, by nature carelessly formed, in sportive mood ; of feeling void, and void of mind, void of the all-powerful, all-subduing look of soul, the emanation of divinity.

“ She is young and beautiful. Her every movement speaks the heavenly temper of her mind ; and worthy,—ah ! most worthy of immortal fame, she steps in lofty triumph forth, serene as the unruffled air, bright as the dawn, full of simplicity as nature’s self.”

I know not whether He whose will decrees me so much suffering, sees here no happiness for me, where I imagine so much; or whether, foreseeing that I am not yet capable of bearing such joy, He gives me time to grow more calm. Thus much I

know—I cannot change the slightest stroke on his eternal tables, and I find much comfort in submitting myself to Him. I know too, that to her whom I love so inexpressibly, I wish with my whole heart the purest happiness,—even if she love me not again. You see I make you the confidant of my most secret thoughts. My other friends know nothing of my sufferings; even to my dear Schmidt I have said very little on the subject.

I have communicated to my friends at Leipsic your proposal about the subscription. I expect to have the fourth and fifth cantos ready by Easter. The first five cantos would make a volume. But with all your doubts, do you not still entertain too favourable an opinion of our nation? I believe they will need to be often awakened, before they will even observe that my Messiah is in existence.

You intend to review the Messiah in the language of Tasso. It is a great satisfaction to me to be made known to the admirers of Tasso and Michael Angelo. In my youth I never could hear the name of Tasso without reverence; and to see Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment, I would travel alone to Rome. Send me the review as soon as it is printed; every line of approbation from you is peculiarly pre-

cious to me.—A perhaps too proud aversion to dedications is the cause that I beg you to consider whether it would not be best to send the Messiah with a private letter to the Prince of Wales,\* and perhaps this might be more conveniently and more effectually done by a stranger than by the author. Open your thoughts to me on this subject as freely as I write mine to you, and tell me whether you would undertake the task.

The versification of the Messiah will offend many. I see it will take them a long time to find out that German hexameters in themselves, and particularly in a long poem, are more harmonious and sonorous than German Iambics. Those who are unacquainted with Homer will not be able to find their way; and yet nothing is required of them but to place the same accent on the words of an hexameter that they would place on the words of an harmonious period in an oration. Some readers of Homer, who resemble the Grammarians Crist in Leipsic, will take it amiss of the German language that it is not the Greek language, and prescribe to the German hexameter the rules of the Homerian. These people give general rules for the length and shortness of

\* Frederick Prince of Wales.

syllables according to the Greek language, instead of which they should give them according to our own language. —————

My love of an harmonious verse has led me to this digression. This is the reason too why I intend to alter many of my verses, and to be in future more attentive to harmony.

I send you another Ode, the produce of my love. She who could best reward it has not seen it, so timid does her apparent insensibility make me. I never proposed to myself to write Odes, and yet it has so happened that I have made several. This however might be pardonable, if I had not exposed myself to the danger of appearing on the same theatre with Lange.

The verses beneath the Ode are from the fifth book of the Messiah. They appear to me worthy of remark, because my beloved critic made me read them several times over to her. It would take too much room here to tell you the connection in which they stand.

What is become of the excellent Kleist? Have his few hours of leisure drawn nothing more from his pen? I love him from my heart. I well remember those hours,—it was a fine afternoon in

Autumn,—when hearing his poems read made me so pensive. The afternoon was followed by an evening of the purest delight. I have passed many such evenings with my friends, but they are all over now, and I am left to the lonely sorrows of love. I was that evening full of happiness ; and indeed the acquisition of a new friend deserved it. This evening reminds me of that on which Grtner took leave of us when I had only just begun to know him, and with him his friends. In an Ode on my friends are these stanzas on that subject.

“ In those last hours ere thou didst part from us, (to me that evening shall be ever sacred !) I learnt, my friend, how virtuous souls, how the few virtuous, love each other.

“ Full many an evening hour is yet in store,— ye future sons of men, pass them not lonely; to friendship consecrate those happy hours, and be your fathers your example.”

Grtner probably will not pass by Zurich to Geneva. He is separated from the Count, with whom he was to have travelled. He is a liberal-minded man, but very conscientious.

Tell those worthy gentlemen who have so much compassion for Abbadona, that I am myself so

concerned for his fate, that I scarcely have sufficient power over my heart to submit to the strict justice which is higher than our hearts. However, his story will not, I think, any where lay too strong hold on their tenderness. He is placed there for the glory of the Messiah.

How happy shall I be, if by the completion of the Messiah I may contribute somewhat to the glory of our great and divine religion ! How sweet and transporting is this idea to my mind ! That is my great reward ; and you, my dearest friend, point it out to me at a distance. I must here leave off. Midnight approaches, and I must give myself up to my silent sorrow and my tears. May my lovely friend yet take that share in them which your letter bids me hope. Farewell !

### LETTER III.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*Oct. 19, 1748.*

HOW deeply am I affected by all your generous exertions in my behalf; and how well do you deserve

the whole friendship of my heart! If you feel that you act nobly when you seek fortune for me as a means of happiness to yourself, I feel as strongly that I love you tenderly ; and that any piece of good fortune which you may receive from the hand of Providence and bring to me, will be doubly precious in my eyes. The divine poet Young says in his Night Thoughts, as well as I can remember the passage, “ O God, thou hast made the world glorious around Thee ! Thou hast brought forth the stars in their marvelous circles ; but one tear of the virtuous, shed for the unfortunate, is greater than all these.”\*

I am sure you know me so well, that you will not accuse me of a want of manly spirit in misfortune. My misfortune, indeed, consists only in this, that some outward circumstances disturb me in the

\* I cannot find the passage in the Night-Thoughts to which Mr. Klopstock alludes. He says that he quotes by memory, and possibly he had an imperfect recollection of the following lines, near the conclusion of the Sixth Night.

“ These are ambition’s works, and these are great ;

“ But this, the least immortal souls can do.—

“ Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend ?

“ Dost ask me what ?—One sigh for the distress’d.”

possession of what I call happiness; (I take out of this account the pains of love;) but my eye is already accustomed to these prospects, and I do not boast of any great courage when I say that from a youth I have calmly and steadily looked my fate in the face. My parents who are very upright, had property, but without their fault they are become poor. Since they have no longer been able to provide for me, my dearest friend Schmidt has supported me in the noblest manner. I have often observed the footsteps of Divine Providence in the midst of my ill-fortune, and adored them. Knowing this Providence, can I yet talk of misfortunes? I must be silent; but this I may say, that I very often wish for that sacred leisure, which I would gladly dedicate entirely to the completion of the Messiah. I wish for this leisure to enable me to express my thoughts immediately as they arise, and in the first warmth of their youth. I must now, being disturbed, content myself with writing down some imperfect traces of these thoughts, and some few marks by which I may afterwards find them again; but perhaps I shall never find them again in the same point of view, and with the same extent of prospect, as at first. You will easily see

that many other things in my poem depend on this leisure. But I leave this also to Providence.

#### LETTER IV.

*Nov. 5, 1748.*

I Have waited hitherto that I might be enabled to tell you something decisive of my love, but this I cannot yet do. Your letter to Miss Schmidt, which I shall ever preserve as a memorial of my perhaps unhappy passion, I have not given to her. Much as it delighted me, much as I wished to be able to give it her, and much as she herself would have prized it, I had not courage. I have sent it to her brother, to whom I have laid open my whole heart. He had previously written me a very affectionate letter. He had told me that this love was what he had long in secret wished. He says, amongst other things,

“ My friend, I knew thy heart, I knew the Maiden’s tenderness,  
 “ And therefore secretly I ask’d of Heav’n to make  
 her thine.”

He then tells me a little story, from which it appears that I am too timid. The most agreeable circumstance is that his sister had curiosity enough to break open the letter which was inclosed to her. Since I sent him your letter, he has written to me with uncommon affection. He is really an admirable young man. He says my precious tears for his sister, and the interest which the whole future world will take in my favour, make him look on my love with reverential awe. I will not send you a large extract from his long letter. I will only tell you that he intends to write to his sister without disguise, and to send her your letter. I know not whether I can venture in the interim to give her the Alcaic Ode which I now send you. Happy should I be, if I could have expressed in it all the sentiments of my heart ! O how has this heavenly maiden captivated my whole soul !—But I will say no more of her, lest I should express myself more feebly than I have done in the Ode.

Ebert has translated Leonidas. The story of Teribazus and Ariana has taken such hold on me, that I seem to myself like the marble image on a hero's tomb-stone.

You will find among the latter pieces in this packet an Elegy, in which I was already thinking of my Fanny. About the same time, that is about a year ago, I also composed the enclosed Ode to Ebert, as far as to the lines addressed to you. I will here break off my letter, as I am unwilling again to delay my answer. Perhaps it will not be much longer before I may be able to tell you something decisive. If you love me, my dearest friend, pray Heaven to grant me my love. I should without her be as unhappy as I am capable of being.

## LETTER V.

*Dec. 2d, 1748.*

I Write to you again to tell you that the fate of my love appears continually more doubtful. What a string of trifles, which however are far from being trifles to me, must I write to enable you to judge with any degree of certainty. I gave her this last Alcaic Ode when taking leave after a visit. I have since spoken to her again. If I except a little confusion, a slight blush, and some almost tender looks, I do not know what impression the Ode has made.

If I did not know how uncommonly delicate are all her feelings, and if she were not aware how well I know it ; if I were not acquainted with every little turn of her opinion on poems of similar import ; but I will say no more,—I would rather be silent, since I cannot entertain you with an Iliad's length of these dear trifles. I must await my fate, though I have never yet found any thing more difficult ;

*Qualis populea mærens philomela sub umbra  
Flet noctem.*

You wish to know the effect of the Ode on Salem. My timidity delayed to give it her, and now I would not willingly present it after a much finer Ode.

I send you a copy of Haller's letter. I have kept the original, for what purpose you will easily guess. The better to understand the letter, you must know that I was before in correspondence with Haller, and that he had already, as became so worthy a man, taken some trouble in Hanover to promote my fortune by procuring me an employment. Having declared that I would rather preside in a school than in an university, for nature has denied me the voice of an orator, the last account I received was that I must apply to Gessner, who would recommend me

to Wenthoff; but I will not owe the smallest obligation to a man who is not ashamed of offending Haller. The Messiah may perhaps make my fortune with the Prince of Wales, if it should become known to Glover and Mallet, who have great weight with the Prince.

Since I am so happy as to be allowed to lay open all my little concerns to you, I must tell you that it has been hinted to me that it would not be unpleasant if after Easter I gave up my Tutorship. When love was my chief motive for coming here, I did not consider it so *necessary* to undertake such employments as I must do, if obliged to leave this situation without any other asylum. The change of my fortune through the means of Princes and Princesses is very uncertain. May I therefore venture to propose to you another trouble on my behalf? I have heard from a bookseller here, that a bookseller of Erlangen has enquired after me from him, in the name of the Academy. You know Mr. Le Maitre in Erlangen. I know not what could be the views of the Academy, but I will tell you mine. I should wish for an extraordinary professorship of some one of the liberal sciences, Rhetoric or Poetry in preference, with a stipend that should free me from the necessity of

earning the greater part of my living myself, which would fall very hard on me; and I particularly wish for this in an academy whose number is not yet very great. I might undertake such a post, till an opportunity more favourable to my leisure occurred; for I am rather fearful that my poetic years will be sooner over than those of others. At least they probably will not extend to that age when Milton's began.

Your Sketch of the Sublime I have formerly read. The wish I expressed to you extended to a further finishing of that sketch. I think it is worthy of you to surpass the great Longinus. But what would you do for examples, if you had not the inimitable Prophets? If you can trust Kleist's poem on the Spring to a transcriber, I know that you will not deny me the pleasure of reading it after so many pains. I also want to know whether the author of Noah, "who has the key that unlocks my heart," will finish his poem; and when and by whom Moses, which is mentioned in the friendly letters, was written?

" Come, golden age; come thou who seldom deign'st  
 " To visit man, creative Genius, come !  
 " Eternity's best child  
 " Spread over us thy radiant wing."

I would send what I have ready of the Messiah, but that is not yet returned to me from Leipsic. Ebert is gone to Gärtner at Brunswick, and he has probably taken it with him. None of our friends remain at Leipsic, except Gellert and Rabener.

The Last Judgment is thus introduced into the Messiah. Adam is with the arising saints. He is made to enquire of the Messiah concerning the fate of his race, and at his own request will see a vision of the Judgment. The Catholics need fear no disturbance from me. Decide whether the following simile contradicts what I have just said. I can at all events leave it out.

So Satan spake:  
 His heart was full of blackest thoughts;  
 Deform'd and hideous was his inmost soul,  
 The sinful spirit's most conceal'd recess. So lie  
 Before the face of God the gloomy vaults  
 Of th' Iberian Inquisition. Wall on wall,  
 Abyss upon abyss, deep in the earth,  
 And full of stiff'ning streams of guiltless blood:—  
 Now the destroying Judge beckons his murderers;  
 The iron doors re-echo to the depths  
 Below, the cries of innocence to Heaven.

Oh! could a Christian see these vaults of blood,  
 Would he not look with fury on the judge,  
 And clasp his hands, and weep, and cry to God  
 For justice?

May I beg of you one thing which may perhaps appear to betray a little vanity: if it were so, I would frankly acknowledge it; but it is not that; it is love. Love bids me beg of you to send me the Italian review of the Messiah while I remain here. Perhaps the divine Maiden may smile upon those trophies.

## LETTER VI.

*26th Jan. 1749.*

**MY DEAREST FRIEND,**

AT a time when the Minister in Hanover is seriously meditating, whether it would really be for the advantage of his Britannic Majesty's hereditary dominions to give me some decent and not very laborious office; when the Messiah is perhaps lying in the anti-chamber where stands the bust of Pope, where Glover often passes; when it is, perhaps, because

not yet handsomely printed, laid aside by a Princess whose mother made the fortune of a woman only because she was Milton's daughter;—at such a time are you, my friend, so generous as to invite me to your land of liberty ! If this greatness of mind can be in any degree recompensed by knowing that I feel it in its full extent, 'tis well ; then take this trifling recompense.—But suffer me to say something more affectionate to you. I *will* come to see you weep over the bones of your sons. I will come to wipe away the tears which perhaps I have caused to flow afresh; but you must also wipe away mine, for I must tell you that the destiny of my love is not yet unravelled. Now hope appears to smile upon me, and now all is doubtful. I know not what you will think of the matter. Perhaps you would think differently, if I could relate all circumstantially. I will only say two things—that you must not find the least fault with my incomparable Fanny, nor too much with my timidity. I only tremble at the thought that she should in any degree mistake my character, and not give me credit for being determined never to make her unhappy, even in the most trifling appendages of happiness. What peace I have hitherto enjoyed has been chiefly the conse-

quence of the following thought. When by a taste for virtuous deeds, and by some trifling good actions, which to us are not difficult, though to the vulgar they appear so, we have made a shew of intending to be virtuous; then Providence seizes our whole heart; and puts this great question to us, whether we will *here* too submit, whether we will be virtuous *even here*?—You see that this is a very comprehensive thought, but yet, when I measure my love against it, I wonder that it has power to support me. Indeed I must frankly acknowledge that it alone does not. Some little hopes at times appear so smiling, that I know not whether I can come to you, or when.—Without my Fanny what would be to me your beautiful country, the cheerful society of *your* and (if I may dare to say so) *my* friends, the liberty and leisure I used so much to enjoy? I cannot deny it, I am sometimes astonished at the degree of tenderness I feel for this angelic woman; but I will say no more, nor write again on the subject, till I can tell you something certain. I will send you at another time an Ode to God, which no one has yet seen.

M. Le Maitre has written to me. The Professorship is of so little value, and at the same time is accompanied with so many inconveniencies, that I

do not wish to obtain it. You have made this excellent man also my friend. With what affection shall I embrace him when we meet! I request you to send me the French Review. Not on my own account, though I am much indebted to the author for his kindness. Fanny smiles when she finds me mentioned with approbation ; and sometimes it escapes her, that she is on such occasions comparing me with the Briton.\*

I may be very well contented with my domestic circumstances. My little Weiss is a genius ; but he will, or must, apply to trade. He loves me very much. Haller, as he knows that I am *now* in such a situation, has been endeavouring to discover privately whether I would undertake to instruct his son in the liberal sciences, and a letter has been given me to read, which he wrote on the subject to a friend in this country. You know the embarrassments which make me now so irresolute. I will soon send some of the Messiah to be submitted to your criticism. When I can escape from my cares, I sometimes finish a few lines. &c.

\* Milton.

## LETTER VII.

April 12, 1749.

MY DEAREST BODMER,

IT is indeed requisite that I should take a journey to you, if I would express the whole force of that friendship which I feel towards you. How singularly noble, and how numerous, are the exertions which you make on my account. But I will quit this extensive field, for I must write a volume full of tenderness, if I would describe all the feelings of my heart towards you. This shall be the subject of my song when I shall be with you.—“The little Klopstock,” as my Schmidt always calls me when his heart is full, will *certainly* visit you, and perhaps weep by your side tears of sweet pleasure. At present the all-powerful Fanny detains me, and I can be detained by her alone.—But you have betrayed my love to M. Le Maitre, and perhaps to Hagedorn. You may therefore depend upon it, that I will not say a word to you about Fanny till my next letter, and in the present I will call you to account about

an affair which arises from your treachery. You have, as I have been informed, permitted to be printed in the *Freimüthige Nachrichten*\* an Ode in which my love appears very evident. What will become of me. What will Fanny say? Geisecke has offended me much more, but perhaps you seduced him. He has allowed the Ode, "When I am dead &c." to be printed in the 3d vol. of the new collection. Justify yourself on this *important* subject. You must positively produce a satisfactory apology.

Haller has sent me a letter from a Englishman, which informs him that the Messiah was presented to the Prince ; that he received it favourably, particularly in consideration of Haller, and that he would, without doubt, enquire after the Author. I have upon mature deliberation resolved to write myself to Glover, who has great influence with the Prince. Had I not been in love, I might have suppressed this event. What is your opinion on the subject?

\* A Periodical Paper printed at Berlin.

## LETTER VIII.

17th May, 1749.

FANNY has been to the Fair\* with her Brother, and by this means I have discovered that you had sent a packet for me to Rabéner. I must mention to you that there is no certainty of finding Rabener, except at the Fair: at any other time what you send to him for me might be delayed a great while. Tell the friend for whose soul the Messiah is so exactly calculated, that he has an advantage over me, because I have been entirely precluded from the novelty and the ardour attendant on the first reading. A youth who sees for the first time an amiable young woman, and at once feels that she was born for him, will feel more transport than the Mother who bore and educated her.—Tell him further that I particularly wish to know whether *he* is desirous that Abbadona should be restored to happiness.

You have afforded me much pleasure by the poem of Kleist. Fanny also has read it, and with so much

\* At Leipsic.

interest that I could not avoid giving her the manuscript. The passages respecting the Nightingale, and the divine Doris, affected my whole soul. Kleist must absolutely compleat this poem. &c.

## LETTER IX.

*7th June, 1749.*

I Have now received your criticism. Continue to advise me, for I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being conducted by you into the track of new thoughts. I request from you and Mr. Breitinger some remarks on my three first cantos. I have determined that they shall be printed with two new cantos, to compose altogether the first volume. What do you now think in regard to your former proposal of a subscription, and how ought it to be arranged? Several booksellers solicit me for the publication of the work.

I send you an Ode which no one has seen, not even Fanny or her brother. I composed it before the commencement of this year. It has often been the companion of my solitary hours; and you will

discover from the subject *why* Fanny and Schmidt have not obtained a sight of it. Now, do you wish to know the fate of my love? I can tell nothing more than that it now appears *probable* that I am beloved. You will believe that this probability is of no little importance to me. How happy should I be if I could speak with confidence! Very much of what I consider as my happiness depends on this. How important many things now appear to me, which I before considered as trifling. I know that you will do all you can for me in this affair; and how dear will you be to me for so doing.

Belov'd by her, my heart will glow  
With warmer love for you.

Perhaps my becoming known to the English may open for me a surer path. Hagedorn thinks that, by the assistance of Van de Hoek in Göttingen, I should send a copy to the translator of Haller in the Gentleman's Magazine. Will you be so kind as to write to Haller on the subject, but in such a manner as that I may not be suspected of suggesting it? I know not whether I may not alter my determination to write to Glover. &c.

## LETTER X.

Nov. 28, 1749.

MY DEAREST BODMER,

I Should not so long have deferred writing to you, if my friend Schmidt had not been with me, and if I had not again been doubtful what answer I could give you respecting my journey. I have spent many golden days with him. Now, however, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that in the spring I will tell you all. I rejoice in the sweet names of Bodmer, Breitinger, and Hess,—in the prospect of leisure and friendship; and I listen, as Schmidt says, to the whispers of these delightful thoughts. But now learn the conditions on which I shall come to you. My presence must be almost unobserved in your house. You must not make the smallest alteration on my account. This being premised, and decided as if you had given me the pledge of friendship in the golden age of the world, I will come. I am already well acquainted in idea with a certain country which I call Zurichia. Perhaps I may have formed a mistaken notion of it; but in the mean

while I please myself with imagining a country more beautiful than any other in the world. According to my ideas there belong to a fine country—mountains, vallies, lakes, and what is far preferable, the abode of friends. How distant, and in what situations, dwell Breitinger, Hirzel, Waser, Ischanner? And I must ask another question, which is connected with the country with regard to me,

“ Since now my life has reach’d the prime of youth,”

How near are you to any young ladies of your acquaintance, into whose society you may think I could be admitted? The heart of a young woman is an extensive scene of nature, into whose labyrinth a poet must frequently penetrate, if he wishes to acquire profound knowledge. But these young ladies must not be made acquainted with my history, lest they should put a restraint upon themselves without reason. This *without reason* attaches no censure to these amiable unknown beings. Even if they were to resemble Fanny, they would find, notwithstanding, that I will love only once in my life.\*

\* *Note by the German Editor.*—“ I will love only once.”—“ The reader will be surprised at this *salto mortale*, when he compares it with Klopstock’s hopes expressed in the ninth

I have been sensibly affected by Henzi's death; indeed death never before touched me so nearly. Perhaps I am too severe on this occasion. I can in some degree pardon him who at the hour of death *pretends* to jest, because such an attempt indicates

letter. We might easily fill up the blank with well-known tales of what occurred in the history of his love between June and November 1749; but we here publish only what is undoubtedly authentic, with an assurance that what we conceal would not bring the least disgrace on the heart or the character of our immortal Poet."

The English Editor regrets that the German was not more communicative on this interesting subject. It appears, however, that the reluctance which Klopstock felt to involve the woman he loved, and the sister of his dearest friend, in difficulties from which he was in vain endeavouring to extricate himself, prevented any proposal of marriage, notwithstanding the encouragement given by that generous friend, on whose bounty the unfortunate lover was at that time dependant. The lady was soon afterwards married; and Mrs. Klopstock's letters to Mr. Richardson will perhaps be thought to furnish a sufficient apology for the poet, if it should appear that after three years, in which "he did what he could to die in a love cause,"\* he was at last induced to break the resolution contained in his last letter to Bodmer.

\* Shakespeare.

that his mind is far from being in a tranquil state ; but he who can jest so naturally as Henzi, ought to employ his superior powers of mind in something more noble. It must be, because the events of futurity appeared to him uncertain, that he was resolved at all events to carry his mirth to the gates of Heaven. Peace to the soul of Henzi. I praise him for his composure ; but I should praise him with more warmth and earnestness, if he had said, like Lord Kilmarnock, “ Ah, Forster, it is, however, very terrible ! ” —————

The Ode in the sixth volume of the miscellaneous collection, “ As in solitary night,” &c. is by Schmidt. How do you like Chevy-Chase, and the imitation of it, published in a former volume ? — Your translation of the Ode, “ When I am dead,” has revived my former love for the Greek language ; and in the height of my ardour I have translated the enclosed Strophes. Perhaps you may not find them much in the spirit of the original ; but perhaps Alcaeus himself would not have written better, had he been in a similar situation. —————

Since I cannot yet fix the time of my departure from this place, I will write to you again either from hence, or from Leipsic. I shall be happy to have

H. Schulthess for my travelling companion. I have found in Hanover a noble friend, who will endeavour to transmit the Messiah to the Prince to whom it is dedicated, through a Mr. Von Schrader, who knows his Royal Highness's *tempora fandi*. I am as sincerely an enemy to dedications, as I am, with my whole heart, your friend.

F. G. KLOPSTOCK.

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The following letters were published in the Correspondence of Mr. Richardson; and the ingenious Editor of that work was not mistaken in supposing that they would interest every feeling heart. She adds, "It is presumed that readers of taste will not wish that Mrs. Klopstock's letters had been put into better English."

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### LETTER I.

MRS. KLOPSTOCK TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hamburg, Nov. 29, 1751.

HONOURED SIR,

WILL you permit me to take this opportunity, in sending a letter to Dr. Young, to address myself to you? It is very long ago that I wished to do it. Having finished your Clarissa, (O the heavenly book!) I would have prayed you to write the history of a *manly* Clarissa; but I had not courage enough at that time. I should have it no more to-day, as this is my first English letter, but I have it! It may be, because I am now Klopstock's wife, (I believe

you know my husband by Mr. Hohorst,) and then I was only the single young girl. You have since written the manly Clarissa, without my prayer. O you have done it to the great joy and thanks of all your happy readers. Now you can write no more, you must write the history of an angel.

Poor Hohorst ! he is gone. Not killed in the battle, (he was present at two,) but by the fever. The Hungarian Hussars have taken your works, with our letters, and all that he was worth, a little time before his death. But the King of Prussia compensated him with a company of cavalry. Poor friend ! he did not long enjoy it ! He has made me acquainted with all your lovely daughters. I kiss them all, with my best sisterly kiss; but especially Mrs. Martha, of whom he says, she writes as her father. Tell her in my name, dear sir, if this be true, that it is an affair of conscience not to let print her writings. Though I am otherwise of the sentiment, that a woman, who writes not thus, or as Mrs. Rowe, should never let print her works. Will you pardon me this first long letter, Sir ? Will you tell me if I shall write a second ?

I am, honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

M. KLOPSTOCK.

## LETTER II.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Hamburg, March 14, 1758.*

YOU are very kind, sir, to wish to know every thing of your Hamburg kindred. Then I will obey, and speak of nothing but myself in this letter. I was not the lady who hath been with two gentlemen from Göttenburg in England. If I had, never would I have waited the cold ceremony of introducing you to me. In your house I had been, before you knew that I was in England. That I shall, if ever I am so happy as to come there. We had a pretty project to do it in the spring to come, but I fear that we cannot execute it. The great fiend of friendship, war, will also hinder this, I think. I fear your Anti-gallicans exceedingly, more than the Gallicans themselves; they, I must confess it, are at least more civil with neutral ships. I pray to GOD to preserve you and Dr. Young till peace comes. We have a short letter of Dr. Young, in which he complains of

his health. How does he yet? And you, who are a youth to him, how do you do yourself?

You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns, and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him; at the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him, that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, shewed him some letters in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to

pass the evening in a company which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak; I could not play ; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends ; but on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and shewed his letters. They raillied me, and said I was in love. I raillied them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me, I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I started as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love; as if love must have more time than friendship! This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the

first time. We saw, we were friends ; we loved, and we believed that we loved ; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her ; but this was an horrible idea for me ; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers ! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks GOD that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy ; and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty ; but I dare not to speak of my husband ; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am ! Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear that I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me. I

have the best compliments for you of my dear husband. My compliments to all yours. Will they increase my treasure of friendship? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

M. KLOPSTOCK.

### LETTER III.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Hamburg, May 6, 1758.*

IT is not possible to tell you, Sir, what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour that you, my dear Mr. Richardson, in your venerable age, are so condescending good to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship, and of all those sentiments which a reasonable soul must feel for Richardson, though at so many miles distance. It is a great joyful thought, that friendship can extend herself so far, and that friend-

ship has no need of *seeing*, though this seeing would be celestial joy to hearts like ours, (shall I be so proud to say *ours*?) and what will it be when so many really good souls, knowing or not knowing in this world, will see one another in the future, and be there *friends* !

It will be a delightful occupation for me to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published, being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same : I with my little work, still, still, only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject. My husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will as soon as I can translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the

poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters; which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language, we being still closely attached to rhymes and iambics. I suspect the gentleman who has made you acquainted with the Messiah is a certain Mr. Kaiser of Göttingen, who has told me at his return from England, what he has done, and he has a sister like her whom you describe in your first letter.

And our dear Dr. Young has been so ill ! But he is better. I thank GOD, along with you. O that his dear instructive life may be extended, if it is not against his own wishes ! I read lately in the newspaper that Dr. Young was made Bishop of Bristol. I must think it is another Young : how could the King make him *only* bishop, and Bishop of Bristol, while the place of Canterbury is vacant ! I think the King knows not at all that there is a Young who illustrates his reign. And you, my dear dear friend, have not hope of cure of a severe nervous malady ! How I trembled when I read it ! I pray to GOD to give you, at the least, patience and alleviation. I thank you heartily for the cautions you give me, and my dear Klopstock, on this occasion. Though I can read very well your hand-writing, you shall write no more

if it is incommodious to you. Be so good to dictate only to Mrs. Patty; it will be very agreeable to have so amiable a correspondent; and then I will, still more than now, preserve the two of your own handwriting as treasures. I am very glad, Sir, you will take my English as it is. I know very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible. My husband asked, as I was writing my first letter, if I would not write French? No, said I, I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardson, though so polite, so cultivated, and no longer *fade* in the mouth of Bossuet. As far as I know, neither we, nor you, nor the Italians, have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteristic word for their nation? Our German tongue, which only begins to be cultivated, has much more conformity with the English than the French.

I wish, Sir, I could fulfil your wish of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have however much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good, good at the bottom, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know

him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them; for it may be that an action displeases us, which would please us if we knew its true aim and full extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am ; but no one had courage to marry as I did. They have married, as people marry ; and they are happy, as people are happy. Only one, as I may say, my dearest friend, is unhappy, though she had as good a purpose as myself. She has married in my absence; but had I been present, I might, it may be, have been mistaken in her husband as well as she. How long a letter this is again ! But I can write no short ones to you. Compliments from my husband, and compliments to all yours, always, even though I should not say it.

M. KLOPSTOCK.

## LETTER IV.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Hamburg, Aug. 26, 1758.*

WHY think you, Sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. But before all, how does Miss Patty, and how do yourself? Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. I have been more than once unhappy with disappointments; but yet, thanks, thanks to GOD, I am in full hope to be mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child and child-bed (and they are so dear to me!) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the Messiah. This is likewise the reason wherefore I am still here, for properly we dwell at Copenhagen. Our staying here

is only a visit, but a long one, which we pay my family. I not being able to travel yet, my husband has been obliged to make a little voyage to Copenhagen. He is yet absent;—a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return; but what does that help? He is yet equally absent. We write to each other every post, but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness. But I cannot tell you how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock's! O when shall I have him? It is long since I have made the remark that geniuses do not engender geniuses; no children at all, bad sons, or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly.

I think that about this time a nephew of mine will wait on you. His name is Witelhem, a young rich merchant, who has no bad qualities, and several good, which he has still to cultivate. His mother was I think twenty years older than I, but we other children loved her dearly like a mother. She had an excellent character, but is long dead. This is no letter, but only a newspaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband and

my child, I will write you more, if GOD gives me health and life. You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank GOD that the former is not so too !) is quite against fashion and good-breeding, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home.

M. KLOPSTOCK.

*Note.*—Mrs. Klopstock died on the 28th of November 1758.

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# POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS

OF

## MARGARET KLOPSTOCK,

Published at Hamburg in the year 1759.

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*Introduction, by F. G. Klopstock.*

DEATH has deprived me of her whose affection made me as happy as she was made by mine. Our friends well know with what tenderness we loved.—The following pages will shew why I am compelled, and willingly submit, to refrain from all complaint. This is one reason why I shall not write a poem, which many have expected from me, even when I may be more capable of it than I am at present. I think that, before the public, a man should speak of his wife with the same modesty as of himself; and how prejudicial would the observance of

this principle be to the enthusiasm required in poetry. The reader, moreover, and not without reason, thinks himself justified in refusing implicit credit to the panegyrist of his beloved, and my love for her who made me the happiest of men, is too sincere to let me allow my readers to call it in question. Another circumstance which makes poems of this kind uninteresting is that we have too many of them. As these considerations would have restrained my pen, even if my departed friend had left nothing that could be communicated to the world, it will easily be imagined what pleasure it must be to me to have the power of publishing some little Manuscripts by which she erects a monument to herself. I am so proud of her doing this with her own hand, that I will not add to the collection the Odes I formerly wrote to her. Should this pride require forgiveness, I hope to obtain it, when it is recollected that I am not proud of myself, but only of my friends.

I have nothing more to say of these little pièces than that they were not written with the intention of erecting a monument to herself. Some subjects are particularly interesting to us; we write our thoughts on them, and perhaps shew them to a few friends, without ever thinking of publication. It is

above two years since she thus began to write down some of her favourite ideas during my absence, and she was confused and distressed when I surprised her at this employment, and prevailed with her to read to me what she had written.—O she was all the happiness of my life ! What have I not lost in losing her ! But I will not complain.

I shall perhaps at some future time print some of her letters, or at least some fragments of them. I can publish only a few of them, having some hours after her death burnt most of those which we wrote to each other before our marriage. I was led to do this by the idea that I might be tempted to read them, and that they would agitate me too much. I have since found some which had been kept in a different place, and I will beg my friends who have letters from her to send them to me. My intention is, as I have already said, to publish them. Some friends of virtue may perhaps be anxious to know more of this heavenly mind.

*Extracts from the Correspondence between Klopstock and Margaret Möller, when their marriage was delayed, and he left her to return to Copenhagen, in Oct. 1752. See page 22.*

## LETTER I.\*

I Must write to you this evening, and you shall find my letter at Copenhagen. Best of men, you ought to find in me a wife desirous to imitate you as far as it can be possible. I will—indeed I will, resemble you as much as I can. My soul leans upon yours.—This is the evening on which we read your Ode to GOD. Do you remember it ! If I can preserve as much fortitude as I have acquired this evening, I will not shed a tear at our parting. You will leave me, but I shall again receive you, and receive you as your wife. Alas! after another day you will be gone far—far from me, and it will be long before I see you again; but I must restrain my grief.

\* This letter was written before Klopstock left Hamburg, and received by him at Copenhagen.

God will be with you, your God and mine. When you are gone I shall be more firm than I am now, as I have already assured you. I trust in our gracious God, that He will restore you to me, that He will make me happy. He knows that through you I shall be continually improving, He has already bestowed on us so much happiness, that I trust He will complete our felicity. Begin then your journey, only let me weep,—indeed I cannot help it. May God be with you ! O my God, it is Klopstock for whom I pray. Be thou with him ; shew thy mercy to me in granting this request. If my gratitude can be acceptable to Thee, Thou knowest how grateful I am. O thou All-Merciful, how much felicity hast Thou already vouchsafed to me; felicity for which I could not have presumed to ask. O still be gracious to me, to my Klopstock. I recommend him to Thee !

## LETTER II.

I Have you no longer, my Klopstock; you are already far from me. May you but be safe ! What are you doing now ? I wish I could answer that question. But I know, at least I hope so. You

are well, you are tranquil, you are thinking of your Meta, of your ever beloved Meta. You are thinking of me, as I am ever thinking of you; for your heart and your affection are like my own. I could not have imagined that absence would be so *very* heavy. What is life without you? but what is life *with* you? Now all reminds me of the time which is mine no more; of my happiness in having always near me my best beloved friend, who loves me so tenderly. Alas! I shall not see you again for a long long time; but if I knew that you were safely arrived at Copenhagen, I think I should be easy. Yes, my Klopstock, be assured that I am as tranquil as I can possibly be in your absence. I am for ever yours; you love me, and I spare myself for your sake. I wish you could see how I restrain my tears. Our friends are very kind, and watch me tenderly. They endeavour to render every thing as pleasant to me as they can; but what is all this without you? I am expecting Schmidt, who yesterday brought me your last farewell, and told me how much you had wished to return from the Post-House. My best friend, farewell! My constant prayers attend you.

## LETTER III.

## KLOPSTOCK TO META.

YESTERDAY the same accident which happened lately to your letter occurred again. I am not, however, uneasy, for I am sure that you have written to me. With what transport do I think of you, my Meta, my only treasure, my wife ! When in fancy I behold you, my mind is filled with the heavenly thoughts which so often fervently and delightfully occupy it; and while I think of you, they are still more fervent, more delightful. They glow in my breast, but no words can express them. You are dearer to me, than all who are connected with me by blood or by friendship, dearer than all which is dear to me besides in the creation. My sister, my friend, you are mine by love, by pure and holy love, which Providence, (O how grateful am I for the blessing !) has made the inhabitant of my soul upon earth. It appears to me that you were born my twin sister in Paradise. At present indeed we are not there, but

we shall return thither. Since we have so much happiness here, what shall we have there?

Remember me to all our friends. My Meta, my for ever beloved, I am entirely yours.

#### LETTER IV.

##### META TO KLOPSTOCK.

I Could not write to you till this moment, my beloved Klopstock ; I am in such good health, that I have been out every day, and am now returned from Schmidt's house to this. With the most perfect sincerity I assure you that I have not been so well since 1749, as during the last week. Imagine how much I must feel in the hope that I am thus restored for you. I did not expect to be ever again as well as I am now. Praised be our GOD for it ! and you will praise Him with me. Yesterday evening, when I had retired from company, and enjoyed a very delightful hour, I said to myself, perhaps my Klopstock is now worshipping GOD with me, and at that

thought my devotions became more fervent. How delightful it is to address ourselves to **God**, to feel his influence on our minds ! Thus how happy may we be even in this world; but you say right, if our happiness is so great here, what will it be hereafter, and then we shall never be separated.

Farewell, my beloved ! I shall think of you continually to-morrow. The holiest thoughts harmonize with my idea of you ; of you who are more holy than I am, who love our great Creator not less than I do. More I think you cannot love Him ; not more, but in a more exalted manner. How happy am I to belong to you. Through you I shall be continually improving in piety and virtue. I cannot express the feelings of my heart on this subject, but they are very different from what they were half a year ago. Before I was beloved by you, I dreaded my greatest happiness, I was uneasy lest it should withdraw me from **God**. How much was I mistaken ! It is true that adversity leads us to **God**; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from Him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it. On the contrary, it brings me nearer to Him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent.

## LETTER V.

## KLOPSTOCK TO META.

IT is now Sunday evening, my dearest, and I have staid at home, not only because I like to do so on a Sunday, and because I wished to proceed with the Messiah, but also because I love to be alone with you, and therefore the society which formerly I thought not uninteresting is now indifferent to me. But though I have been with you all this evening, my best beloved, yet now first the thought of writing to you occurred to me. With what sweet peace of mind do I contemplate in every point of view the thought that you are mine, that I am yours. O Meta, how entirely are you formed to make me happy; and you are bestowed upon me. Can there be so much happiness here below? Yet what is the greatest earthly happiness to that which we hope to enjoy in a future state? Yes, my beloved, for ever.\*

\* These extracts make no part of Mr. Klopstock's publication; but as they are mentioned by him page 103, they are inserted in this collection. They are taken from the manuscript letters sent to the editor by Dr. Mumssen: see his 8th Letter.

*Letters from the Dead to the Living.*

BY MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.

## LETTER I.

O My friend, my brother, how happy am I ! What it is to be blessed ! But how can I describe it to you ? Your language has no words, your soul no ideas, of this perfect happiness, of this never-ending bliss. My brother, you will one day share it with me. Then will you know what it is to be blessed. Amidst the many joys of Heaven, what joy is this, that my brother, my Semida, shall

\* It appears from Klopstock's Ode to Bodmer, that he was extremely partial to the writings of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, which probably suggested to Mrs. Klopstock the idea of the following letters ; but it will, I believe, be allowed that she greatly excels the model from which they are copied.

one day be happy with me? We shall then love each other with even more purity, more warmth than we have loved on earth. It is here alone that friendship is perfect. Yet I feel that a brother, whom I have so long known, with whom I have been so long united, I should love differently from all the inhabitants of Heaven. With tenderness I should love him.—Abdiel I love with reverence. This exalted friend was my protecting Angel.—O how the Angels love mankind!

When my soul had scarcely left her earthly dwelling, ye were all weeping over it;—but my brother was resigned. As I soared aloft, unknowing how to tread the new paths of air, there appeared—think of this, my Semida—there appeared to me your form. With open arms, with the transport of an unembodied soul, I hastened towards it; for I thought you also were dead, and that we should be blessed together. “I am not thy brother,” said the spirit in a gentle voice, “I am Abdiel, thy guardian Angel. I put on the form of thy Semida, that thy yet scarce opened eyes might not be dazzled by the splendour of an Angel. Come, I will be thy guide through these new paths. I was thy guide on earth. I loved thee more than thou didst

love Semida; and so shall I now for ever love thee. I will be thy Semida till he come to us, and then will we three be friends for ever. How much affection wilt thou first learn in Heaven, thou who hast already felt so much on earth ! But come, I will lead thee to the abode of the blessed."—O Semida, now your language fails. Of the glory of the Uncreated I can tell you nothing. Fear Him, love Him : go on living as you have lived, and advance continually towards perfection. Then will you taste, then will you feel, what even the blest cannot express, what **God** has prepared for those who love Him !

## LETTER II.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I Am allowed to write to you. O that I could tell you how happy your Sunim is ! I spoke the language of the earth but imperfectly, and now I speak a far different one; how then can I express myself? Beloved mother, I see you still before me

as I lay in your bosom when I died. I knew not what it was to die; I only felt such pain as I had never felt before, and I saw you weep. O how I *felt* that you should weep! I would have said,—my mother!—but I could not speak. I hung my little arms trembling around yours. You will remember it; for then you wept more abundantly. Now it grew dark around me, and I could not see you. I knew not how it was, but I heard your voice. I heard you pray to my Redeemer for me. I prayed with you; for often had I prayed with you before. And now I felt a sudden pressure on my heart, and now I could see again;—but how different I felt from what I was before! I ran to you, and embraced your knees, but you did not perceive it. I said, “My dearest mother!”—but you did not hear me. I was so light, I flew when I would have walked. At length I saw my own little body. I saw you lay it on the bed, kneel by it, and lift your hands and eyes to Heaven, with a look, like my new friends the Angels. Then you wept no more, but became quite composed and resigned. I heard you say,—“The L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> gave, and the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> hath taken away; blessed be the name of the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup>!”—I heard too what you said to my father; for I still

followed you. “ Sunim is dead,” you said to him, “ Sunim is with God;”—and my father began to weep aloud, and said, the only heir of his name and fortune now was dead, and all was lost to him. How gently did you lead him back: how sweetly speak of God, and of eternity !

I had now heard that I was dead, but knew not what it meant; until a heavenly form came to me, and gently led me away; for I thought of nothing but remaining with you. This heavenly form was my Salem, whom I love as I love you, and who led me to the world I now inhabit. It is a star where all the souls of children come when they are dead ; and where the heavenly Salem prepares us for supreme bliss. O that you could see this world, and know how it contributes to our present happiness ! Here too we have sensible objects, which instruct and prepare us for something higher; but Salem does this still more. With what rapture do I listen, when he tells us of the Great Creator, of the Heaven of the blessed, of the Hosts of Angels, and of the Vision of God, which we shall attain when our knowledge shall be ripe enough. I know not whether this will be on that great day when the earth shall be judged, or sooner. Salem has not revealed

this to me ; and I am already sufficiently happy in knowing that I shall, at some future time, assuredly go there. O, how happy am I, even here !

But, my dear mother,—for I must come to it at last,—how I grieve for thee, thou best of mothers ! Yet Salem says, it is better you should know before hand, for then you can prepare for it. Ah, my mother, the son whom GOD has given you in my place, who is so like me, who is called Sunim too,—he shall also die. My mother, now, for the first time in this world, I weep. Will you have strength to bear this second trial ? O pray to God for strength ? I will pray with you. Your former victory pleased the ALMIGHTY. Salem told me so. Offend not by impatience Him whom you have once already pleased by resignation. It is hard, very hard, my mother. I feel it with you; but Salem says, GOD loves you, and therefore does He send these trials. O then, offend not GOD, who so loves us all; who makes your first Sunim so happy ; who will make the second happy also ! No, you will not murmur, I know it. You will patiently endure what GOD has appointed for you ; and then will you also be blest. What bliss wilt thou at once attain, thou, who hast advanced so far on earth !

## LETTER III.

MY DAUGHTER,

IT is long since I died. It was only a few hours after your birth. You know me not, but I love you. How can I help loving my own daughter, and the daughter too of the best of husbands! You have heard from my sister, how your father and I loved each other. Ours was not a love that first arose in marriage, the work of chance; it was founded on virtue, and on the sympathy of our hearts. We had chosen each other.—And will the daughter of such a marriage venture to take a husband whom she scarcely knows, merely because he is of her own rank, and can make her still richer? How can you think so lightly of marriage? Marriage fixes your fate, my daughter. The whole of your former life is but a preparation to this longer, to this more important life. All your temporal happiness depends on your choice of a husband; and how nearly is the eternal connected with it! What

do you know of the man to whom you are on the point of giving your hand? Have you once considered, Melissa, whether he is the man on whose support you could lean, through all the crooked ways of life? Will he lead you at last to the throne of the ALMIGHTY, and say, "here is the wife whom Thou hast given me?" O Melissa, can a man do this, who never thinks of eternity? A man who wastes the latter half of the day amongst trifling pastimes, and to whom the former half is so wearisome a load. Fool that he is! even his body, emaciated by excess, does not remind him that his time will be very short. And shall my Melissa be the portion of such a man?—Do you expect to reform him? Ah, Melissa, such is the foolish confidence so many of you place in your own powers. A man so fastidious in every thing, how soon will he be tired of a wife! A man who knows not serious reflection, how will he endure it from a woman? Will he even have time to listen to you? A man who flies from solitude, to whom a conversation with a rational friend is insupportable, who must be in company, will he talk with his wife of things which concern the soul? Melissa, you deceive yourself. Your tender heart will not avail you; he under-

stands nothing of the heart; and when tenderness avails not a woman, what can help her? Religion? Do you believe that a man of such morals has any religion? No—he has none. He will even try to rob you of yours; and should you retain it, he will make your children laugh at you for it.—You tremble, my daughter. Yes—you have reason. Think to what misery a thoughtless step exposes you. It sacrifices your temporal, and risques your eternal welfare.

What happiness can you enjoy with a man who never thinks? who supposes he makes you happy by dragging you into company; with whom you cannot speak of GOD, of eternity, of the peace, the security, the happiness of friendship, and of its higher degree, connubial tenderness; of the education of your innocent children, and of a thousand such interesting subjects? How wretched will you be with a man whom you cannot love! Such a man Melissa never *can* love; and how hard will you find it to obey, when you do not love. Will you not often wish to be rid of your duty? And how easily may this wish lead you to throw it off. How will you be able to educate your children? Should nature be strong enough to make you love

the children even of such a man, should you wish to educate them well, will you have the power ! O how much of the good you do, will he destroy !— And above all, what will become of your soul with such a husband ? Have you never considered in what danger it is ? A man who has no religion, (a man of such morals *can* have none,) will he suffer his wife to have any ? If you have no affection for him, you will most easily retain it; but even then you will grow careless in it, because your husband does not encourage, strengthen, lead you continually on, and like a guardian angel watch over your tender soul. But if, from pity, from duty, or from prejudiced partiality, you still love him,—then fear the most for your soul ! The man who knows that he is beloved, finds it easy to shake the principles of a weak woman. Therefore tremble, ye Melissas, when ye make your choice, tremble for your eternal happiness ! Choose none but a Christain. Choose not a free thinker, who laughs at you and your religion. Choose not one who would degrade you to the darkness of natural religion. Choose not one,—O shudder at the thought !—who would rob you of your Redeemer, your only salvation; and would debase his most exalted divinity to nothing

more than a great and good man. Neither choose a sceptic. He may be a virtuous man; God may have patience with him; but to you is not allotted the portion of wisdom to convince him, and you put yourself in danger of doubting with him.— Choose a Christian, who in his strong hand will lead you through the slippery world; and at last, to the throne of the Redeemer. Then, together will ye come, my Melissa, and taste and feel what I now feel with my husband, my Christian husband;— and yet greater will be our happiness, when she whom our soul loves enjoys it with us !

#### LETTER IV.

I Loved you much, my sister, while yet I lived on the same earth with you, and I love you still. Can I better prove it, than by employing this uncommon method of being useful to you? I should have said to you, on earth, all that I am now going to say, had I lived longer; for it requires not heavenly wisdom; but while I lived, you were so young, that I could do no more than just begin to form

your heart. I rejoice, that from this early seed has sprung already so much good. You tread a better path than many of your sisters. You do not cleave to the superficial, the light, the frivolous, the vain, the nothing of the earth; but still, Melinda, you cleave to the earth. I rejoice to see you prefer stillness to noise; the society of your husband and children to those assemblies which are also called society. I rejoice that you prefer the fulfilment of your duties towards your husband and children, and the little affairs which are entrusted to the narrow sphere of your sex, to such empty pleasures; but yet Melinda, you cleave to the earth, and only to the earth. It is proper, it is right, to perform the duties which you perform; but it is not enough to perform them *only*. We are not made for the little duties of mortality alone, but for the higher duties of eternity. Let it be your first endeavour to know your Creator and Redeemer. You believe in him; but how do you believe? Have you examined the grounds of that belief, and how have you been convinced? Do you try to be present in thought with **God**, as He is present with you? Do you with your whole heart, with all your feelings, love Him who hath so loved you? Are you sufficiently attentive,

earnest, strict, that your heart be pure before Him who sees into the inmost soul ; who sees each deed, even to its motive ? To comprehend all the duties of society in one, dost thou to others as thou wouldest they should do to thee ? O Melinda, see what is wanting in you ? You perform the *little*, but you delay the great, the important duties. Employ your leisure, (for of the time which **God** has lent you an account must be given,) employ it in thinking of **God**. Think of his love, think of it continually, and learn to *feel* it. This is our first duty, and how easy a duty it is ! From this flow all the others.— Thou canst not find it difficult to 'love' that **God**, who, for so happy a world, and for a still happier eternity, hath created, redeemed, and sanctified thee; who hath reserved for thee such bliss ! O Melinda, were not even angels mute when they would speak of this, what transports would thy sister now proclaim to thee ! But it has not entered into the heart of man, it cannot enter into the heart of man, what **God** has prepared for us ; what I already feel, and thou shalt feel. O my sister, thou who dost no evil, but not enough of good, (and *that* the Holy One will punish,) allow thyself to be awakened to eternal happiness !

## LETTER V.

LITTLE dost thou expect, O' Lorenzo, now after a year, to hear of thy friend; ah, rather say, of thy companion in dissipation, for a connection like ours deserves not the name of friendship; little dost thou now expect to receive any account of me. Thou art right. Who sends accounts from this dreadful prison? In common with the terrific spirits our seducers, we hate the whole human race; and we hate Him too,—Him whom I am forced to confess, whom on earth I endeavoured to deny,—whom yet I would deny, but cannot.——O ye, yet mortals! ye who yet can comfort yourselves with his love, ye cannot conceive what it is to know God only in his omnipotence! GOD without love! Lorenzo, I feel a mixture of cruelty and compassion, One thought says, I will save him from misery by my example; and another says, I will rejoice in his torture! Where wast thou on the day of terror? Where wast thou, that thou wast not buried with

me in the ruins of Lisbon? For hadst thou died, thou hadst been here.—Hear then my story, for thou knowest it not. Ye found not my body; it was burnt.—Hear me!—

From the excesses of the night I yet lay in a deep sleep. The morning dawn had beheld my crimes. I waked in terror at the shaking of the earth. At the same moment the house fell in. “ ‘Tis *He*, ‘tis *He*,” I cried, “ He kills me !” For who can totally deny Him, the Fearful One ? We feel, when we sin, that we cannot ; but we stupify ourselves. I had almost prayed, but I could not. I knew not how to pray ; and the anxiety to save my life absorbed the thought of *God*. At length I worked my way from out of the ruins of my dwelling. I hastened on, without any accident. This made me feel secure. I met with her,—perhaps she is now a saint,—her whom I so thoughtlessly seduced to stain her sex with the same crimes that we stain ours with. “ Ah, seducer,” said she, “ profligate ! repent, repent, or we are this moment lost !” It seemed to me ridiculous to hear her preach repentance; I told her so, and asked how she could suffer herself to be alarmed by such an accident. O Lorenzo, the words stuck in my throat ! A house fell

down, and crushed both her and me. She was soon dead. I only saw her raise her eyes to Heaven, and I have not found her here. I was much mangled ; I could not die. I beheld once more the setting sun. I rolled myself over in blood and dust, and saw beside me the old man who was the constant object of our ridicule. How peacefully he died ! I would have given my whole life to have died like him. "Redeemer ! Saviour !" in a soft voice I heard him say. How could I now believe a Saviour ? I never had believed him.——

I died ;—that is, I changed my agony, that dreadful agony, for one more dreadful. I plunged into the abyss of perdition. And now, Lorenzo, wilt thou come to me ? Wilt thou repent ? *Can* Lorenzo repent ? Thou canst, since *she* could. But accursed be thou ; accursed be she ; if yet I have power to curse,—accursed be ye all, for having so great a share in my ruin ! Ye must all come to me, all suffer what I suffer. I cannot bear ye should be less miserable than I am ! O He ! He who sits in judgment ! There is a GOD, Lorenzo ! There is a conscience ! There is unutterable woe !

## LETTER VI.

ARISTUS, I fell in the unfortunate duel. By thy hand I died! And I had been condemned, were not the mercy of the Eternal without measure; mercy to you incomprehensible, if ye knew what ye are. O Aristus, thou knowest not thyself, thou knowest not thy GOD! Thou hast scarcely thought of his omnipotence; still less of his mercy. Thou dost still remain in the darkness, the thoughtlessness in which thou wast brought up. Thy father thought nothing needful for thee but courage; thy profession required not virtue and religion; and thou didst not require them from thy immortal soul. O how melancholy a thought it is, that the profession which makes us more conversant with death than age and sickness do, that it should know the least of GOD! Thou art not an infidel, and thou art not a Christian. O miserable friend! —for thou wert my friend, according to our faint ideas of friendship,—look into thyself, and tremble! There is a GOD; thou art immortal. Thou wast

cast off by **GOD**, for thou hadst sinned. **GOD** became man in order to redeem thee; and thou mayest now be for ever happy ! This thou knowest. Thou canst at least remember that it was taught thee in thy childhood; but thou hast never thought on this. If thou hadst died in my place, and **GOD** had not had mercy on thee, how wouldest thou have felt, amidst inconceivable torment, that thy thoughtlessness alone was the cause, that instead of those dreadful tortures, thou didst not enjoy eternal happiness, happiness which I should in vain attempt to describe ! Now—now it is yet time, Aristus ! Perhaps to-morrow's fight may send thee, with ten thousand other thoughtless wretches, to perdition ! O turn thee; thou already knowest enough to turn, and much thou needest not know. Feel only that thou art a sinner, and that he, **JESUS** of Nazareth,—a name so many of thy brethren in vain endeavour to debase ;— He, the **GOD** whom I now worship, is thine Atoner, thy Redeemer ! How calmly mayest thou march to battle, if thou but feel this rightly ! How glorious, (even amongst Angels this is glory,) how glorious to die, when thou diest to defend thy country, to save thy fellow-citizens ! How far below this, how mean was the death I died ! Even

now I should feel ashamed at the disgrace of a duel; if God had not forgiven my sin. O Aristus, for a single word I died in blood; and my friend was my barbarous murderer! As thoughtlessly as we had lived, so went we forth to death. The laws of our station enjoined it. Laws never given, even by man, imaginary laws, ye we obeyed; and those for ever engraven on our hearts, those so plainly revealed,—the acknowledged laws of God, the Creator, the Lord of man,—those we despised, against those we rebelled; and (O amazing folly!) without knowing, without wishing to know them. That work of fancy, Honour, alone is revered by most men in our station; that alone they make their idol. The true honour of obeying God, and being immortal, they know not. Alas, they never concern themselves to know it. We went, and did our dreadful work. We had spoken a few unthinking words, (Oh, if God punished as we punish, we had been long since condemned,) we had said a few unthinking words, and this must be avenged with blood, with death! While yet we knew nothing higher than *this* life, we loved each other, and we must kill each other! We felt obscure forebodings of what death might be to us, but *this* life must be served.

Now we already stood in blood ; each sought the other's life; he must do so to save his own. Unhappy thought for souls that depend on this life only; and far more unhappy, if they know the dreadful consequences of such thoughtlessness.—I fell. Thou didst feel some emotion at the fate of thy friend; but like all thy emotions, it was transitory. Thy soul does ever tear itself from serious thought. Observing that I was not dead, compassion bid thee bring me to the nearest house, and commend me to the care of a surgeon, and then thou didst fly for safety. Chance, as you call it,—we call it here the eternal providence of God,—had led me to a Christian woman's house. She was so happy as to serve her God in peace and tranquillity, within the limits of her sex, and now her old age was crowned by the saving of a soul. O how I shall thank her, when she comes to us ! She sat down by me, and began to talk of eternity ; a sound that waked my soul from the sleep in which she had hitherto been sunk ;—dreadful waking, which awaked her to despair ! Now I felt the full weight of my want of thought, the extent of its guilt, and of its punishment. I felt myself condemned. I had lost the power of speech, but still my grief

could rage. She saw it, but she ventured not to combat my despair. She sent to the worthy pastor of the village, a man despised by Aristus. He came,—and O, may GOD reward him!—he led me up to my Redeemer. Long indeed had I stiil to combat with despair; for he did not make my sin appear light, but he shewed me the means of obtaining pardon. I seized it, and was saved, in the last breath of my existence saved; and now I am happy. He has pardoned, the Eternally Merciful! But had I died a few hours sooner, I had now been lost. And what wilt thou be to-morrow, if this day, thou dost not repent? Behold the hosts are prepared for the contest. The LORD has spoken in his anger, nations shall slay each other. To-morrow the noise of the battle will leave thee no time to collect thy soul. Do it,—O do it to-day, if thou regard thy eternal salvation; and let this be thy first repentant resolution, that on thy own account, thou never again wilt slay thy brother. Be great enough, before men and angels, be great enough to say, when another demands thy blood, “No, I will never give it; I dare not; my GOD forbids; I will not do what GOD forbids. I will use my life to honour Him, and serve my neighbour.” Fear not that he will

take thy life without resistance. If he be base enough to do so, let him take it. What is the loss of life to an immortal, a redeemed soul? Prepare thyself for death, but seek it not; he cannot rob thee of the joys of heaven. Dost thou fear the loss of temporal advantages? Lose them, and gain eternal ones. Sacrifice thy profession, if thy brethren be mad enough to force thee to it. Degrade thyself in the eyes of the world, and be exalted before God. O my Aristus, how trifling appear all worldly advantages, when we stand above the world! One day we shall all be forced to render an account, an account of our unthinking lives, an account that we respected a received opinion more than the clear law of God; that we stifled all the feelings of our soul, and madly plunged ourselves in death, of which the dread was not in vain implanted in our nature.—O Aristus, repent! Thy redeemed friend intreats thee. Be saved, like him!

## LETTER VII.

MY BELOVED CIDLI,\*

THE hour was come, that hour by thee so dreaded, yet for which thou hadst been so long prepared ; the hour was come, that took me from thee—from your world—for ever ; but how short is the *for ever* of your world ! The first violence of thy grief is now assuaged ; assuaged by religion alone. So long I waited before I wrote to thee, thou best beloved !—How affectionate was thy wish that thou mightest be the deserted one ! Now is that wish fulfilled ; but hast thou strength for the trial ? O pray to GOD, devoutly pray, for strength ! Thou art weak, and yet I blame thee not. It is so short a time since I was in the earthly body, that I know full well how

\* Cidli is the name given to Jairus's daughter in a beautiful episode in the Messiah. By this name Klopstock had been accustomed to distinguish his Meta, in such of his poems as were addressed to her. She wrote this and the following letter on the supposition that her Husband was dead, and probably in consequence of a conversation in which she expressed a wish that she might be the survivor.

hard it is to soar to the higher virtues. This is exalted virtue, to bear the cross as the **ALMIGHTY** wills ! I know my Cidli murmurs not ; I see thee bear thy cross with resignation ; but, my Cidli, thou art too much dejected. The grief, the melancholy that dwell so deeply in thy heart, thou seekest not to restrain, but rather feedest them to the utmost. To weep is now thy comfort, and thou thinkest that thou hast done enough if thou dost weep in silence. But that is not enough. Thou must wipe away thy tears, and tear thyself from solitude. Thou must take an interest in all creation, and in the whole human race. Whilst thou art in the world, the duty of being useful never ceases, and thou canst be useful, my Cidli. Though I am dead, and **GOD** no longer gives us the blessing of connubial life, the greatest happiness on earth,—though He has left us childless,—think not that thy connection with the world has ceased. Go seek out children, seek out friends ! Let all whom thou canst teach to love the Eternal, be thy friends, be thy children. I know, my Cidli, that on reading this, thou wilt tear thyself from thy grief; thou who dost so earnestly endeavour to do thy duty; and for this reason I am permitted to use this means indulged to so few.—O my Cidli,

how I have loved thee! How did my soul hang on thy soul ! and how well didst thou deserve it ! Such love as ours was pleasing to the ALMIGHTY ; because we forgot not Him ; because we thanked Him that we had found each other, and worshipped Him together!

O my only love, how often have I seen thee raise thine eyes to Heaven, with all the full devotion of thy heart ! How did I then thank GOD for giving me this soul, so certainly appointed to be blessed ! Go, Cidli, teach it to the world, to those who do not believe it possible at once to love and pray, teach that pure love, which itself is virtue, and pleasing to GOD. But, Cidli, what was this to the love which I now feel ? I love thee so, that even in heaven my heart longs for thee. O when thou once art here; with me to worship, to worship here—face to face ! A holy awe now seizes me : O Cidli, who can speak of the joys of Heaven ? How wilt thou then feel ? Thou shalt come to us, my chosen one. Fear not on account of the sins which now disturb thy peace. I will not call them trifling. What we term failings, are, before the Holy One, great crimes. But the love with which He pardons is unspeakable. The Angel, who, invisible to thee, brings this, will still

Cidli. How can I support the thought ! Yet never, never can I drive the image from my soul, from before my eyes. Thy closing eye, thy failing voice, thy trembling, cold, and dewy hand, which yet pressed mine when thou couldst speak no more. Now it grew weak the gentle pressure, O yet I feel it ! and now yet weaker ; and now it was stiff ! I cannot, I cannot support the recollection. But thy last blessing, that shall comfort me,—thy parting benediction ! “ Come quickly after me ! ” How fervently did I ask it with thee, thou already blessed ; and how incessantly do I now repeat the prayer. But thou wert dead ; I had thee now no more, and now no more thy body over which I hung continually, when the heavenly soul had left it ; now, not even that ; I am now alone. How can I support it, I who never could endure the absence of a single day from thee ! I have no son whom I might teach to be like his father; no daughter who might weep with her mother ! I am alone, and desolate !

O thou, my heavenly friend, if thou still have any influence on me, let it work in me for good, and make me mild, resigned, willing to do what duty requires ; let it make me worthy of thy love ! Thou

But I will indeed awake. I will tear myself from grief. I will live for the world in which I am; I will do what duty requires; I will no longer sleep.—O that my remaining time, time now so blank and dead to me, O that it might be short ! Forgive, thou Ever Merciful, forgive the hasty wish ! Not as I will, but as Thou wilt ! Wert thou yet with me, my only love, wert thou, in thy earthly body, yet with me to support my weakness!—So should every man support the companion of his life, and how amiably didst thou perform this duty ! I may remind thee how willingly I followed. To obey thee was my pride. What woman would not have obeyed thee, thou excellent, thou upright man, thou Christian ! But I have thee now no longer—thy encouragement, thy example, thy assistance. I am desolate ! My wish is heard ; the wish of my tenderness, when in its utmost purity, it rose to the greatest height : thou art gone before me. Till now I knew not what I asked, but even now I thank Him who heard my prayer; I thank Him that thou hast not to suffer what I suffer.—Thou didst grieve, yes, my best beloved, amidst the agonies of death, amidst the foretaste of thy bliss, I saw thy grief for thy deserted

## DIALOGUE ON FAME.\*

## A FRAGMENT.

I Once told my Meta, that I thought a dialogue, if written by one or two friends, would appear most natural. We also wished to do this for the sake of leaving a memorial to the last of us who should remain, and to our friends. This unfinished trifle was the consequence of this fancy. I earnestly wish that I could recollect some of her serious conversations with me, so as to write them down ; for what a heart had she, and what a quick, and at the same time accurate understanding !

*Meta.* Do you consider the immortality of Fame as a chimera of pride ? Or is the attainment of it worthy the endeavours of a sensible and upright man ?

“ That lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind.”

*Milton's Arcopagitica.*

*Klopstock.* I consider fame as a means to acquire friends even after our death. How sweet and how suitable is it to a sensible man to have friends, even then.

*Meta.* Yet many of those who are become immortal, have ridiculed the endeavour to become so. And besides, how cold, in general, are those friends after death !

*Klopstock.* Often do people ridicule what they wish and seriously endeavour to obtain ; either because they despair of obtaining it, or because they know how much their endeavour is blamed, when its object is too plainly discovered. Their ridicule is therefore not sincere. They are either attempting to conceal their aim from others, or they are unwilling to acknowledge to themselves their secret wish. He who deserves immortality will never be a cold friend to one who is already immortal.

*Meta.* A few warm friends are better than a great many cold ones.—But as to the first part of your answer, I cannot be convinced that all these great men dissembled in this point. They considered glory as something *so little*, that the attainment of even its highest step, immortality, appeared scarcely worthy to be wished.

*Klopstock.* If they really considered immortality as so little a thing, they certainly never thought of their usefulness; they never considered how much it connects us with posterity. I hold true glory to be as *congenial* to the simplicity of nature, as I think vanity is *opposite* to it.

*Meta.* I grant that the desire of true glory is congenial to our nature. I grant, further, that great actions, and good writings, if contemplated and read by the whole world, are useful to a wide extent. But these actions should be performed, these works should be written, without the intention of thereby gaining immortality. The love of fame is too enticing a seducer. It leads us imperceptibly to consider glory not as a means of being useful, but as an end, in itself worthy to be attained; and thus, though our undertakings lose not their usefulness, it robs us of our moral worth, by changing our intention in them.

*Klopstock.* Usefulness should undoubtedly be the first object in our undertakings. How worthless is the immortality of those who have obtained it without being useful! I do not believe that true glory will ever seduce us to consider her as our chief

object. She is always too much connected with our duty, and with usefulness.—But if we be useful, why should we not rejoice to gain, at the same time, this pure, this innocent glory ?

*Meta.* I should be too rigid, did I wish to forbid all joy in the prospect of immortal fame ; but to indulge it very seldom, and with great moderation, is not too severe advice. It is so easy to mistake the means for the end.

*Klopstock.* What I have hitherto called the love of glory, is in particular the wish to be loved and valued by posterity, as we wish to be by our contemporaries ; or as I said at first, it is a wish to collect friends. This wish will not easily lead us to any thing but the frequent and varied ideas of the use we may be of to those friends. How many does Young rouse from the slumber of thoughtlessness or indifference ! And those who are no longer thoughtless or indifferent, how does he animate their feelings ! How raise them to his own ! How does he teach them to worship GOD, to be *Christians* ! And the prospect, the foretaste of all this—shall it not be allowed ? Is it not high and heavenly joy ?

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MR. KLOPSTOCK, *in continuation.*

I Have frequently debated with myself whether I should attempt to describe my Meta's character. I am bound not only to the public, but to her, to avoid every *appearance* of exaggeration, and how few are there whose hearts will justify them in believing that what I must say is not beyond the truth ! To those few, I can with one stroke give a general idea of her character. She was formed to say with Arria, “*Pætus, it is not painful.*”—But these are the readers who would most wish to know the particular features of such a character. They will find some of them in the following fragments of letters written since our marriage. We had never been separated, except for two months, during which those letters were written. She lived only two months more after my return. Since I write this sketch chiefly to speak of her death, it appears to me essential to make known something of what passed in our minds during a separation which, both to me, and to her, was a preparation for it.

But before I make the extracts, let me be permitted to say a little more of her.—About three years ago

she undertook to write my life, and this is her introduction to it.

“ All that concerns Klopstock, and all that he does, is so important in my eyes, that I can no longer resist the wish to preserve in writing what I observe in him, and what to me appears most worthy of observation. I intend to confine myself to what relates to his character, and whatever has any connexion with the Messiah ; but loving him as I do, many little trifles which concern our mutual attachment, our marriage, and myself, will naturally intrude. I shall observe no order of time, but shall write what my heart now feels, what I now remark, or what I have long since remarked, and of which I am now reminded.”

She says afterwards,—“ As he knows that I delight to hear whatever he composes, he always reads it to me immediately, though it be often only a few verses. He is so far from opinionated, that on this first reading I am to make my criticisms, just as they come into my head.”

How much do I lose in her even in this respect! How perfect was her taste, how exquisitely fine her feelings! She observed every thing, even to the slightest turn of the thought. I had only to look at

her, and could see in her face when even a syllable pleased or displeased her ; and when I led her to explain the reason of her remarks, no demonstration could be more true, more accurate, or more appropriate to the subject. But in general this gave us very little trouble, for we understood each other when we had scarcely begun to explain our ideas.

### META TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Hamburg, Aug. 2d, 1758.*

DID you go three times the distance to the post, only to see me for *one minute* more ? Do not imagine I think this a small matter. It confirms me in my old suspicion, that you have indeed a little-*love* for me. If you could see me to-day, I know you would love me dearly. No one could know by my appearance that you had left me. The thought that grief might hurt our child, (for I have too severely felt the few tears which I could not restrain,) that it would displease you, and be ingratitude for our otherwise so great happiness, makes me so resigned that I am almost easy. I cannot indeed banish the thought of you, nor do I wish it ; but I can view it in such a light that it does not disturb

me. Our GOD is with you, and will restore you to the arms of your wife !

*August 3.*

I am well, and have continued a heroine; though I am obliged to be very watchful against my enemy, who lies in ambush, and shoots like a Hanoverian rifleman. In earnest, when I think I have the utmost command of myself, the thought of you often seizes me so suddenly, that it costs me much trouble to compose myself again. The most trifling circumstances often occasion this.

Now come, Eliza,\* and write your certificate. "I hereby certify upon my honour, that Meta Klopstock behaves so well as to astonish me continually. I would not be easy,—certainly not,—though I had promised my husband a thousand times. I am half angry that *she is* so. It is too much love for a husband to be easy purely out of tenderness for him."

They waked me this morning to give me your letter, and I got the head-ach; but that pain was pleasure. Yesterday evening I had some obscure notion of a letter, but could not imagine how it should come. I never thought of Schonburg; but

\* Mrs. Klopstock's sister, who was married to Mr. Schmidt.

you thought of it ! You could not help writing ; yes, that is natural, for you love me. *I* could not have helped writing neither.

*August 4.*

I wish the nights were not so dark. I have each night had a strong inclination to rise, and write to beg you would return ; but do not suppose that I indulge this thought.—Yet if the wind has not changed, you might perhaps arrive on Monday, and see G—, and return on Wednesday. Ah, then I should have you again for that short time !

Yes, my dear Klopstock, **GOD** will give us what in his wisdom He sees good for us; and if any thing be wanting to our wishes, He will teach us to bear that want.

*August 7, my Father's dying day.*

Are you really gone ? The wind was west this morning, but it is changed again to the east ; our **GOD** be with thee ! Believe me I trust in **HIM** alone, and am convinced that the way by which **He** leads us is the best for us.

*August 10.*

Where are you now ? Still in the ship, I fear, for you have had very unfavourable winds. May **GOD** have preserved you from thunder-storms ! They have

been my greatest dread. We have had violent heat, but no thunder. Last night it was very *very* dark, I could not help being anxious about you, but it was not such anxiety as would have been ingratitude for my great happiness ; it was tenderness which I can never cease to feel. **GOD** be with you, and grant that I may hear from you on Tuesday ; but even if it should not be so, I will not be so uneasy as to hurt my health.

I was ready by eight o'clock. Oh, if you had come home ! How I wished for you ! It is hard, very hard, after having lived with you, to live without you !

*August 15.*

**GOD** be praised ! I have your letter. O what joy ! What shall I feel when I have you again ! I know not what I write. I received your letter at table. I could eat no more. The tears started from my eyes, and I went into my own room. I could only thank **GOD** with my tears ; but He understands our tears !

#### KLOPSTOCK TO META.

*Bernst, August 16.*

My Meta, were both the nights so dark ? They were indeed, but **GOD** preserved me from all the

dangers which you feared. But now you have my letter, and you have already thanked our God that He has protected me. Let us together thank Him that you and our child are well. I know how you think of me. I know it by my own feelings. It often comes so strongly into my mind that you are with me, that I am ready to press you to my heart. My only Love, what will be the joy of meeting ! Depend on it, I shall return as soon as possible.

#### META TO KLOPSTOCK.

*August 24.*

I Am getting through all my letters, all my visits, all my employments, agreeable or disagreeable, that when you come, I may live for you alone.

Yet I will really, in earnest, gladly do without you till moonlight comes, though I tremble in every nerve when I think of seeing you again.

I am, thank God, very well. I have nothing of the illness which I felt during the last week.

#### FROM KLOPSTOCK.

*Copenhagen, Sept. 2.*

My beloved Metz, how sweet it is to receive such letters from you ! My confidence that God will

spare you to 'me yet remains ; though I cannot say that now and then a cloud does not come over it.

There are lighter and heavier hours of trial. These are some of the heaviest. Let us take care, my dear Meta, that we resign ourselves *wholly* to our God. This solemn thought often occupies me. What think you of writing on it to each other, to strengthen us ? O how my heart hangs on thine !

To KLOPSTOCK.

*September 7.*

I Shall indeed be in continual misery, if September passes without your return. I shall be always expecting to be confined, and to die without you. This would destroy all the peace of which I wish to tell you, for, God be praised, I am strong enough to speak of my death. I have omitted it hitherto only on your account; and I am happy that I need no longer refrain from it. Yet let me be as uneasy as I will, do nothing that may hurt your health. I ought not to have told you of my fears; but I find it as impossible in a letter, as when I am with you, to conceal any thing which presses on my heart. I have left no room to tell you of my peace, ~~and~~ my courage, but I will do it another time.

## KLOPSTOCK TO META.

September 13.

MY poor little Meta, your letter yesterday\* made me quite miserable. I know not how you could discover from my letter that I should be so long in coming. I feel with you the whole weight of absence; but do not torment yourself with the idea that you may die, and die without me. Neither is at all probable. You will perhaps think that I speak coldly on the subject; but this coldness of reason is necessary to us both, not only that we may not injure ourselves by giving way to gloomy fears, but also that we may be the better able to submit with *perfect resignation* to the will of our GOD. This perfect resignation is one of the most difficult, and at the same time most consoling duties of Christianity. These days of our separation are days of trial, which call on us to recollect that we are *tried*.—Even the most innocent and virtuous love should be subservient to the love of GOD. I have read again my “Ode on the Omnipotence of GOD,” which I am printing in the Northern Spectator, and my ideas of the universal presence of Him who alone deserves our adoration

\* Her letter dated September 7.

became very strong. When **GOD** gives me grace to pursue these ideas, then, my Meta, I am not far from thee? He surrounds both thee and me. His hand is over us. **GOD** is where you are. **GOD** is where I am. We depend entirely on Him; much more entirely than is generally supposed. We depend on Him even in all those things which least call our thoughts towards Him. His presence preserves our breath. He has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O my Wife, whom **GOD** has given to me, be not careful—be not careful for the morrow!

#### META TO KLOPSTOCK.

*September 10.*

— You must not think that I mean any thing more than that I am as willing to die as to live, and that I prepare myself for both, for I do not allow myself to look on either as a certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than death. But I am perfectly resigned to either, **GOD**'s will be done!—I often wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject, when

I am so happy in this world.\* O what is our religion ! What must that eternal state be, of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much ! More than a life with Klopstock ! It does not now appear to me so hard to leave you and our child, and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly *the last*, since death in my situation must be far from an easy death ; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul.—Let God give what He will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or eternal life with Him !—But can you as easily part from me, as I from you ? You are to remain in this world, in a world without me ! You know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure ; but perhaps it is the will of God that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength.—O think where

\* She was very grateful for this happiness, but it did not at all diminish her desire of a better world. In the last of her confessions, which she always used to write, she prays, “May God continue to me the readiness which He has given me to exchange a life full of happiness for a still happier eternity.”

I am going ; and as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there, (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive,) and there you will follow me : there shall we be for ever united by love, which assuredly was not made to cease.—So also shall we love our child. At first perhaps the sight of the child may add to your distress, but it must afterwards be a great comfort to you to have a child of mine. I would wish it to survive me, though I know that most people would be of a different opinion. Why should I think otherwise ? Do I not intrust it to you and to God ? It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this, yet I will say no more, for perhaps it may affect you too much, though you have given me leave to speak of it. How I thank you for that kind permission ! My heart earnestly wished it, but on your account I would not indulge the wish.—I have done. I can write of nothing else. I am perhaps too serious, but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy.

*September 15.*

I Hope, yet tremble, for your letter to-day. O take not away my hope ! Set off to-morrow. We have had since yesterday the finest weather, and the best north-east wiud. You will come exactly with

the full moon. O set off! Do not rob me of my hope. Make me not so unhappy.—Let this be the last letter. O come!

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

*Bernst, Sept. 16.*

YOUR letter to-day, my sweet Wife, has very much distressed me.\* But before I say any thing of it, I must speak of my journey. This letter has agitated me so much that I cannot answer it to-day. It has made me not serious only, but dejected. May our GOD do with us according to his will. He is the all-wise and the all-gracious !

I cannot conceal from you that my absence at this time lies particularly heavy on my heart ; yet I must also tell you that there are very bright hours to me, when, though the thought of absence fills my mind, I have strength to reflect with composure that these are the hours of trial, and that it is *here* I must submit. All you say in your letter affects me too much to-day : otherwise I would gladly speak of it with you. The thought of your death affects me too deeply ; that of absence makes me, for the reason

\* Her letter, dated Sept. 10.

I have mentioned, cheerful.—I will tell you how I feel a passage in my favourite 139th Psalm. “ If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost part of the sea, even there also shall thy hand hold me.” Beyond the uttermost sea, there art thou, my Love, and there too is our GOD, and there does his hand hold thee. It is a very pleasing thought ! This I *promise* you, I will not stay one moment from you without absolute necessity ; and then when GOD has given us our child, and when the dear mother and her babe are with me,— I turn giddy when I think of it.—I must conclude. My whole heart is entirely, unspeakably yours !

#### META TO KLOPSTOCK.

*September 18.*

YOUR thoughtlessness could not have played me a worse trick than to send to Soroe the letter in which I hoped for certain information respecting your journey. I know not how I shall feel when I see you again. When I think of it, I am agitated as when I think of hearing the first voice of my child ! Yesterday I went an airing for four hours. I could go no other way than the road to Lubeck, though I

well knew you could not come so soon. It was not possible for me to drive any other way. Adieu till to-morrow. O may the letter to-morrow tell me that you have set off,—that I have written this letter in vain.—O my only beloved, come, come, come !

**KLOPSTOCK TO META.**

*Bernst, Sept. 19.*

O my Meta! you say, “make me not so unhappy, but come.”\* How much that affects me ! But the Captain does not sail till Thursday, as he says, and I do not believe he will sail then. He has not yet got lading enough. Let us yet endure this little time, my only Love ! My whole soul longs to see you again, but I must not write of this at present ; it affects me too much, and I wish to repress this emotion, because I wish to wait with composure and submission for the day of joy. Do the same, my Meta ! My hope that GOD would spare you to me, was yesterday very strong. It became particularly so from the good account of your health. But I scarcely dare indulge this thought, it affects me too powerfully.—Our GOD will order all things according to his wisdom and love. O what true and peaceful

\* See her Letter, Sept. 15.

happiness lies in that thought, when we give ourselves entirely to it.

I return to you for one moment only to say how much I love you, and how tenderly I intreat you to feel my absence as little as possible. Compare the time when I left you, not knowing when I should return; † when I did not return till after so long an absence; and now that I must be only a short time absent from you, that my return is so near at hand, that I am only detained a little time by the Captain of the vessel, that we have so much reason to hope that GOD will bless thee with a healthy child, and me with the child and thee! Let us reflect on this happiness, and be grateful to the Giver. This reflection makes me quite cheerful. I press you to my heart, my Meta.

*Copenhagen, Sept. 23.*

AT length, my Meta, I am in town to go on board. I expect every moment to be called. Our GOD will conduct me. O how I love you, and how I rejoice in the thought of our meeting!

*Lubeck, Sept. 26.*

I Shall soon be in your arms, my only love. GOD be praised for my prosperous voyage! How I re-

† In the year 1752.

joice that I shall see you at last ! My Meta, how shall we thank our G O D for having preserved thee to me, and me to thee !

To KLOPSTOCK.

*September 26.*

I Must indulge my fancy, and write to you at Lubeck, to Copenhagen no more, now no more. G O D will be with you. I have prayed for you with my firmest faith. I received your letter just as I was beginning to be quite dejected. I have not time to write much. I should now drive every day to Wandsbeck to meet you, if I had not for some days had a cold in my head and eyes. This will make me not look so cheerful as I should have done if you had arrived last week; but otherwise I am perfectly well.

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THIS was her last letter to me. She died on the 28th of Nov. 1758. I once thought of writing, from what I and my friends in this place can recollect of her last hours, a description of her agonizing, yet

happy death ; but I could not have gone through with it ; at least I should have suffered too much. What have I not already suffered in performing my resolution of supplying this description, by extracts from the letters of my friends ! I rejoice that it is thus more than replaced. What do we not owe to friendship, especially in the great afflictions of life !

I should not satisfy my own feelings, if on this unsought occasion I forbore to mention that besides my old friends, I have here found others, particularly since the death of my wife, who have *really* sympathised in my fate. I have often, when I thought I was only with strangers, found myself amongst friends. I have made this pleasing discovery rather from their silence, from a certain manner which I observed in them, than from what was said of my loss. In short, I must say that much friendly treatment makes my residence in the native town of my beloved wife never to be forgotten by me.

*Letters written after the Death of  
Mrs. Klopstock.*

FROM ELIZABETH SCHMIDT, THE YOUNGEST  
SISTER OF MRS. KLOPSTOCK.

*Hamburg, Dec. 4.*

YOU have already received the sad account of the death of my beloved sister. She died as she had lived, with firm courage. She took leave of her husband. I prayed with her, and she departed in the gentlest manner. I closed her eyes. I can write no more. Thank GOD, with me, for the extraordinary strength, which He bestowed upon me in that dreadful hour: it surpassed all my natural powers, as my experience fully convinces me. Thank GOD also for the strength, peace, and consolation, which he vouchsafes to Klopstock. I trust he will still be assisted to surmount this heavy affliction.

## FROM HARTMAN RAHN\* TO SCHMIDT.

*Lubeck, Dec. 4.*

THE wise adorable Father in Heaven has called to himself his virtuous child. O thou great Object of our adoration ! grant that we may die the death of this excellent person,—a pious, tranquil, holy death ! My poor wife is inconsolable, and I must comfort her and myself; but I am not the Christian hero that you are. I praise the ALMIGHTY, that He has so powerfully supported you in this dreadful hour. It is your duty to assist me in persuading Klopstock to come to us. Must not every moment passed in Hamburg renew his sufferings and inward anguish ? And is not a calm silent anguish, like his, more injurious to the health than that which is louder and more vehement ?

## FROM JOHANNA VICTORIA RAHN, KLOPSTOCK'S SISTER, TO ELIZ. SCHMIDT.

*Lubeck, Dec. 4.*

My dear Eliza, how much have you all suffered, and with what constancy have you endured it ! May

\* He was married to a sister of Klopstock.

**GOD** preserve your health ! What I have lost, my beloved Eliza, I can find no language to express. I loved her more than if she had been my own sister. But it was the will of **GOD** that thus it should be !

**FROM CRAMER\* TO KLOPSTOCK.**

*Copenhagen, Dec. 5.*

I Am indeed inexpressibly affected by the totally unexpected intelligence, which has cost me and my dearest wife so many tears. What should we be, with all our joys, and all our hopes, if eternity did not console us, and give us an assurance that we shall receive our departed friends again, more glorious and more perfect. Yes, my dear friend, **GOD**'s consolations are the only true consolations. This your glorified Meta, our most beloved friend, felt amidst all her sufferings. This exalted her soul above this world at its entrance into her eternal rest; and this will also wipe all tears from your eyes. I rejoice, though my joy is mingled with sadness, in

\* Chancellor of the University of Kiel, and Chaplain to the King. One of Klopstock's earliest and most highly esteemed friends.

the mercy which GOD has shewn towards you both. May GOD support you under the sense of your affliction, and make you, through his power, an example of that true sensibility, which you so often describe in your poetical compositions as attendant on virtue. You will probably quit Hamburg soon. All your friends wish you to do so. May GOD preserve your health, and console, relieve, and bless you through the power of religion. My wife desires me again to assure you, that she takes the warmest and tenderest part in your sorrows.

Once more, GOD bless you, and restore you to ease, comfort, and joy, with all those who share your affliction.

#### FROM FUNKE TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Copenhagen, Dec. 5.*

WHAT can I write? I will not make the past event my subject; for you must know how deeply I sympathise with you. Yet what can my grief be in comparison of yours? O, could I but be at ease on your account,—but I am all anxiety. My heart wavers between two objects: sometimes it turns to her who is gone, sometimes to you; but on you it

rests, for she is above our care. Could I in the slightest degree alleviate your sorrow, I should in so doing fulfil the wish of an angel. Dearest friend, will you not come to us? Remain not, I intreat you, in a place where every thing around reminds you of that which is already too deeply engraven on your heart. May GOD give you peace! May He strengthen and bless you!

I wish it were possible that I could render myself in any manner useful to you; for who reveres, who loves, more sincerely than I do, the poet of the Messiah, the Christian, the friend, the beloved of our departed angel?

#### KLOPSTOCK TO CRAMER.

*Hamburg, Dec. 5.*

THIS is my Meta's dying day,\* and yet I am composed. Can I ascribe this to myself, my Cramer? Certainly not. I sleep very little, at other times I cannot do without sleep; and yet I am not ill,—often well. Thanks be to the GOD of comfort for all the favour He has shewn me! Thank our GOD, with me, my Cramer,

\* A week after her death.

I will now try to give you a more circumstantial account. Her sufferings continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock ; but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself and then her, by repeating that without our Father's will not a hair in her head could fall ; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my last Ode. One time I was so much affected as to be forced to stop at every line. I was to have repeated it all to her, but we were interrupted.

“ Though unseen by human eye,  
 “ My Redeemer’s hand is nigh ;  
 “ He has pour’d salvation’s light  
 “ Far within the vale of night ;  
 “ There will God my steps controul,  
 “ There his presence bless my soul.  
 “ **LORD**, whate’er my sorrows be,  
 “ Teach me to look up to Thee !”

Some affecting circumstances I must omit; I will tell you them some other time.

When I began to fear for her life, (and I did this sooner than any one else,) I from time to time whispered something in her ear concerning God, but so as not to let her perceive my apprehensions. I

know little of what I said; only in general I know that I repeated to her how much I was strengthened by the uncommon fortitude graciously vouchsafed to her; and that I now reminded her of that to which we had so often encouraged each other—perfect resignation. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her with much emotion, “The Most Merciful is with thee.” I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance. I afterwards often told her, (as often as I could go into the room, and support the sight of her sufferings,) how visibly the grace of GOD was with her. How could I refrain from speaking of the great comfort of my soul !

I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, my Cramer, the hue of death was on it ! But that GOD who was so mightily with her, supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding, but soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to pray with her, I shall never cease to thank GOD for the grace He gave me at this part.

ing. I said, "I will fulfil my promise, my Meta, and tell you that your life, from extreme weakness, is in danger."—You must not expect me to relate every thing to you. I cannot recollect the whole. She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over her the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. "Now the will of Him who inexpressibly supports thee,—his will be done!" "Let him do according to his will," said she; "He will do well." She said this in a most expressive tone of joy and confidence. "You have endured like an angel. GOD has been with you. He *will* be with you. His mighty name be praised! The Most Merciful will support you! Were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one." Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her, in a strong emotion of transport. Eliza says we were both full of joy.—"Be my guardian angel, if our GOD permit." "You have been mine," said she. "Be my guardian angel," repeated I, "if our GOD permit." "Who would not be so," said she. I would have hastened away. Eliza said, "Give her your hand once more." I did so, and know not whether I said any thing. I hastened away,—then went into my own room, and

prayed. GOD gave me much strength in prayer; I asked for perfect resignation;—but how was it, my Cramer, that I did not pray for her, which would have been so natural? Probably because she was already heard above all that I could ask or think!—

When I was gone out, she again asked Eliza whether it was likely she might die, and whether her death was so near? Once she told her that she felt nothing. Afterwards she felt some pain. She said to Eliza that GOD had much to forgive in her; but she trusted in her Redeemer. On another occasion Eliza said to her that GOD would help her; she answered, “into Heaven.” As her head sunk on the pillow, she said, with much animation, “It is over!” She then looked tenderly on Eliza, and with yet unfixed eyes listened while she thus prayed, “The blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanse thee from all sin.” O sweet words of eternal life! After some expressions of pain in her countenance, it became again perfectly serene,—and thus shedied!

I will not complain, my Cramer; I will be thankful that in so severe a trial GOD has so strengthened me.

At parting she said to me very sweetly, “Thou wilt follow me!” May my end be like thine! O

might I now, for one moment, weep on her bosom !  
 For I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me.

**GIRSECKE\* TO KLOPSTOCK.**

*Quedlinburg, Dec. 16.*

THOUGH I have already frequently taken up the pen, and laid it down again, yet I once more resume it, to assure you, that my H—— and I weep with you, and pray for you. Who amongst all your friends is better qualified to pity you than I am ? Who has known her longer, who was better acquainted with her ? What a friend have I myself lost in her ! —————

I know but too well what you must suffer. I feel in all its dreadful force this sudden separation from your departed saint, after having been blest for so short a time with her society; and the annihilation of the best, the noblest, and the most rational hopes of happiness on earth. And although I know that this separation will not be for ever, and that your hopes are not all annihilated, yet I tremble for the

\* One of Klopstock's academical friends, and much beloved by him.

conflict which you must at present endure. Yours is a heavy trial ; but, my dear friend, GOD, who lays it upon you, will not leave you without support. A——— has given me great pleasure by the assurance that GOD has already begun to glorify Himself in you ; for you have said, "She is not far from me." Indeed to a Christian the distance is not great between earth and heaven. May GOD confirm in you the consolation arising from this important truth ! And now, my dear Klopstock, exert all your strength, and consider that you owe an example to your friends, and to your readers. Lament the loss of your Meta, with all the tenderness which she deserves : we lament it with you ; but we intreat you not to yield too much to your affliction, reasonable as it is. Consider your important vocation. Consider your friends, your mother, your sisters. Your dear mother will write herself ; you may easily imagine what she suffers ; but it will be a great relief to her mind, to know that you are not entirely depressed by your affliction.

## ELIZABETH SCHMIDT TO GIESECKE.

Hamburg, Dec. 6.

How much pleasure would your letter and your sweet Ode\* have given me, had I received them at another time. But now, I have scarcely been able to read the Ode;—it affects me too much. What I feel, *you* may easily imagine. What have I not lost ! But I will not—I must not complain. Klopstock forbids me. I have now first learnt the full power of religion. But I will to-day write nothing but a circumstantial account of our beloved friend's last hours.—She endured her sufferings with fortitude and resignation seldom equalled. Klopstock, who had determined not to leave her, could not support it. He went out, and came in again, all night long. About ten in the morning, from extreme fatigue no doubt, she had some faintings ; but they lasted only a short time, and then she came to herself again. She was always patient. She smiled on Klopstock, kissed his hand, and spoke quite cheerfully. Now the trying scene began. Klopstock went in, and informed his wife that her life was in danger. She answered with perfect composure, “ What our

\* This gentleman was a much-admired lyric poet.

God wills is right!" They took leave of each other; but that I will not describe. Klopstock shall do it himself after a while. When he was gone, I went to the bed, and said, "I will stay with you." "God bless you for it, my Eliza!" said she, and she looked at me with the calm serene smile of an angel. She then said to me, "Is my death then so near?" "I cannot pronounce that," I answered. "Yes—my husband has told me all that may happen. I know all." "I know too that you are prepared for all. You will die tranquil and happy." "Oh, God must then forgive me much; but I think of my Redeemer, in whom I trust."

At one time she said, "I do not feel much, Eliza; very little." "O that is well! God will soon help you." "Yes, *to Heaven*," said she.—Now she was still, but appeared to feel pain. Soon after she laid her head back, and said, "It is over!" and at the same moment her face became so composed, that the change was observable to every one. A moment before it expressed nothing but pain, now nothing but peace. I began to pray, in short exclamations, such as she had taught me, and thus, after a few minutes, she died;—so soft, so still, so calm! ——

On Monday she was buried, with her son in her arms, in the same grave where three of my children now rest ; for you do not yet know that, a week before, I lost my youngest little girl. Think what I, weak as I am, have lived through; but thank God with me, who so supernaturally strengthened me, that I was able, with courage and firmness not my own, to stand by our Meta in her last moments.

God preserve you and those you love ! God preserve Klopstock, to whom He now gives such uncommon grace and support. I can write no more. I wish you may be able to read this. ——

STOCKHAUSEN\* TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Luneburg, Dec. 9.*

COMFORT—ah, who can comfort you ? From the hand which has smitten you, can you alone expect it; and to a man, who, like you, has been accustomed to make the noblest feelings of religion his employment, I think this is already a source of consolation. May God give it to you in the fullest measure ; and pour the balm of heavenly peace into your wounded heart ! Offer up all to Him, and you

\* Rector of a public school.

will receive all from Him. After this separation, though a short one, from her you love, (whom GOD will restore to you, and restore in glory,) your path must indeed appear more lonely, more rough and tedious; but what is it compared with that eternity, that blissful eternity to which it leads? When the short dream of life is over, when the dismal phantoms vanish, at the brightness of the everlasting day,

“ Then shall no fate again divide the souls  
“ Which, Nature, thou didst for each other form.” \*

H. RAHN TO E. SCHMIDT.

*Lubeck, Dec. 9.*

YOU must allow me, my dear Eliza, to make some remarks on your letter. That for some hours every day you talk with Klopstock of nothing but Meta, and try to recollect all her ~~last~~ words, looks, and actions, and in so doing are not melancholy, only tranquilly and sweetly sad, (these are your own words;) this I fear is food for his affliction, and food which, though sweet, will rather keep up than allay the emotions which deprive him of necessary

\* From one of Klopstock's Odes.

rest. That **GOD** can wonderfully strengthen and support him,—Ah, my Eliza, how can I doubt it? But, my dearest friend, is it the less our duty to use every possible human precaution to cut off all sustenance to his secret grief and pain? I am sure you will pardon me for venturing to name to you things which you know better than I do; because it is often, and particularly in such circumstances, not quite useless to be reminded of what we well know.

One thing more I must say; that I envy you for having been present at the death of our blessed sister. What may not be learnt from every death-bed, and what must not you have learnt from such a death! **GOD** give a blessing to it in your soul, in time, and in eternity!

#### CRAMER TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Copenhagen, Dec. 12.*

I Thank you for the letter which I received from you by the last post. How much were we affected by the interesting account which it gave us of the sufferings of our sainted friend, of her fortitude, of the comfort which you afforded her, and of your own noble sensibility! Our tears again flowed. But

in the midst of the melancholy interest which we take in your loss, (might we not rather, in a religious sense, call it gain?) we feel much satisfaction in the proper and Christian-like state of your mind. Thus is our GOD, the All-Merciful, ever at our right hand during the most awful trials. May He still continue with you! And we sincerely wish that He may strengthen and console you ever more and more! In the mean time endeavour, first through gratitude to Him, and next through friendship for us, to take all possible care of your health, which is so precious to us. I must intreat you most earnestly, if it be in your power, to return with L—. I repeat my wish. May GOD strengthen you, comfort you, and give you peace through the power of religion, ever more and more! I am, with the warmest friendship, entirely your's.

E. SCHMIDT TO KLOPSTOCK's MOTHER.

*Hamburg, Dec. 12.*

GOD will and must comfort us all. He will comfort and support us with his grace, that we may be able to bear the heavy cross which He has laid on us, according to his will.

Your chief anxiety must now be for your dear son; and I wish you could yourself see him. What a miracle does GOD exhibit in him. He presents an example to us all how powerfully GOD supports those who are his, even under the most trying circumstances. You will readily believe that we do our utmost to cheer and amuse our dear brother—but you could better imagine it, if you knew how much we all love your son. How I, in particular, respect and love him, I cannot express to you. I loved my blessed sister most tenderly, that is known to all who were acquainted with us; but I now feel that I do not love our Klopstock less than I loved her. You may hence conclude, that from my heart I shall do every thing that can in any degree contribute to soothe his grief. He will probably write to you himself, and tell you, that on account of his health, he does not intend to travel this winter, but will wait till spring.

The night before her death I was alone with her. She suffered much, but with great composure. She talked a good deal to me. O happy hours which GOD gave me with her, even then, though deeply tinged with sorrow! Amongst other things she said, “O Eliza, how should I now feel, if I had not em-

ployed the whole nine months in preparing for my death ! Now my pains will not suffer me to pray so continually, to think so worthily of GOD, as I am at other times accustomed, and would now most wish to do."

**GISECKE TO E. SCHMIDT.**

*Quedlinburg, Dec. 13.*

YOUR letter has anticipated mine. On Wednesday it was not possible for me to write more, after my letter to Klopstock. How much you must have suffered, my dear Eliza ! Out of Hamburg there is no one who can be so sensible of that as I am, because I best know how much you loved our departed saint. The loss of her must at any time have been a severe misfortune to you; but to lose her at such a time, and in such a manner ! But Klopstock forbids you to murmur,—he who has lost much more, and who can judge of your feelings by his own. How dear is he to me ! How much do I grieve for him as my own friend and yours, so nearly allied to you,—worthy to have possessed his beloved,—worthy to lament her loss—and (yet may it be *late!*) worthy to receive her again in a better world.

I thank you for the circumstantial account which you have given me of our Meta's death, though you have not answered all the questions which I should wish to ask. I thank my dear Klopstock for requesting you to give me this account. Deeply do my H— and I feel and participate in your loss ! On that which we ourselves have sustained I will be silent. —

We sympathise with you in the death of your youngest daughter. Three of your children have now past into eternity; and we shall all follow those who are already departed. May GOD support us with his consolation as often as we shall undergo a separation from those whom we love. Though we are to submit to every calamity ordained by Him, He does not forbid a settled, soft melancholy: such is, I know, the melancholy of Klopstock; such is yours; such ought mine to be also. But even the softest melancholy may become prejudicial to us. Let not this be the case with you and Klopstock. Encourage him, when you shall find a favourable opportunity, to take a journey to Quedlinburg ; it will afford great consolation to his mother, who is most anxiously concerned for him, and greatly afflicted on her own account at the loss of such a beloved daughter.

ter-in-law, who, as she is continually repeating, was entirely formed for her son. We will mourn with him ; and when he shall be able, he shall give me an account of his parting with his beloved. GOD tries him by severe affliction ; but he will find him faithful. And consider, my dear Eliza, how you have yourself been supported. I did not imagine you could have survived this event, though I am sensible that GOD gives us the strength which is requisite for us.

Your intelligence is too distressing to admit of my dwelling any longer on the subject at present. It is evident that Klopstock has fully resigned himself to the will of that GOD, who gave to him his Meta, without doubt that he might enjoy her society for a longer time than the short period of four transitory years.

May GOD comfort you, your poor Mother, your sister Dimpfel, and all who participate in your sorrows. F—— and G—— assure Klopstock of their sincere sympathy. How many excellent people mourn his loss !

## MRS. RIEDENGER TO KLOPSTOCK'S MOTHER.

*Leipsick, Dec. 15.*

You can scarcely imagine how much I was affected by the death of your amiable and virtuous daughter. How great is the loss of a husband in such a wife, and how great that of a whole family in such a sister and friend ! I sympathise with you most cordially. But who, without guilt, can murmur against the decrees of an All-wise Providence? God has removed this excellent woman from the world, in order to render her more perfect. Her painful death has been but her passage into that eternal state, in which she is now far happier than we are. Yet we may hope to become sharers in her felicity, and to meet her again, never to be parted more. How much satisfaction does it afford me that I have enjoyed an acquaintance with this heroic woman ! But it was not permitted to continue in this world ; that happiness is reserved for another !

## FUNK TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Copenhagen, Dec. 18.*

How kind is my dearest Klopstock in allowing me the melancholy satisfaction of talking to him of

his loss ! How high a value does it give your friend in his own eyes, to hear that by his letter he has darted a beam of cheerfulness into the soul of Klopstock ! You wish, my dear friend, that I may soon write again. How can I, for a single day, delay to fulfil so flattering a request ? What is a letter, compared with what I would do for you, if I had the power ?

I praise GOD with you, dearest friend, for the peace He has vouchsafed to your soul. Yet I shall not be quite free from anxiety on your account, till I am assured that your body admits the refreshment of sleep, which it now despises. What shall I say to you ? I can write only on one subject to have any claim on your attention, and that is too tender. How shall I so gently touch your wounded soul, as not to give it pain ?—I will try. I will take the hint from your own letters. You desire Cramer to tell you his thoughts on the views of GOD in such an extraordinary trial; and though it never came into my head to suppose I could say any thing that you did not far more perfectly know and feel, yet I think that meditations of this sort must now be so natural and pleasing to your heart, that I know not how to choose better. Here then are some of my thoughts,

She was ripe for her birth into the life of an angel. Long already had she sought her whole happiness in love, and knowledge, the fountains whence Angels draw their bliss. The favour of her Heavenly Father, who so soon accounted her worthy of immortality, without first proving her by many years of suffering, has been visibly great towards her. He doubtless saw she was an obedient docile child, that would be willingly led by kindness and love; for how happy was she during the latter years of her life, and almost to the hour of her translation! Her best, her dearest, only friend, her guardian angel on earth, (as her heart, overflowing with the tenderest love, called him even in her last moments,) was all she wished for here. He felt it, and made her happy, and the remembrance of her will be his greatest earthly happiness, as long as he remains behind. In the midst of those blissful days, she passed into the infinitely superior glory of her Father and Redeemer, and her departure is mourned by many excellent friends who loved her, and who now support themselves with the hope of seeing her again. In the hour of dissolution only did she feel the lot of mortality, but praised be the GOD of mercy! no longer than while the sun a few times ran his daily course; and those

short sufferings, in which by her stedfast patience she so willingly and nobly gave the last proof of obedience to her Heavenly Father, must have rendered her entrance into the land of bliss the more enchanting.

“ For when the short repose of death is past,  
“ Then transport follows ;—bliss—eternal bliss ! ”\*

In like manner the short separation from her friend will make his re-union with her so much the more delightful. He suffers indeed,—the sad survivor,—but is he not rewarded by the consoling thought, that in some measure he suffers in her stead ? Would she have had strength to bear her lot, had it been that of her deserted friend ? To sink under the stroke of such a fate, had been in her, who possessed every perfection of the female heart, almost a virtue.—But he is a man.

Permit me now, my beloved friend, to make some reflections of another sort. Should you consider some of them as the dreams of an unrestrained imagination, I can only answer that I write them with the wish that they may, not unpleasantly, employ you for a few minutes.

We are both agreed, my dear Klopstock, in thinking that the present life is a Gymnasium, where by various exercises and conflicts we are prepared for higher callings, for greater perfection ; or, more suitably to my present ideas, I may compare it to the first scenes of a drama, which only propose what is afterwards to be unravelled. But to render the sequel intelligible, I must first give you a slight idea of some singular hypotheses, which indeed I consider only in that light, but which have given rise and form to my present thoughts.

I am inclined from various causes to believe that in a future state the union of souls will still subsist, and will then be of a far more intimate and perfect kind. It must indeed be supposed that very few connexions will continue as they were here formed; for how seldom do souls formed for each other meet !

“ Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,  
“ And now long ages roll their course between.”\*

According to these ideas, those marriages must be considered as the happiest, in which each party, in his proper sphere, has an equal capacity for perfection, and which have laid in this life the foundation of

\* Klopstock’s Ode to Bodmer.

their eternal friendship. How great an influence both these causes must have on their earthly happiness, I leave to yourself to judge; for you best can. In this point of view, you, my excellent friend, must be one of the happiest of men; for was she not, as Cramer justly said, “Klopstock in feminine beauty?” And of this I am certain, that your connexion is one of those few whose duration will be eternal. For this cause you were to meet on earth, and possess each other as long as was needful to lay the deepest foundation for the tenderest and strongest,—for an everlasting friendship. How perfectly have you fulfilled this destiny! But that other views might also be fulfilled, she was to be translated to the world of spirits before her friend. There was to be another soul, sprung from them, on whom the love of both might center, to augment their happiness. That this also might have its proper perfections, the first embryo alone of its existence was unfolded, and so soon as the tender bud was formed in the maternal bosom, it was transplanted to a happier climate, and tended by its glorified mother and the angels. Without the aptitude to err and sin, this infant angel, who perhaps is an image of the united virtues of those from whom he sprung,

enters into the society and instruction of the perfect. Free from the mortal covering, he learns to know the Godhead with higher powers, and the universe with purer and finer organs. The tender mother perhaps will one day meet you with this darling of her heart. This I confidently hope to hear from you in future, if I be not myself a spectator of the heavenly scene.

All these dreams are, I think at least, agreeable to analogy. All the happiness which creatures derive from each other, arises from their difference in some respects, and their great similarity, or sympathy, in others. If such fictions please us, without appearing true, they at least give an impulse to our thoughts.—And is happiness of merely human creation so delightful? How glorious, then, is that which He, whose thoughts and ways are infinitely above ours, has prepared for them that love Him! bliss which, according to his own gracious expression, has never entered into the heart of man.

I will not venture, dearest friend, to speak of those designs of Providence which regard yourself alone; though they may perhaps be the most important of all. You will think of them much more nobly, you will feel them far more strongly, and the Spirit of God himself will teach them to you. I will only

try to consider, for a few minutes, the secondary objects; the effects to be produced through your means on others.

Since I am convinced that the whole spiritual world is connected by certain principles, as universal as attraction in the material world, I must be of opinion that far less important events, that almost every word, perhaps even every thought, has its consequences in the world of spirits; and not for a time only, but in some sense for eternity. At present indeed we can only speak of what is visible.

Since I consider your Messiah, less as a masterpiece of human genius, than as a work for the glory of religion and the propagation of piety and virtue in more than one age, and more than one nation; since I am convinced how great a deed he does, who makes one pious thought alive and active in a human soul; since I know how a single passage in a beautiful book, or in a religious conversation, has often had an influence on me for many days together, (and I shall, to all eternity, thank those to whom I am indebted for the smallest benefit of this sort;) I do not think it an unimportant secondary object of this your trial, if it but give you some new ideas; if it awaken in your mind some great and strong emotions, before

unknown to you; if it throw you into that state of happy inspiration, when your thoughts burn within you, and give an impulse to your expressions, which, proceeding from a soul in an uncommon situation, will be the more likely to make their way to the hearts of those who are in similar circumstances;—nay, should it only have more distant effects than these on the perfection and extensive utility of your works; and such effects it *must* have.

Among these secondary views, I reckon also the effect which the account of the departure of your now immortal Love will produce on all the friends of that angel; and how many virtuous friends she had! The best should sometimes be reminded that they are fallen; that death is a punishment; as they should also be led to feel the infinite value of the redemption by **JESUS CHRIST**, which extracts from this punishment its bitterness, and renders it a blessing. The thought of death, as it arises on such an occasion, is astonishingly beneficial. The best have their hours of indolence, but time stays not his course. This life, the seed time, which ends with the moment of death, becomes, by such awakening, more important; we feel more forcibly the exhortation, “let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we

shall reap." Life seems shorter; death nearer. In a word, all useful knowledge, which often is but theory in our minds, at such a time becomes practice.

You, my dearest friend, have the merit, that all such views are fulfilled in some measure at your expense. I call it a merit, for I know that you will reap the most glorious fruit from it. I again repeat that I do not venture to touch on the ends which regard yourself alone, for on that subject you best can think, and feel, and speak; and yet you will *here* understand only a small part of them. Beyond the grave the full light shall first beam on you. I know that in the mean time you will adore the dispensations of God. "Thou wilt thank Him with thy song."

Suffer me to hint at one thing more, which to me brings much comfort. Will not her death be one day less grievous to you? What is there remaining on earth, that in so high a degree possesses your heart? Does Clarissa at any moment appear greater, than when she raises herself above the most dreadful intelligence she could have received, with the thought, "The ALMIGHTY will have me depend on no one but Himself."

We are called to high purposes. Human friendships are of little value, if they serve not to kindle in us a desire for immortality; and without doubt they are given us for that end, for when does the soul more ardently long after it, than on the bosom of a friend whom we wish to possess for ever? Certainly no hours of my life have fled more happily than those that I formerly spent in such feelings, with two friends, of whom one is now an angel. My whole soul glows with rapture, when I recall the memory of those hours. But I have been deprived of them since I left Saxony.—Friendship must be ripened to a perfect sincerity and heart-felt confidence, before it can burst into such blossoms; before it can, by its own native heat, put forth this its most delicious fruit. In such moments we forget ourself and our friend, we see only higher objects. We fly hand in hand to Heaven, and with undazzled eyes behold the sun. We are never happier in friendship, though at the time we do not seem to feel it. I hoped soon to have enjoyed such scenes again, when half a year ago you quitted us, and I unknowingly took my last leave of the Angel who now beholds and enjoys what we still hope for. GOD who sees into infinity has thus decreed!

Will you not, my best loved friend, soon come to us? Be my guide in the journey which is yet before us both. May the ALMIGHTY bless the friend of my soul:—bless him for ever and ever!†

† As it is presumed that every person who has read this letter must wish to become more acquainted with the writer, I will here insert the account of his character, which is given by Professor Cramer, in his work entitled, "Klopstock, er und über ihn."

"The number of Klopstock's friends was augmented in the year 1756, by two excellent men, who gained his whole heart. One of them was FUNKE, at that time a very young man, whom Gellert recommended to my Father as a tutor for me and my brothers. I can never think of him without feeling the tenderest love and gratitude. I have to thank him for the greatest part of what I learned in my youth, and I am indebted to him for much more than knowledge,—for the early formation of my mind to integrity, independence, and equanimity. He always educated me with kindness, and suggested to me every instruction, without forcing it upon me; for his method was natural, simple, and easy. To him I would willingly erect a monument, but it is not requisite: he has erected one to himself, before the public, in several works, not voluminous indeed, but of so much the richer intrinsic value; and in the little circle of his social exertions, by the universal esteem with which he was regarded at Magdeburg, where he was the head of a school which his diligence soon increased from the number of forty to more than an hundred.—Happy Magdeburg, to possess such an instructor within its walls! His various talents and acquirements, added to his benevolent, friendly, feeling heart, and quick discernment of character, rendered him acceptable to every one. To a perfect knowledge of the ancient languages, and of classical literature, he united

## KLOPSTOCK TO GIESECKE.

*Hamburg, Dec. 20.*

Eliza and I are sitting opposite to each other, and both writing to you. She is copying my letter to Cramer for you. How I thank you for your last! Much real comfort was contained in it. Also for your excellent fragment of a prayer, which gave me

a taste for the beautiful, the sublime, and the useful, of modern times. Except Klopstock and Voss, Germany has perhaps never produced an equally profound and excellent linguist. He perfectly understood both French and English, though he did not speak them; and as he early dedicated himself to theology, that profession induced him to study Hebrew, Arabic, and other Oriental languages. He also made himself acquainted with Danish, whilst he lived with my father. He composed some excellent hymns. He understood music, sung at Concerts in Copenhagen, played on the harpsichord, and was well versed in composition. It may easily be imagined how much his love of poetry, and knowledge of languages, recommended him to those great men who have contributed so much to the perfection of our own.—In our house, he was not merely a tutor, but on various occasions an adviser and assistant to my father, and a sincere sharer in all his domestic joys, sorrows, and cares; an indispensable member of our family; respected by every one, beloved by all good men, and the confidential friend of Klopstock, Basedow, Schlegel, Rothe, and of all who distinguished themselves in that circle, by knowledge, by wit, by talents for writing, or by the social virtues."

much strength. I was greatly affected by the ideas of prayer and acceptance to which it gave rise.

I was already at Altona when this letter arrived, for I went there the evening after my Meta's death, after having seen my dead son, but not my wife : I dreaded too much the return of that image.

I forgot to mention what follows, in my letter to Cramer. Should I in future recollect any thing else, I will write it to you.

Twice or thrice my Meta looked at me, without speaking a word, and then to Heaven, in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for me to describe it.—I understood her *perfectly*. I cannot tell you with what a mixture of sorrow, of confidence in **God**, and of certainty that she was dying, she looked from me to Heaven. Never, never,—though often in sorrow and in joy have I looked up with her to Heaven,—never did I see her *so!* The situation of a dying person is so *singular*, it seems to belong neither to this world nor the next.—I should have much to repeat, if I could with any degree of accuracy remember what from time to time I whispered to her, though in a very few words ; knowing that she understood my meaning. Had not her sufferings so pierced my soul, I should have been more master

of myself, I should have been able to act more on design, and have remembered more.—What I said to her from time to time was chiefly stronger feeling of comfort which conquered the feelings of pain.

Eliza has just now for the first time shewn me your letter. I could almost quarrel with her for not shewing it to me sooner. Your letters, my Giesecke, have peculiar power to console me; there is something refreshing in them. You must *often* write to me.

My Meta left a paper with Eliza, on which, besides some other directions, she had written what she would have on her coffin. It consists of two passages from the eleventh book of the Messiah. The soul of the penitent Thief speaks :

“ Was this then death?  
 “ O soft yet sudden change!—What shall I call thee?  
 “ No more—no more thy name be death.—And thou,  
 “ Corruption’s dreaded pow’r, how changed to joy!  
 “ Sleep then companion of my first existence,  
 “ Seed sown by God, to ripen for the harvest!”

The soul of the Thief continues speaking, while the ethereal body forms around it :

“ O what new life I feel!  
 “ Being of beings, how I rise! Not *one*,  
 “ A thousand steps I rise! And yet I feel,

“ Advancing still in glory, I shall soar  
 “ Above these thousand steps.—Near and more near,  
 “ (Not in his works alone, these beauteous worlds,)  
 “ I shall behold th’ Eternal, face to face !”

I too wished to put something on the coffin, and I chose the following lines from the second stanza of my Ode.

“ Though unseen by human eye,  
 “ My Redeemer’s hand is nigh.  
 “ He has pour’d salvation’s light  
 “ Far within the vale of night.”

#### BASEDOW TO KLOPSTOCK.

*January 13.*

I Received your letter at Copenhagen; otherwise I should have answered it sooner. Your other letter was sent to me by Cramer. The agreement between them affected me extremely. I should be more surprised at the state of your mind, if I were less sensible of the power of religion. Praise be to Him, who has brought life and immortality to light, that we might not sorrow, as the Heathen, which have no hope. You will now rejoice that religion has been the principal object of your diligent study;

since by that means it is become more lively and more active in your heart, than it is in that of many a well-meaning Christian.

Since I read your last letter, I have loved you more than you can perhaps imagine. GOD will not withdraw his comfort from you; he will still preserve you in life and health. We shall still pass many improving hours together: at least this is my ardent wish.

**GIESECKE\* TO KLOPSTOCK.**

*Quedlinburg, Jan. 28.*

I Thank you most sincerely for your letter, and for imparting to me that which you wrote to Cramer. They have very much gratified and edified me; and not only confirmed my hope that GOD will support you, but convinced me, that He can do, and actually does, more than we, with all our confidence in Him, presume to expect. You are right in exhorting your friends to praise Him with you. I am persuaded that He will still further strengthen you.

Keep your promise of communicating to me whatever you may recollect of the last days and hours of your blessed Meta. Accounts of this sort

are important to every Christian ; and how much more when they are, at the same time, accounts of our friends. I see that GOD can turn all things to good for them that are his ; and I must ascribe it to this cause, if my letters have given you any satisfaction.—I know not what I wrote.

How shall I rejoice in the spring, if it bring you to us! Then will I weep with you, and weeping praise our GOD. I have yet much to ask you, and much to say of the blessed princess. There too we have experienced that Christians have peculiar comfort. Your angel is now with her. I feel assured that they know each other. Had your Meta gone before her into eternity, she would have rejoiced at the thought of seeing her there, as she did in her last hours, in the hope of meeting others of my glorified friends, of whom we had often spoken. —

#### DR. YOUNG TO KLOPSTOCK.

*Wellwyn, Feb. 4.*

— I Cannot lay down my pen, without telling you how much my heart sympathises with yours in your very, *very* severe loss. I am but too well qua-

lified to do so, because it is not long since a similar affliction befel me. I say *not long*, although many years have since elapsed. But the wound was so deep, that it appears to me still recent, and it often bleeds, as if I had but yesterday received it. May the ALMIGHTY GOD support you, in his great mercy, with many, many other blessings.

*Fatis contraria fata rependens.*

**COUNTESS BERNSTORFF TO KLOPSTOCK.**

*March 13.*

You have sent me a sheet of Letters from the Dead to the Living, without telling me by whom they are written; but I think I can guess. It is not you; it is your wife. I beg you to continue them, for I think them very interesting. I particularly like this sort of letters, when they are so well written as these are.

**FROM THE SAME TO KLOPSTOCK.**

*March 20.*

How much am I obliged to you for having complied with my wishes, by sending me the con-

tinuation of the Letters from the Dead. I can but faintly tell you how much I feel in reading them. To how many reflexions have they led me! I hope there are many more of them, but there will still be too few for me.

**EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. YOUNG  
TO KLOPSTOCK.\***

*April 12, 1761.*

I Thank you for the melancholy, yet pleasing sight of your dear wife's monument. I read in it the Christian character of her husband. Its last word was the common salutation of the primitive Christians, when they met each other,—*Resurrexit*. Should not our hearts burn within us at the blessed sound? That word carries in it all our hope and joy. We shall soon bury all our other hope and joy, never to rise again. And shall beings that have no end, prize any thing that has? CHRIST is indeed the truth, and the world a lie. Infidels believe it, and are undone.

\* This letter was written after the publication of Mr. Klopstock's book, but the editor believes that the insertion of it will require no apology.

I love your faith and virtue, I admire your genius,  
I deplore your loss, I pity your distress, I pray for  
your prosperity, and shall be ever proud of your  
commands ; being, most cordially,

My dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

---

*Mr. Klopstock, in continuation.*

Thus far the letters of my friends. —

She is not yet buried in the place where I hope  
to rest beside her. I intend to have our grave made  
in some village church-yard by the Elbe. I will  
choose a beautiful country, for the sake of those  
who may visit it. With the same view, and not  
from the vanity of adorning a very simple tomb, I  
have requested her two sisters each to plant a tree

by the side of her grave, and her dearest friend to sow flowers upon it.

On the grave-stone shall be two wheat sheaves, negligently laid one on the other. Under them,

“Seed sown by God, to ripen for the harvest.”

(In the middle of the grave-stone these words)

**MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK,**

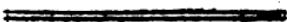
There, where death is not, awaits  
Her friend, her beloved, her husband,  
Whom she so loves, by whom she is so beloved!

But from hence, from this grave,  
Thou, my Klopstock, and I, and our Son,  
From hence will we rise together.  
Worship Him who also died, was buried, and arose!

She was born March 16, 1728.  
Married June 10, 1754, and died Nov. 28, 1758.

Her Son sleeps in her arms.

*Hamburg, April 10, 1759.*



*Letters written by Klopstock to his  
departed Meta.*

I HAVE hitherto restrained my wish of writing something which might perhaps be made known to thee before my death; because I feared that my feelings would take too strong hold on me. But now that I have just read over my last letters to thee, I can no longer withstand that wish.—Where shall I begin, my *now* quite heavenly friend ! Can it be, that some small part of the present unspeakable happiness consists in thinking of me? Ah ! wretched I was left behind.—I am a sinner, and still on this side of the grave. Yet did the Being of beings permit me to foresee my fate. Of this I am convinced, that it makes a part of thy present happiness to remember, what never can be forgotten by me, the grace that I received at the time when I was forced to take leave of thee. Thou must have seen in my face the joy which God gave me. Dost thou know how I felt,

my Meta? Yes, I will still call thee by that sweet name. My soul was highly exalted. I no more saw death in thy face; I felt not the clammy coldness of thy hand.—I cannot fully describe my situation; but this I know, that to a martyr over whom I had seen Heaven open, I should have cried with no other feelings, “ Thanksgiving, and worship, and praise be to the All-wise and the All-merciful !” May this be still my ruling thought, and be that which thou shall first hear of me; if, indeed thou canst hear of me before my death. The angels concern themselves with many things relating to us mortals, and perhaps with more than we believe. Or perhaps the first of our friends who goes to Heaven will tell thee what I now write. In this hope I will repeat, Thanksgiving and worship, and praise be to the All-wise and the All-merciful ! Yes, with this heavenly salutation shall our blessed friend accost thee, in my name, O thou perfected, and highly beloved !

## LETTER II.

I Was forced to break off; but I will now tell thee something, I cannot repeat it all, of what befel me after I left thee. I had before prayed with much

uneasiness and anguish. I could now pray with quite different feelings. I intreated perfect submission; my soul hung on GOD; I was refreshed, I was comforted, and prepared for the stroke that was already so near,—nearer than I thought. I believed that thou wouldest yet live some hours, (this was my *only* hope,) and that according to thy wish, expressed not long before I left thee, I might once more be permitted to pray with thee. But how often are our thoughts, not as GOD's thoughts. Thou wert departed ! They told me so, but in such a manner that for a moment I believed thee delivered of our child, and heard in the next that thou wast with GOD !—This stroke, which overcame the others, only shook me. How was this, thou beloved of my soul ? My prayer was heard. I strove to be perfectly resigned; and perhaps thou hadst then for the first time prayed for me in the other world.— I wept not, nor yet was I in that state of extreme emotion in which one cannot weep. I said soon after thy death, “ She is not far from me.” And thou wast not far from me ; we were both in the hand of the Omnipresent.—After some time, I wished to see that which, just before, I had called my Meta. They prevented me, and a second still-

ness came into my soul, as I said to one of our friends,  
“ Then I will forbear. She will arise again !”

The second night came the blessing of thy death, (till then I had considered it only as a trial,) the blessing of such a death in its full power came on me. I passed above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel any thing similar, when, in my youth, I thought myself dying. But the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different. My soul was raised with gratitude and joy, but that sweet stillness was not in it. Thou knowest how alive my feelings were, and how words flowed to me like a torrent. But now the highest degree of peace with which I am acquainted was in my soul. This state began with my recollecting that thy Accomplisher and my Advocate said, “ He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.” It is impossible to describe all the blessings of this hour. I was never before with such certainty convinced of my salvation. I thank thee, with my whole soul, my heavenly friend ! for I have a strong idea that thy prayers obtained for me this great blessing. So, perhaps, at our parting,—Ah! the time will come when we shall part no more!—Now, my Meta, do I weep,

but thanks be to Him who then enabled me to rejoice.—At our parting perhaps I did not beg in vain, that thou wouldest be my guardian angel ; or rather, this our last wish was heard of GOD !

### LETTER III.

How much should I have to write, if I allowed myself to be at all circumstantial in the description of what I now feel for thee; now that I am alone, that I live without thee ! How much should I have to tell thee ! But I must restrain myself.

I should oftener give way, my Meta, to the melancholy that oppresses me, I should think myself justified in giving way to it, if I had not experienced so much grace, at the time when the stroke of thy death fell on me; if I did not remember it with joy and gratitude. I am obliged to call it to mind to restrain the melancholy which came on even now as I recollect that there are but a few days to thy birth-day, which thou didst not outlive. How shall I pass it without her? But I will ask this question no more. Was I not wonderfully supported on the day of thy death?—A little while ago, as I was alone, at the approach of night, I imagined so

strongly, I could almost say with such a degree of certainty, that thou wert before me, that I more than once spoke to thee. Oh! if thou wert indeed with me, then I need say nothing more. Ye inhabitants of Heaven! are ye sometimes around us? Oh, if this is allowed, my Meta has often already been with me! And why should ye not be permitted sometimes to visit us? Are ye not like the Angels; and are not the Angels sent down to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?\* But if thou hast not been allowed to visit me, thou wilt soon, perhaps, hear something of me. I believe that the number is not smal' of

\* " All the ideas that man can form of the ways of Providence, and of the employments of Angels and Spirits, must ever fall short of the reality; but still it is right to think of them, and to raise his ideas as high as he can. He glorifies the inhabitant of Heaven, and at the same time gives a proof of human greatness, when he raises the idea of perfection to the highest degree that we are capable of conceiving. What can have a more exalting influence on the earthly life, than in these first days of our existence, to make ourselves conversant with the lives of the Blessed, with the happy Spirits whose society we shall hereafter enjoy, and with the future glories of the virtuous. By these ideas the mind is prepared and formed to step forth with more confidence on the great theatre of the world. We should accustom ourselves to con-

those who are my friends without my knowing them; and whom I should love, if I did know them. Perhaps it may not be long before one of these will die, and then, my Meta, then will he hasten to thee with my heavenly salutation, (may I not call it so?) and with an account of the mercy which I have experienced. How narrow are my thoughts! As if thou couldst not already know by other means what has befallen me since thy death; as if thou didst not much more accurately know the intentions and the consequences of it.—May I fulfil the intentions, which GOD, in this great trial, and in the grace wherewith He supported me, had in view! I beseech, I implore thee, merciful JEHOVAH!, let me not quite fall short of them! O what it is to wander still in the wilderness, and never be at home! How dangerous is the temptation to sin!

If by means with which I am unacquainted thou dost know something of me, yet there is probably much which is not important enough to be told thee. I will therefore mention yet a little more of what I wish  
sider the Spirits of Heaven as always around us; observing all our steps, and witnessing our most secret actions. Whoever is become familiar with these ideas, will find the most solitary place peopled with the best society.”—*Klopstock.*

thee to hear. Certainly not with such sorrow as can in any degree diminish thy present felicity, yet with some soft emotion for my fate, thou feelest now what those letters must be to me, those letters in which thou didst suppose me where thou art now and thyself yet here. "*From this world, for ever,*"\* my Meta.—Yes, it is short, very short, the *for ever* of this world. How soon wast thou taken from me! How suddenly was thy time, with all its happiness, gone for me! But never, never will I complain! Not even that the *for ever* of this world often appears to me far from short. How can I complain? How can I forget the comfort, the gracious refreshment which restored my soul, when my path was the roughest, when the wilderness of my pilgrimage most resembled that shadowy vale which thou didst traverse? Yes, Meta, no heart but such as thine, could, with a tenderness beyond comparison, have wished to outlive thy Beloved! Full well I know how often and how earnestly thou hast wished this when thou wert with me, and what I felt at the time! If a human being could inherit any thing from **God**, I would say that by this pure tenderness thou hast merited not to be the deserted one, to have thy

\* See page 133.

course so soon accomplished ! It is exalted virtue to bear the cross as **GOD** wills ; but how very unequal should I have been to bear it ! Thou rememberest how the mighty arm that has led me, had already begun to support me, when we talked of thy death, and I always broke off the subject by saying, "As our **GOD** will !" Thou knowest how cheerful we then were. It was not then far off, that hour of my torture, and I was to be prepared for it ! Thou too wouldest not have been too much cast down. To thee too would have been given strength, more than thou hadst dared to hope. And thankful, (for with gratitude didst thou always receive whatever came from the hand of **GOD**,) thankful wouldest thou have been, and have repressed the grief of thy heart. Ah, Meta, dost thou not still love me ? love me so that thy heart, though in Heaven, longs for me ? How sweet, how inexpressibly sweet is this thought ! Yes, thou art for ever mine, thou wert made for me, my now quite heavenly love ! O that it would come, the moment of our meeting, that moment full of joy beyond expression ; O that it would come !—But, no,—I must not give way to this idea. If I have ever clearly seen how confined we are, even with regard to our favourite pursuits, I mean the pursuit

of our individual happiness; if I have ever seen this strongly, it was when, soon after thy death, I sometimes wished that thou mightest in some way make thyself known to me. What wish could be more natural? And what truer happiness could I have wished for myself in this world? Yet what wish can be formed with less hope?—And why is it not fulfilled? Because such a discovery is incompatible with the general happiness of the whole. Thou seest now the whole system of this universal happiness. Would it be disturbed by thy making thyself known to me, in my last moments? O if thou mayest, without a doubt thou wilt! Then wilt thou hover, not invisibly, around me; then—What heaven is in the thought!—then wilt thou appear to my closing eyes! But do I not wish too much? Yes, far too much if I spoke of reward; but I speak of grace which GOD through thee might grant me!

#### LETTER IV.

THE idea of thee, when thou wert near death, often appears to me now much more affecting than it was the moment I saw thee; at that moment of my great strengthening. I have need of all that is

sweet and enchanting in the thought of the resurrection, and of the Almighty Awakener, to free myself from this image. Let him who knows not yet the bliss of the Resurrection, who has not tasted its comforts, let him see a friend or a wife die, and he will learn it. Though by this thought I can free myself from this impression, yet I am now glad that I did not see thee dead; however difficult it was to me at the time to forbear. Thou who couldst not endure a single day's absence from me, (Oh, well I know how ill thou couldst endure it !) thou didst contentedly see me leave thee, and didst not send for me to return, though I had promised to pray with thee again. What was this change in thee? Thou wast quite detached from this world. It was the beginning of eternal life ! Though I know that thou hast never ceased to love me, yet this thought would be painful to me, had it not been for the sake of the great Object of our worship, that thou didst tear thyself even from me. But when thou hadst obtained the prize—then, (this I hope to **God** who gave thee to me) then didst thou think on me again; then didst thou wish, with a peaceful wish of heaven, that I might soon come to thee ! The will of **God** be done, as in heaven so also on the earth !

## LETTER V.

I Often think of thy present felicity, but how imperfectly ! As we, so short a time since, thought together of the happiness of the other world. Many a time do I figure thee to myself with the blessed one who was thy child; thou happy mother, of whose bliss I have scarcely a distant idea; often do I represent thee to myself, soaring amidst those worlds, a few of which illuminate our nights, and where thou art continually becoming acquainted with new and countless multitudes of their inhabitants. Then how expanded is my soul, and how detached from earth! Thou knowest how I used to be enraptured with the thought of those multitudes of happy beings! How much more now that thou art amongst them ! Here I can in some degree follow thee, but when I would trace thee where thou beholdest Him who has redeemed us, Him whom even on earth thou didst so much love,—I lose myself, and my ideas almost totally fail !

The seer of the Apocalypse saw, on Mount Sion, high in heaven, a Lamb, standing covered with wounds of glory, and with precious blood of sal-

vation! There stood around him an hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed; conspicuous on their foreheads was inscribed the name of the Everlasting Father. As the sea, as the voice of thunder, the harps resounded in the hands of the redeemed. Of the Son they sung, of the Son! For life eternal descended on their souls from the glorious wounds of the Lamb!

I will take leave of thee no more. We are both in the hand of Him who is every where!

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## ODES.

ALL who have read Klopstock's Odes must be sensible of the difficulty, perhaps I might say the impossibility, of giving the English reader a just idea of them. Those which are now offered to the public, are selected from many which Miss S— translated, because, from their subjects, they are connected with the preceding letters. For the simple mode of translation which is here adopted, I find the following apology in an unfinished preface by Miss S—:

“ I venture to offer a few remarks, to obviate some objections, which I know will be made, to the translations of those Odes of Klopstock which appear in this work. It will be said they are rough. I grant it; but let it be remembered that my aim has not been to make finished English Odes, but to give to the English reader, as far as lay in my power, an idea of Klopstock's Odes. Klopstock himself is

rough;\* not because he was ignorant of the powers of harmopy, for he studied that, and brought the German language to a pitch of excellence it had never before attained; but he is rough, because his subjects in general are such as do not admit of polished versification. They are sublime, wild, often unconnected except by some thin thread of the Poet's fancy, which every reader will not catch. The merit of the Odes consists in the depth of thought, the conciseness of expression, the loftiness of the ideas; their character throughout is energy and strength. And shall these magnificent poems be tortured into our dull tune of ten syllables, because the English ear is so accustomed to it that it is become a sort of national lullaby? Shall a noble thought be dragged out into weakness, to fill up a drawling line? Shall the expression be totally lost to make a jingle at the end? Klopstock had an aversion to rhyme" —

\* As I am informed that the truth of this assertion may justly be disputed, I beg leave to observe that Miss S— was self-taught, and little accustomed to hear the German language either read or spoken, though she understood it remarkably well. Her enthusiastic admiration of Klopstock was not diminished by her supposing him occasionally deficient in what she always considered as by no means essential in the composition of sublime and animated poetry.

To this unfinished sketch I will only add my persuasion, on the authority of good judges, that the few poems which are printed in this volume will be found to convey the sense of the author which an uncommon degree of accuracy, and with much of the strength of the original.

---

### TO EBERT.

A Dread idea, EBERT! from the cheerful board  
 Drives me to deepest gloom;  
 In vain thou bidst me o'er the care-dispelling glass  
 To cherish cheerful thoughts;  
 I must away and weep.—Perhaps these soothing tears  
 May wash away my woe.  
 O soothing tears! by nature wisely were ye giv'n  
 To attend on human grief.  
 Were it not so,—could man not weep his misery,  
 How would he bear it then?  
 I must away, and weep,—my agonizing thought  
 Yet powerful strives within me.  
 EBERT! suppose them now all gone,—the sacred grave  
 O'erwhelming all our friends,  
 And we two lonely ones,—we only left of all.  
 Art thou not speechless, EBERT?

Looks not thine eye mournful around, then fixes viewless?  
So my sight died away;  
So I too trembled, when this terrific thought  
In thunder struck me first.  
As when a traveller hastening to his home, his wife,  
His manly hopeful son,  
His blooming daughter; weeps ev'n now for their embrace,—  
Him thunder overtakes,  
Striking destroys, then turns his form to dust,  
And up in triumph seeks  
Again the lofty clouds of Heaven,—so struck the thought  
My agitated mind:  
My eye was lost in darkness, and my trembling knees  
Unnerv'd and pow'rless sunk.  
In silent night the vision of the dead pass'd by,—  
I saw our friends all pass;—  
And oh! in silent night I saw the open graves,  
I saw th' immortal host!  
When tender GIESECKE's eye shall smile on me no more,—  
When far from RADICHEN  
Our upright CRAMER pines,—when GARTNER, RABENER's  
No more Socratic speaks,— tongue  
In the harmonious life of noble-minded GELLERT  
When ev'ry string is hush'd,—  
Beyond the grave when open-hearted ROTHE  
Seeks the companions of his joy,—  
When lively SCHLEGEL from a longer exile  
To no friend writes again,—

When in my dearest SCHMIDT's embrace my eye no more  
 Weeps tears of tenderness,—

When with our fathers HAGEDORN is laid to rest;  
 EBERT! what are we then?

We, dedicate to pain, whom here a mournful fate  
 Has left behind them all!——

Should one of us then die—(my thought leads on  
 From shade to deepest gloom)—

Should one of us then die, and one alone remain,  
 And should that one be me;—

Should she too then have lov'd me, she who is to love,  
 Should she too rest in dust,

And I remain the only one—remain alone on earth,—  
 Wilt thou, immortal mind,

Thou soul for friendship form'd, behold those empty days,  
 And yet retain thy feeling?

Or wilt thou stupified suppose them nights, and sleep,  
 And rest, devoid of thought?

But shouldst thou then awake to feel thy misery,  
 Eternal suffering mind!

Call when thou wak'st my lost friend's image from the grave;  
 Restore me only that.

Ye graves, where sleep my friends, abodes of those I love,  
 Why lie ye scatter'd wide?

Ah! why not side by side plac'd in a blooming vale,  
 Or gather'd in a grove?

O lead the dying son of other days;—I'll go  
 With tottering steps, and plant

On every grave a cypress;—the yet shadeless trees  
 For after ages tend;  
 At night upon the topmast boughs the heav'ly forms  
 Of my immortals see,  
 And trembling raise my head to Heav'n, and weep, and die.  
 O bury then the dead  
 Beside the grave by which he died. Corruption! take,  
 Then take my tears and me.  
 Cease, sable thought! O cease to thunder in my soul,  
 Deep as eternity,  
 As judgment fearful, cease. The o'erwhelm'd soul  
 No more can grasp the thought.

---

## T O F A N N Y.

WHEN I am dead, when all those bones are dust,  
 When thou, my eye, hast, closing, ceas'd to weep;  
 No more, to where the unknown future dwells,  
 In humble expectation to look up;  
 When my poetic fame, of youthful tears  
 The fruit, and of my love to Thee, Messiah,  
 Is also pass'd away, or but by few  
 Is in this lower world remember'd still;  
 When thou, my Fanny, too, hast long been dead,  
 And when thy mild eye's cheerful, placid smile,  
 And its expressive look, is also quench'd;

When, unobserv'd of the ignoble crowd,  
 The virtuous deeds of all thy life are done,  
 More worthy fame than is the Poet's song,  
 And ah! when one more fortunate than I  
 Thou shalt have lov'd, (O leave me yet my pride,)  
 More fortunate, but not more virtuous ;  
 Then will there be a day when I shall rise,  
 Then will there be a day when thou wilt rise ;  
 Then shall no fate again divide the souls  
 Which, Nature, thou didst for each other doom.  
 Then, with the scale in his uplifted hand,  
 When God shall fortune against virtue weigh,  
 What's now discordant in the course of things  
 Shall then in endless harmony unite.  
 Then, as thou standest new-awak'd, will I  
 Hasten to thee nor wait until a Seraph  
 Shall take my hand, and lead to thee, immortal :  
 Then shall thy Brother, tenderly by me  
 Belov'd, haste with me. Then, with tears of rapture,  
 Will I beside thee stand, and call thee Fanny,  
 And press thee to my heart. O then, eternity,  
 Thou'rt all our own ! Ye joys, above the pow'r  
 Of song, O come, ye joys unspeakable !  
 Unspeakable as now my woe ! Till then  
 Run on my life ! The hour will surely come,  
 That calls us to the silent, cypress shade.  
 Ye intervening hours, clouded and dark,  
 Be dedicate alone to mourning love !

## TO BODMER.

[See *Fragments*, p. 120.]

HE who directs our fate, disperses oft  
 In empty air the purest wish we breathe  
 After some golden image of delight,  
 And sets a labyrinth where man would walk.  
 Deep in the distance of eternity  
 GOD sees ;—a scene, to us invisible.  
 Alas ! they find not one the other, they  
 Who for each other and for love were made ;  
 Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,  
 And now long ages roll their course between.  
 Ne'er did my eye behold thee, ADDISON,  
 Ne'er did my ear learn wisdom from thy lips.  
 Nor ever yet did SINGER\* smile on me,  
 She who unites the living and the dead.  
 Thee too I never shall behold, thou who  
 In after times, when I have long been dead,  
 Shalt rise most like me, made for my own heart,  
 And thine will pant for me. I shall not see  
 How thou employ'st thy little span of life,  
 Unless thy Guardian Angel I become.  
 Thus did His sovereign power ordain, who views

\* Mrs. Rowe.

The fathomless abyss of infinite.  
Yet oft, in mercy, doth He bring to pass  
What the poor trembling heart scarce dar'd to hope,  
As from a dream awak'd, we see our bliss,  
Enraptur'd see our fondest wish fulfill'd,  
Such was my joy when BODMER first I met.

---

### THE RECASTATION.

LONG drown'd in deepest woe, I learnt the pow'r  
Of love; that love which, fled from earth, still deigns  
To visit humble virtue's calm retreat.  
Such as the first of lovers felt, when first,  
All innocence, he view'd the glassy stream;  
He saw the flowers which grac'd th' o'erhanging bank;  
With inexperienc'd eye he saw, and smil'd!  
Thus love appear'd to me. Why then, O Pain,  
Didst thou seek out thy deepest wounding shaft,  
With keenest anguish barb'd, to plunge me deep,  
Deep in a night of woe! Years are gone by,

Long years of pain, since that fell stroke was struck.  
 At length, beyond my hope, the night retires;  
 'Tis past,—and all my long-lost joys awake;  
 Smiling they wake, my long forgotten joys.  
 Are ye indeed return'd, with that sweet peace  
 Which blest my soul, when yet my life was happy?  
 O how I wonder at my alter'd fate !  
 Again I feel myself restored to joy.  
 Again with rapture beats my grateful heart.  
 Can it be pride, or apathy, which works  
 This happy change, and heals my wounded soul?  
 No—these my soul disdains. What is it then ?  
 O Virtue, gentle Virtue, say, dost thou  
 Thy humble votary richly thus reward?  
 But is it thou alone? or dare I hope  
 That from thy guiding hand I shall receive  
 The lovely maid who softly smiles on me?  
 Fair she appear'd when first in sleep beheld,  
 But fairer when before my waking eyes  
 She glides along. I strive to speak—‘ O stay.  
 Why dost thou haste away? ’Tis thee I love.  
 Ah! well thou know’st this heart. Too well thou know’st  
 How tenderly it lov’d. Is there a heart  
 Which loves like mine? Yes, Cidli, thine alone.  
 I taught thee first to love; in seeking thee  
 I learnt what true love was. It rais’d my heart  
 From earth to heav’n; and now thro’ Eden’s groves  
 With thee it leads me on to endless joy !”

### THE BAND OF ROSES.

I FOUND her sleeping in the shade,  
I bound her with a band of Roses;  
She felt it not, but slumber'd still.

I gazed on her;—my life then hung  
On her life, with that look, for ever:  
I felt it deeply but I could not speak.

I whisper'd softly, but she did not hear;  
I gently shook the Band of Roses;  
Then from her slumber she awoke.

She gazed on me;—her life then hung  
On my life, with that look, for ever;  
And round us was Elysium.

## TO CIDLI, SLEEPING.

SHE sleeps! O gentle Sleep, shed from thy wings  
Balsamic life o'er all her tender frame!

From Eden's pure and peaceful fount  
Draw forth some drops of liquid crystal,

And sprinkling them where from her lovely check  
The rose is fled, restore the glowing tints;  
And thou, sweet Peace of Virtue and of Love,  
Thou fairest of the graces, with thy wing,

O shade my CIDLI! See, she sleeps; how still!  
Be silent thou my softest string: thy laurel wreath  
Shall fade, if from her slumber thou awake,  
With gentlest whisper wake, my sleeping love!

## TO MR. SCHMIDT.

SLEEP from my eyes is fled, with all its train  
Of airy dreams, for poets only made.  
The hill, the vale is still; o'erspread with dew,  
That silent creeps within the slumbering flowers.  
Friend, all things sleep! My best, my kindest friend,

In this belov'd, this solemn stillness, SCHMIDT,  
 With strong emotion do I think on thee,  
 On thee, though distant far. O that these arms,  
 Thou much belov'd, could press thee to my heart !  
 Thy mournful friend weeps for thy lost embrace,  
 Of whieh our cruel fate deprives me still.  
 Behold, how noble souls like brothers love ;  
 No—brothers love not half so tenderly.  
 Yet dost thou, fate, divide those noble souls,  
 And pierce with deepest woe the bleeding heart !  
 Thus am I left to breathe my secret sighs  
 Far from the faithful friend, whose gentle look  
 Shall comfort me no more ! Thus do I breathe  
 My secret sighs, as awful midnight still,  
 And what I sigh can reach no human ear.

Now torturing thought restrains the bursting tear.  
 What agonizing image tears my soul !  
 Again the form of my lost wife I see,  
 She lies before me, and she dies again ;  
 Again she smiles on me, again she dies.  
 Her eyes now close, and comfort me no more ;  
 No more her mouth divine shall whisper peace,  
 That mouth for ever full of God and heaven.  
 No more she gently chides the silent tear  
 That fearful shrunk from her observing eye.  
 She saw the tear, was griev'd, and firmly cry'd,  
 " Thou lov'st me, O my friend, and dost thou weep ?"  
 I check'd the tear, in spite of inward grief,

Calm and resign'd, I sigh'd not to be heard.  
 O who shall now forbid my tears to flow?  
 Her voice inspires with fortitude no more!

Still will I strive to check my ceaseless woe,  
 That if she now my guardian angel be,  
 And view me still, she may not love me less,  
 Because I have not strength of mind like hers.  
 Now that amongst immortals thou dost dwell,  
 If still weak mortals may deserve thy care,  
 O if thou love me still, by heavenly rules  
 Condemn me not;—I am a man, and mourn.  
 Support me, though unseen : thy cheering eye  
 Can arm my soul with more than human strength ;  
 Then will I learn to check my woe, till thou  
 In death shalt teach me to be firm like thee !

O never, never can I cease to mourn  
 This best of friends ! Mourn with me distant times,  
 More virtuous times perhaps than ours. I see  
 Around her grave, I see ye weeping stand,  
 And strew the turf with flow'rs, and midst your tears  
 Say to your sighing daughters, “ Be like her !”  
 O friend of virtue, in thy arms I wish  
 To shed these tears, for thou wouldest weep with me !

---

## TO KLOPSTOCK,

By Miss S.—.

ACH, sie finden sich nicht, die für einander doch,

Und zur liebe geschaffen sind;

Jetzo trennet die nacht fernerer Himmel sie

Jetzo lange jahrhunderte.\*

Klopstock.

THUS, blessed Spirit, ran thy deep complaint;  
 In all things else, to Heaven's high will resign'd,  
 This only seem'd too hard :—and hard indeed  
 It is, that time and space should intervene  
 To part those souls, by their Creator's hand  
 Attun'd to concord;—seeming thus ordain'd  
 To mingle sounds in heavenly harmony,  
 Yet sunder'd now so far, no breeze can waft  
 The dying tones of one, to vibrate on  
 The other's sympathetic chords.—Nor is  
 This all.—Doom'd each to mix with neighbour notes,  
 Notes, not perhaps ill-sounding, yet with them  
 Jarring in discord insupportable.  
 This—this indeed is hard. It tempts suspicion

\* Alas! they find not one the other,—they  
 Who for each other and for love were made;  
 Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,  
 And now long ages roll their course between.

Ode to Bodmer, page 226.

Of Providence eternal, tempts to think  
The great machine of nature is derang'd.

Vain, babbling Reason, peace!—Now KLOPSTOCK knows,  
He knows, and bids thee sing,—this too is trial!  
For trial were we sent to dwell on earth,  
And what severer could be found than this?  
What *other* is there, to a virtuous mind  
That sees the nothingness of present life,  
The glory of the future,—and with love  
Unmix'd, looks up to Him, the only good?  
Sickness or health, riches or poverty,  
To such a mind are nothing; easy weights,  
If friendship help to bear them;—but to live  
With those whose ev'ry word, and gesture, thrill  
Discordant through our frame; this is severe  
Unceasing trial.—But the more severe  
Th' appointed trial, the louder does it call  
Our courage up, and bid us instant arm  
With Heav'n-ward patience and submission meek;  
Trusting, when time and space shall be no more,  
To meet those souls from which they now divide us.  
If now possessing them, too happy here,  
This Earth were Heav'n, and nothing left to wish.  
In mercy, GOD forbids us here to taste  
A long continuance of such happiness.

There's yet another cause, celestial KLOPSTOCK,  
Why souls for friendship form'd can seldom meet.  
They must be cast in Nature's finest mould

Of the sublimer essence of creation;  
 And such are scarce;—at intervals sent down,  
 As were of old the Prophets, to recall  
 The baser herd to duty's sacred path,—  
 To dress old truths in an attractive garb,—  
 To shew men, “virtue in herself how lovely,”  
 To explore the depths of science,—to unveil  
 The mysteries of nature,—and beyond  
 The narrow sphere of human ken, to make  
 Discoveries, which might damp the reasoning pride  
 Of dabblers in philosophy, and prove  
 That things they cannot understand, exist;—  
 That other men have higher faculties,  
 And thence might lead them to imagine, *beings*  
 Yet higher in the scale of intellect:  
*Truths* which no human mind could ever grasp.

These, to my weak perceptions, seem some ends  
 By Providence propos'd in sending down,  
 At times to earth, these high intelligences.  
 And those were sure not answer'd, if they came  
 At once, or in a cluster on the stage.  
 Then other parts of space and time would want  
 Their share of lustre;—and to fill the void  
 If more of first-rate genius were produc'd,  
 This world's affairs would run into confusion,  
 Too near, too little to employ such minds.  
 And thus, immortal KLOPSTOCK, souls like thine  
 Of friendship worthy, because capable,

Can scarce expect to meet their like on earth ;  
 Since for the general good they come, and not  
 Their private happiness ;—better attain'd  
 By staying in their native country, Heav'n,  
 And since this earth would be to them a Heav'n,  
 If with their equals only they convers'd.

'Tis true *thou* wast, a little while, most blest ;  
 But 'twas to th' end that thy example, when  
 Divine command recall'd the treasure lent,  
 Might prove an useful lesson to the world ;  
 Teaching, more feelingly than precept could,  
 Loving as thou didst, to resign like thee !

---

*FINIS.*

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*Just published, price 6s.*

FRAGMENTS, in PROSE and VERSE, by a YOUNG LADY  
 lately deceased. With some Account of her Life and Writings,  
 by the Author of "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of  
 Christianity."

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Richard Crutwell, Printer, Stamp-Office, St. James's-Street, Bath.

# F R A G M E N T S,

IN

*PROSE and VERSE.*



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## INTRODUCTION.

THE favour with which memoirs and letters are generally received by the public, has encouraged the production of a great many biographical works, written on very different principles, and which must be perused with very different feelings. The delight with which every friend of science and virtue reads the life of Sir William Jones, of Dr. Beattie, of Mr. Cowper, or of Mrs. Carter, can furnish no excuse for publications, in which some of the most vicious characters that disgrace the present times, are dragged into notice, to disgust or to corrupt succeeding generations. For such an insult on

the principles and the taste of the reader no apology can be offered; but when the character that is brought before the public is really deserving of esteem, the feeling heart will view with indulgence the partial fondness of surviving friendship, which endeavours to save from oblivion the object of its affection, and to strew a few flowers on the humble tomb of departed virtue.

The following pages will not be found to contain a single sentence which can give pain to any human being; and though nothing in this collection was written with a view to publication, yet, as the delicacy which always shrunk from observation cannot now be wounded by praise or blame, it is, I hope, allowable to remove the veil which an excess of modest reserve threw over uncommon merit.

To the friends of the author, for whom this little volume is principally intended, the names of a few persons who are mentioned in it will

be known. To the public it is presumed they cannot be interesting. The Young Lady whose talents and virtues are here pointed out to the reader, was little known in the world. Her short life was spent in retirement, and it affords no incidents to awaken curiosity; but it offers an example, which may be useful to all her sex, and particularly to the younger part of it; and I am encouraged to hope, that her writings may not be uninteresting to readers of a very different description.\* I have only noticed such circumstances in her "short and simple annals," as seemed necessary to explain her letters, and to shew the progress of her improvement in different branches of science. The use which she made of learning, and the effect which it produced on her conduct in life, may be collected from many parts of the following work, which will prove that every acquisition in science only

\* See a letter from the Rev. Dr. R— to Mrs. S—, in the Appendix.

increased the humility or her natural character; while extensive reading, and deep reflection, added strength to her conviction of those great truths of revealed religion, which in life and in death supported her through every trial, and which can alone afford consolation to the parents and friends who live to mourn her loss.

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## FRAGMENTS

*IN PROSE AND VERSE.*

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MISS ELIZABETH S— was born in the year 1776. Some particulars relating to the early part of her life may be learnt from a letter written soon after her death by her afflicted mother to the Rev. Dr. R—, in consequence of his request that she would inform him of such circumstances with regard to the gradual progress of her daughter's mind, as had not come under his own observation.\* I will only mention here a few particulars, which seem necessary to explain her writings.

\* See Appendix.

When I first saw Miss S—, in the summer of the year 1789, she was only in her thirteenth year, and her extreme timidity made it difficult to draw her into conversation; but even then I saw many proofs of very uncommon talents. We were frequently together during the three following years; either at Piercefield, where Mr. and Mrs. S— then resided; or at Bath, where Miss S— and her sisters were often with us. At that time Elizabeth astonished us by the facility with which she acquired information on every subject. She excelled in every thing that she attempted. Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Perspective, were then her chief pursuits, and she succeeded in all; but even at that early age, her greatest pleasure seemed to be reading, which she would pursue with unwearied attention, during so many hours, that I often endeavoured to draw her away from her books, as I feared that such close application might injure her health. She was then well acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and had made considerable progress in the study of Geometry, and some other branches of the Mathematics. At every period of her life she was extremely fond of poetry. The following fragment is dated in June 1792:

THE Sun, just rising from his wat'ry bed,  
 Shook from his golden locks the briny drops;  
 The Earth her many-colour'd mantle spread,  
 And caught the crystal on her flow'rets tops;  
 While Nature smil'd, to see her rising crops  
 With brighter beauty glow, and richer hues;  
 As now the night her sable chariot stops,  
 Each drooping flow'r, refresh'd with morning dews,  
 Lifts its gay head, and all around its fragrance strews.

So fair the morn, when EMMA, fairer still,  
 Left the lone cottage, now her sole retreat;  
 And wander'd musing o'er the neighb'ring hill,  
 'With downcast eyes, which weeping look'd more sweet.  
 Down to the vale she turn'd her trembling feet;  
 There, in the middle of a shady wood,  
 O'erhung with trees, which branch to branch did meet,  
 Glided a gentle stream, where, as it stood,  
 Each bough its image shew'd in the clear glassy flood.

Here paus'd the Nymph, and on the bank reclin'd,  
 'Neath a large oak fann'd by each gentle gale;  
 She swell'd the brook with tears, with sighs the wind,  
 And thus her melancholy fate 'gan wail.

And ye, who read her sad and mournful tale,  
 Oh! drop one tender sympathetic tear!  
 Think that the best of human kind is frail,  
 Nor knows the moment when his end is near;  
 But all sad EMMA's hapless fate must fear.

## IV,

“ How fair each form in youthful fancy’s eyes,  
 “ Just like the tender flow’rs of blooming May;  
 “ Like them in all their beauty they arise,  
 “ Like them they fade, and sudden die away.  
 “ We mourn their loss, and wish their longer stay,  
 “ But all in vain;—no more the flow’rs return,  
 “ Nor fancy’s images divinely gay !  
 “ So pass’d my early youth; then in its turn  
 “ Each fancied image pleas’d; for each at times I burn,

## V.

“ How charming then o’er hill and vale to stray,  
 “ When first the sun shot forth his morning beam;  
 “ Or when at eve he hid his golden ray,  
 “ To climb the rocks, and catch the last faint gleam;  
 “ Or when the moon imbru’d in blood did seem,  
 “ To watch her rising from the distant hill,  
 “ Her soft light trembling on the azure stream,  
 “ Which gently curl’d, while all beside was still;  
 “ How would such scenes my heart with admiration fill!

## VI.

" But now, alas ! these peaceful days are o'er ;  
 " Fled like the summer breeze that wakes the dawn,  
 " Wafts spicy odours swift from shore to shore,  
 " And gathers all the fragrance of the lawn ;  
 " Yet ere his noon-day crown the sun adorn,  
 " 'Tis past, 'tis gone; no more the scorching plains  
 " Can shew *where* blew the gentle breath of morn;  
 " The brook, the cattle, and the shepherd swains,  
 " All seek the shade ;—but peace for EMMA none remains !"

In May, 1792, Miss H— accompanied me to Piercefield ; and it is not extraordinary that similarity of talents and pursuits, as well as sympathy in every thing that is good and amiable, should lead Elizabeth to attach herself strongly to her. From that time a correspondence began, from which I have made a few extracts, to shew what were her studies and amusements at fifteen years of age.

" To Miss H—.

" *July 7, 1792.*

" I am much obliged to you for all the information in your last letter, and I hope I have found out what you wanted. I have been measuring cir-

cles, and find that my former conjecture was right: &c. &c.—I know not whether I have explained this properly, but so it appears to me. I was a little mortified to see that my table was not quite exact, though I fear it is as near as it can be brought; but if this way of making equal squares and circles is right, it will make me amends. The line in Dante is very applicable, but I desire you will not begin to despair yet. I do not, though there are many things that I prefer to these Mathematics. At the head of them stands Poetry. I thought some parts of Tasso extremely fine. Dante I have not read. At present I am engaged in an argument with my dear Miss B—, concerning Ossian. I support him against all other poets. You may easily guess who will get the better; but I will say all I can for Ossian, for I really *love* his poems beyond all others. Milton must stand alone; but surely Ossian is *in some respects* superior to Homer. Can you find any thing equal to his descriptions of nature; his address to the Sun in Carthon, that to the Moon in Darthula, and the last hymn? Surely in “the joy of grief,” and in night scenes, there is nothing equal to him. I would rather read the description of one of his ghosts than of all Homer’s gods. One of my greatest

reasons for admiring him is, that all his heroes are so good. There is not one of them that would be guilty of a cruel action for the world, nor would they insult over the dead. In short, one cannot help loving almost every person Ossian mentions. Besides, there are no vulgar descriptions, but every word is poetry. By way of comparison, look at some particular description in Homer and in Ossian: suppose it is a moon-light; you will find but one of any consequence in Homer, and then it is only a simile, though a very beautiful one; it begins at the 687th line of the 8th book. Compare it with any one of the vast number you will find in Ossian. I think the idea of the Moon retiring to weep for the sisters she has lost, is finer than all the philosophy on the subject. I love your flowery meadows, and murmuring streams; but I cannot help preferring rude mountains, roaring torrents, and rocky precipices. I could wander with pleasure in your sequestered vale, but should feel more transported by the grandeur of one of Ossian's night scenes." &c.

" July 27, 1792

" We have not received any certain information respecting the Castle; but I am inclined to give it,

whatever it was, to Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, whom we have determined to kill on a piece of ground adjoining to it; and Mr. Williams, who is writing the history of Monmouthshire, told us, that Buillt, where it has been said he died, is somewhere near this place; he does not know exactly where it is, but we will find it out. I am sure it is in our woods. If this be not true, it is at least such a pretty little fiction, and so harmless, that I really must believe it. I wish you would write a poem on his death, and place it in our wood. You must say that it is translated from an old Welsh bard, and that will set the matter beyond a doubt."

"*August 13.*

"I am so delighted with what you say of Llewellyn, that I cannot rest till I write to you. Has Mrs. — shewn the manuscript to any person who understands Welsh? She would not perhaps like to trust the original out of her own hands; but if she would have it copied, we could easily get it translated for her, and should consider ourselves highly obliged by a sight of it. If it is what Mrs. — supposes, it will indeed be invaluable. I have a great mind to believe that our Castle in the wood is

the Castle of Buillt, for no one seems to know exactly where that is; and if the prince was killed in our grounds, it certainly is so. I hope the manuscript will settle all our doubts; at present we are obliged to fight hard, with every body we meet, in maintaining our cause. I am charmed with the name of Gwillim of Gwhent, the Blue Knight; it would be a good one for the hero of a romance."

The Castle mentioned in these Letters requires some explanation. Elizabeth discovered some remains of buildings in a wood, and thought she could trace out several round towers, a moat, &c. I remember our walking over the spot where her lively imagination had built a Castle, of which she drew a plan from the slight traces which remained. She was then unacquainted with architecture, but I shewed her little drawing to a gentleman who perfectly understood the subject, and he said that he believed she was right in her conjecture, for the plan she had drawn was exactly what was usually adopted by the Romans in their castles. The following paper will shew the indefatigable application with which Elizabeth pursued the enquiries, which

a passage in Warrington's History of Wales led her to make, in regard to the situation of Buillt, and some other circumstance mentioned by him.\*

\*Account of the death of Llewellyn, from Warrington's History of Wales, page 509.

“Llewellyn proceeded to the cantrew of Buillt, near the water of Wye.——

—— “The Prince was waiting in a small grove. On the enemies first assault, his Esquire came to inform him that he heard a great outcry at the bridge. The Prince eagerly asked if his people were in possession of the bridge; and being told that they were, he calmly replied, then he would not stir from thence, though the whole power of England were on the other side of the river. This confidence, tho' not improperly placed, lasted but a moment, the grove being surrounded by the enemies horse. Beset on every side, and cut off from his army, Llewellyn endeavoured as secretly as he could to make good his retreat, and to join the troops he had stationed on the mountain, who, drawn up in battle array, were eagerly expecting the return of their prince. In making this attempt, he was discovered and pursued by Adam de Francton, who, perceiving him to be a Welshman, and not knowing his quality, plunged his spear into the body of the prince, being unarmed and incapable of defence. The Welsh were afterwards defeated, and left two thousand men dead on the field. All this time Llewellyn lay on the ground, faint, and almost expiring. He had just life enough

" Arthur seems to have been king of Gwent, which comprehended all Monmouthshire, part of the dioceses of Hereford and Worcester, and the part of Gloucestershire between the Wye and the Severn. Milton mentions Buillt in Brecknockshire. Camden mentions Kair-Lheon as a great city, having three churches, one of which was honoured with the metropolitan see of Wales. Here the Roman Ambassadors received their audience at the illustrious court of the great King Arthur. &c.

" Upon the river Wye is Buillt. Whether this town be the ancient Bulœum, or whether that city or fort were not at a place called Karen, some miles distant from it, may be questioned. If it be urged in favour of Buillt, that it seems still to retain its ancient name; it may be answered that Buillt, which I interpret Ox-cliff, or Oxen-hill, was the name of a small country here, from whence in all probability

remaining to ask for a priest. A white friar, who chanced to be present, administered to the dying Prince the last duties of his office. The hurry of the action being ended, Francton came back to strip the person he had wounded. On viewing the body which was still breathing, it was found, to the great joy of the English army, that it was the Prince of Wales."

the ancient Bullœum was denominated; but that being totally destroyed, and this town becoming afterwards the most noted place of the country, it might receive its name from it as the former had done. But since the congruity of the names was the **main** argument that induced our learned author to assign this situation to the ancient Bullœum Silurum, we shall have occasion of hesitating, if hereafter we find the ruins of a Roman fort or city in a neighbouring country of the Silures."—*Carte.*

The above is only a very small part of the extracts made by Miss S—, from Smollet, Collier, **Carte**, Camden, and **Monasticon Ang.** on this subject. In a letter to Miss H—, dated December 12, 1792, she encloses a Poem, of which she says, "Being determined to have a poem on Llewellyn's death, and not being able to persuade you, my dear friend, to commit forgery, I have been obliged to try my hand at it, and I send it to you, because you desire me to continue rhyming; though without making use of any of the modesty for which you so kindly give me credit, I must see that I do not deserve all that you say on that subject. However, if it is your

true opinion, you must be delighted at being desired to read this volume of nonsense; and if it is not, I have taken the most effectual method to cure you of complimenting. Can you tell on what part of the banks of the Wye to find Mochros and Hentlan? I can only find that Hentlan is between the rivers Wye and Irgudina, which last I can no where discover. Do not go far to look for it, as I know by experience what an undertaking it is. All those old authors copy after each other, and make nothing but confusion. I prefer my own way of making the history just as I please, without consulting one of them; and upon that principle, I intend to put the places I have mentioned, at or near Piercefield."

*A supposed Translation from a Welsh Poem, lately dug up at  
PIERCEFIELD, in the same spot where LLEWELLN  
AP GRYFFYD was slain, Dec. 10th, 1281.*

ROUND Snowdon's shaggy brows grim darkness hung,  
Save that the moon, the gather'd clouds among,  
Shot forth at times a dimly-gleaming ray,  
Then wat'ry, pale, turn'd her sad face away.

In Merlin's cave I sate,  
And mark'd her tearful eye;  
Which seem'd to mourn the fate  
Decreed for some on high.

What fate's decreed by heav'n, blest beam of night,  
 That so disturbs thy sweetly-smiling light?  
 No more it shines;—Thou turn'st thy face with scorn,  
 And darkly leav'st me, wretched and forlorn.

Down the steep the torrent roars,  
 Loud the thunder rings from far,  
 Billows shake the rocky shores,  
 All resounds the din of war.

But hark!—This elemental war is drown'd  
 In one more great, and more terrific sound;  
 A sound high Snowdon from his base to tear,  
 A sound the spirits of the dead shall fear!

Spirits of my sires, attend!  
 Down from your clouds, ye blest ones, bend?  
 Tell me, whence these shrieks of woe  
 With cries of death confus'dly flow?

Great Merlin, thou, the chief of Prophets, hear!  
 To thy own cave 'mid stormy winds draw near;  
 Pour on my darken'd soul thy light divine,  
 And give it in fair truth's bright blaze to shine.

He comes, he comes, in mist array'd,  
 Slow and solemn glides the shade!  
 And while he speaks, the earth stands still,  
 List'ning to his mighty will.

“ Heav'n-favour'd Bard, my words attentive hear,  
 “ Words such as ne'er were giv'n to mortal ear;

“ I tell the woes to-morrow’s sun shall bring,  
 “ Cambria shall fall, shall lose her much-lov’d king.  
 “ On Vaga’s banks, near to where once Buillt stood,  
 “ O’erlooking fair Sabrina’s silver flood,  
 “ Pierc’d with a spear ingloriously he’ll fall,  
 “ Whence future times that spot shall Piercefield call.”

So saying, like the meteor’s blaze,

The spirit flies;

And while I gaze,

The dim red light in darkness dies !

But, oh, my country! how shall I deplore  
 Thy cruel doom? Cambria shall be no more!  
 Llewellyn too, our guardian king, shall fall,  
 In him we lose our only hope,—our all!

Blow, ye winds; and roar, ye waves;  
 Rend the mountains’ inmost caves;  
 Let loose the spirits of the storm,  
 Bid them rise in human form.

More fierce than they, in human form appears  
 That barb’rous Prince, who causes all our tears;  
 A tiger’s heart he bears beneath that face,  
 Which seems to promise honour, goodness, grace,  
 Let lightning flash,  
 And thunder growl,  
 Let torrents dash,  
 And the black tempest o’er me scowl;

This soul, in unison with ev'ry gust,  
 Shall rage and burn till I be turn'd to dust;  
 Ne'er shall I patient brook my country's doom,  
 But sighing, sorrowing, sink into the tomb.

DAUGHTERS of CAMBRIA, with me mourn,  
 Sing the sad woe-breathing strain;  
 From your fair heads the ringlets torn  
 Scatter round th' ensanguin'd plain.  
 No more in summer's even tide  
 Your gentle flocks you'll lead  
 To where the brook, with flow'ry side,  
 Slow wanders through the mead;  
 But soon to conquerors rude a prey,  
 You'll quit your native land,  
 And drag through life your mournful way,  
 A wretched, captive band!

WARRIORS, break the sounding mail,  
 Cast down the lance, the helm untie;  
 Arms shall now no more avail,  
 For you before the foe shall fly.  
 No more, in deeds of arms renown'd,  
 You'll dare the single fight;  
 Or with exulting laurels crown'd,  
 Assert your country's right;

But to the woods and marshes driv'n,  
 Ingloriously you'll sigh;  
 For ah! to you it is not giv'n  
 Amidst your friends to die!

To Piercefield's Cliffs, I'll now a pilgrim go,  
 Shed o'er my Prince belov'd the tears of woe;  
 There will I seek some deep and rocky cell,  
 Amidst the thick entangled wood to dwell;  
 There indulge my plaintive theme,  
 To the wan moon's icy beam;  
 While the rocks responsive ring,  
 To my harp's high-sounding string;  
 Vaga stops her rolling tide,  
 List'ning to her ancient pride;  
 Birds and beasts my song attend,  
 And mourn with me our country's fatal end!

“ To Miss H——.

“ Bath, Feb. 27, 1793.

“ Miss B. and I wish for you every day, so that you are in no danger of being forgotten between us; and whilst we remember you, we cannot forget to love you. I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken about the places I wished to find, but I believe it is a fruitless search. I am

persuaded their situation is not known, and I intend to place them where I choose to have them.

“ The above was written this morning, when I did not expect to leave this place before Friday, but I now find we are to go home to-morrow; and I must, however unwillingly, make an end of my letter. I hope to have more time at Piercefield, where we are now all to meet, after having been scattered over the face of the earth for the last half year. I shall be excessively grieved, as *you* can imagine, to leave our dear friend —; but otherwise I shall not regret Bath.”

At the commencement of the war, in the year 1793, many Banks in the West of England failed, and Mr. S—’s was unfortunately of that number. The domestic happiness to which Elizabeth looked forward when she wrote the last letter, was fatally interrupted by this event; and I received from her the following letter, written only five days after she left Bath. The importance of the subject probably induced me to preserve this letter, when I destroyed many others which I shall never cease to regret. Alas ! I little thought that I should live to mourn the early death of my amiable young friend, whose

talents and virtues were my pride and delight, and who I hoped would have been an ornament and a blessing to the world, long after I was removed from it! — It has pleased GOD to order otherwise.

*"Piercefield, March 3, 1793.*

" WE were within an hour of setting off from hence, and intended to have seen you, my dearest friend, to-morrow; when we were prevented, and I may say it is the only time I have ever rejoiced at being prevented seeing you. Last night, after my Mother wrote to you, we were informed by a friend, that there was an execution against my Father. At ten o'clock at night — came to take possession of the house. It was secured, so that they could not enter; but you may imagine the horror of our situation in that night of storms. Fortunately, the next day being Sunday, we had to watch only till twelve o'clock; and to-day we were preparing to go away at eight this evening, when we heard that my Father's attorney was come from London, that the money was provided, and the execution stopped. There is to be a meeting of creditors to-morrow, who are to have an exact statement of all the concerns of the Bank. My Mother supported herself

wonderfully last night, but to-day she was quite exhausted, till this news revived her a little. Mr. and Mrs. —— were in dreadful anxiety this morning, but I hope they too are a little comforted;\* in short the prospect now appears bright to what it did two hours ago, and we shall all, I hope, bear whatever happens with fortitude. Above all, my beloved friend, I entreat you not to be uneasy, for I trust all will be well. My only apprehension has been for my Mother; and I confess it has been hard work to appear cheerful, when I saw her agitated to the greatest degree, and knew I could in no way be of the least use; but she shewed great resolution, whenever it was necessary. My Father now writes in better spirits, and I am happy to see her a little

\* In the summer of the year 1791, when the Bank was in a very flourishing state, Mr. ——, who was the neighbour and friend of Mr. S—, put his name in the firm, without advancing any part of the capital, or receiving any share of the emoluments; but on condition that his son should be taken into the house as a clerk, and be admitted a partner on his coming of age. In consequence of this circumstance, Mr. —— was involved in the misfortune which happened in the year 1793; to the regret of all who knew him, and particularly of the S— family, as all the letters which I received from them at this period strongly prove.

more at ease. My Mother desires me to say a thousand kind things for her. The servants have behaved nobly, and she has had all the comfort that friends can give. If she had none but you, she would be rich enough; and I shall wish for nothing more while I know you are mine. Adieu, my dearest —."

I went to Piercefield on the following day; but I will not attempt to describe the scene to which I was then a witness. Afflictions so nobly supported make the sufferers objects of envy rather than pity; a change of fortune, so sudden, and so unexpected, was a great trial, but it was received in a manner to command the respect of all who witnessed it. I had long seen and admired Mrs. S—, in the situation in which she seemed peculiarly formed to shine; in one of the finest places in England, surrounded by her lovely children, with all the elegant comforts of affluence, and delighting her happy guests by the fascinating charms of her conversation. Through all the misfortunes which marked the period of which I am now speaking, I can with truth say of Mrs. S—, what she says of her beloved daughter, that I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur hav-

ing escaped her, on account of the loss of fortune ; but there were other circumstances attending this sad event, which such a heart as hers must deeply feel ; and a letter which is now before me, speaks the language of all that I received from her at that period :—“ The business is again delayed. I am averse to this prolongation of our misery, but it is a duty we owe to — to do every thing which can be likely to save them. Oh, my friend, if this amiable family were but secure, I should be no longer miserable ; but as it is, the thought of their situation sometimes sinks me almost to despair.” This was an affliction, under which even conscious rectitude was not sufficient to support her ; but the loss of fortune, as it was occasioned neither by extravagance nor vice, and dignified by such conduct as secured the respect and esteem of their friends, was supported by every individual of the family with truly christian fortitude and resignation.

In a few days after I went to Piercefield, my friends quitted it for ever ; and the young ladies spent seven or eight months with us, in and near Bath. The time which was thus spent with my Mother, was certainly of great advantage to my young friends ; for she was extremely fond of them, and nothing

can be more just than what Mrs. S— says of her peculiarly happy manner of conveying instruction. Many of their favourite pursuits had been interrupted. They had lost the sublime scenes of Pierce-field, which furnished an infinite variety of subjects for the pencil. They drew extremely well, and Elizabeth was completely mistress of perspective. Her musical talents were very uncommon: she played remarkably well both on the Piano-Forte and Harp, but she had lost her instruments. The library, of which she so well knew the value, was gone. Always averse to large parties, and with no taste for dissipation, she readily agreed to a plan of employment proposed by my Mother, and we entered on a regular course of history, both ancient and modern. At other times we studied Shakespeare, Milton, and some other English poets, as well as some of the Italians. We took long walks, and often drew from nature. We read with great attention the whole of the New Testament, Secker's Lectures on the Catechism, and several other books on the same important subjects. After my Mother retired to rest, we usually studied the stars, and read Bonycastle's Astronomy, which reminds me of the following circumstance:—Elizabeth told me one

evening that she did not perfectly understand what is said in Bonycastle, page 91, of Kepler's celebrated calculation, by which he discovered that the squares of the periods of the planets are in proportion to the cubes of their distances. She wanted to know how to make use of this rule, but I confessed my inability to assist her. When I came down to breakfast at nine the next morning, I found her with a folio sheet of paper almost covered with figures ; and I discovered that she rose as soon as it was light, and by means of Bonycastle's Arithmetic, had learnt to extract the cube root, and had afterwards calculated the periods and distances of several planets, so as clearly to shew the accuracy of Kepler's rule, and the method of employing it. In such pursuits as I have mentioned, I could accompany her ; but in others she had a much better assistant in our mutual friend, Miss H—, who, fortunately for us, spent four months in our neighbourhood, and was the companion of our studies and our pleasures. She led Miss S— to the study of the German language, of which she was afterwards particularly fond. She assisted her in Botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of the Mathematics. I do not know when Elizabeth began to learn Spanish,

but it was at an earlier period than that of which I am now speaking; when she was with us, she seemed to read it without difficulty, and some hours every morning before breakfast were devoted to these studies. She acquired some knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages during the following winter, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her Brother, led her thoughts to Oriental literature. She began to study Latin and Greek, in the year 1794, when Mr. C—'s excellent library, and improving conversation, opened to her an inexhaustible fund of information. She studied Hebrew from my Mother's Bible, with the assistance of Parkhurst; but she had no regular instruction in any language except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language, but the want of books made it impossible for her to pursue that study as far as she wished. Some extracts from her letters will shew how she was employed during the following years.

*“ August, 1793.*

“ We never take a pleasant walk, or read any thing interesting, but some one says, ‘ I wish Miss H— were here,’ and you may be sure that nobody

contradicts it. Besides all other reasons for this wish, I want to shew you every pretty passage I meet with in German, which I do not like half so well, now that I have no one to enjoy it with me. I have read none since you left me, except two books of Dr. R——'s, *Der Golden Spiegel*, which is an imitation of an Eastern Tale, by way of making dissertations upon government. It is entertaining, and there is an account of a happy valley, that makes one long to live in it. The other book is *Wiessen's Poems*, some of which are very pretty."

" October 15.

" I have a nice collection of German books, which Miss B— has borrowed for me. There is the Iliad, which seems to me a very good translation. I think the *sound* is more regularly fine than Pope's, and some of the descriptions of nature are much superior to his; but the tender sentiments, which the learned say are not in the original, are not to be traced in the German translation. In that respect we shall all prefer Pope. There is the Messiah, which I am reading a second time with more pleasure than the first. A very pretty collection of Poems by different persons; a Novel; and a book of Plays; so you

see I am well furnished at present. I wish I had you to enjoy them with me.

“ My favourite study just now is Algebra ; and I find by Saunderson, that if we had consulted proper books; we should never have spent so much time in measuring squares and circles ; for though by the means we used, (which were perfectly right,) it may be brought inconceivably near, it is impossible to prove it mathematically exact. For example: —— I hope you will not have the head-ache when this arrives, or you will wish my Mathematics at Bath again; but when I have learnt any thing that we used to puzzle about together, I am never easy till you know it.”

“ November 17.

“ **SEND** me no Latin quotations, for I understand them only when the translation comes with them. I have just finished Klopstock’s Messiah, which I have been reading again, as I did not above half understand it before. There is more of it than there was in Miss —’s, which was, I believe, only fifteen books. This is in twenty-two books, and is continued to the Ascension, with many hymns and songs afterwards. He supposes at that time a day

of judgment, and that Abadona was pardoned. Pray inform Miss —— of this, for I remember hearing her regret his fate."

" *April 7, 1794.*

" I have not thought of you the less because I have been too idle to write. You know it is an old fault of mine, and it will only be wasting your time and my own to make an apology as long as my silence. I am very rich in German books just now, for Dr. R—, who has a great many, has given me the entré of his library, to take whatever I like. I have got your friend Kliest, which I think delightful; Haller's Poems; and Zimmerman's *Einsamkeit*, which pleases me more than almost any book I ever read. How much am I obliged to you for teaching me German! I assure you I never read a beautiful passage, without thinking it is to you I owe the pleasure I enjoy, and wishing you could enjoy it with me; for after all it is but a selfish sort of thing to read merely to entertain *oneself*. There are some ideas in Zimmerman upon a future state very like your book.\* I envy you extremely in reading Virgil. I must learn Latin some day or other. At present

\* *Essay on the Happiness of the Life to Come.*

I am *puzzling* at Persian and Arabic, and I mean to begin Hebrew. I get on least with Spanish, for I have been able to meet with only one book since I read *Don Quixotte*, which was the History of the Incas, by *Garcillasso de la Vega*. I was very much pleased with it, though it is very long, and in some parts tedious. I wish I had your patience to translate from one language to another, for I believe it is the only way of being perfect in any; but I succeed so ill in writing, of any kind, that I never like to attempt it. I met with a thought in *Haller*, which was new to me, and pleased me much; but, perhaps, if you have met with it before, it may not strike you as it did me. Speaking of the weakness of reason without revelation, he says,

“ Vernunft kan, wie der mond, ein trost der dunkeln Zeiten,  
 “ Uns durch die braune nacht mit halbem schimmer leiten;  
 “ Der warheit morgen-roht zeigt erst die wahre welt,  
 “ Wann Gottes sonnen-licht durch unser dämmrung fällt.”\*

\* “ Reason, like the moon, a consolation in darkness, can guide us with its faint rays through the dusky night. The morning dawn of truth shews the real world, when the light of the sun breaks through our twilight.”—*Haller on Reason, Superstition, and Infidelity*.

“ I forgot to thank you for all the trouble you took about Canada. It was very kind indeed, and therefore like yourself; but I am sorry to say it was to no purpose, for it is entirely given up; much against my will, for I was delighted with the idea, and wished excessively to go, but I despair of ever seeing it now.”

“ *London, Feb. 1795.*

“ I believe I told you I should learn Latin before I saw you next, and Shirley\* was a very good place for it; I therefore began soon after I went there; and I have read Cæsar’s Commentaries, Livy, and some volumes of Cicero, amongst which I almost wish the letters to his friends had not been, for they shew his whole character to be so much *put on*, that they have let him down many degrees in my opinion. As to Persian, all my books are at Bath, so that I shall most probably forget the little I knew when I

\* The seat of J— C—, esq; where Miss S— spent some time in the latter part of the year 1794, and much of the following year. To this gentleman, and to his lady who is nearly related to Mr. S—, the family always acknowledge the highest obligations.—See *Mrs. S— to Dr. R—* in the *Appendix.*

saw you last. I have met with neither German nor Spanish books; so that if it were not for Latin, I should be quite in despair. I am very impatient to begin Virgil.

“ *March 11, 1795.* ”

“ I have just finished the second book of the Georgics, and was particularly delighted with the last eighty-four verses. The description of the storm in the first book I think is very fine.”

“ *Shirley, July 28, 1795.* ”

“ I think as you do of Emilia Galotti. Die Räuber I never saw. Indeed I have scarcely read any German or Spanish since I left Bath. I must tell you that I cannot help being quite reconciled to Cicero. I have gone through all that I can find here of his works, and am so fully persuaded that a man who could write as he does, could have no *great* faults, that I must, with your leave, forgive his *little* ones. If you have not yet met with it, only read, as a sample, the first book of his Tusculan disquisitions, ‘ de contemnenda morte,’ and I think you will agree with me, that with the addition of Christianity to confirm his suppositions, and rectify a few mistakes

in them, and the knowledge of the true state of the universe, no doctrine can be more perfect than his; and that half the modern books on the subject might have been spared, had the writers of them, before they began, read this dialogue.

“ I have just finished Clarendon’s History of the Rebellion, which Miss B— long ago desired me to read. It is extremely interesting and instructive. Here is another of her favourites, Spencer, which I once gave up in despair, but which I am very glad I have read, for I am charmed with it, and I think some of the lesser poems are even superior to the Fairy Queen. We have read Mr. Gisborne’s book\* aloud, and all the party was extremely pleased with it.

“ I have got a new Atlas of all the remarkable fixed stars that are visible to us, without the figures. I would shew it to you, if you would meet me on the wings of Pegasus, or any other convenient place you will appoint in the upper regions, for it does not seem probable that we should soon see each other in these below. Have you read Horace yet? Pray do not lose a moment; he is indeed delightful.”

\* On the Duties of Man.

*“ Shirley, October 5, 1795.*

“ I have not seen Gellert.. Oberon I have read, and was much pleased with some parts of it. It is a little in the style of Ariosto. Pray tell Miss — (since she does me the honour to enquire,) that of Spencer’s lesser poems I was most pleased with Astrophel, some of the Eclogues, particularly January and June, and the Hymn in honour of Beauty, which is as well written as if he had studied Lavater. I have just finished Froissard, which, though rather tedious, I found very entertaining, and in a much pleasanter style than most of the modern French writers. Immediately before this great undertaking, I read the Memoirs of Petrarch, which made a very good line of history, containing the whole of the fourteenth century. With this book I was excessively pleased. It is impossible not to love Petrarch, if it were only for crying when his father threw Cicero and Virgil into the fire. He was a passionate admirer of Cicero, and I think a strong resemblance may be traced between their characters, tho’ the circumstances in which they lived were so different. You see in both the same love of glory, the same patriotism, the same high opinion of himself, which he endeavours to conceal from others,

perhaps even from himself, by a cloak of humility. You discover in each an equal warmth of friendship; and I cannot help thinking that if Cicero had met with Laura, or Petrarch been consul in the flourishing times of the Roman Republic, the former would have been the poet, and the latter the orator. I hope I have improved a little in Botany this summer as well as you."

*"March 3, 1796.*

"HAVE you seen Mason's new volume of Poems? There are some very beautiful things in it. I have been feasting lately on German poetry. The Graff von Stolberg; Hölly; Matthison; and a translation of Young. I have been much pleased with Zimmerman's Nationalstoltz. My ears are stunned, and my patience exhausted, by the ridiculous and contradictory reports that are incessantly vociferated on all sides of me. No one can speak or write of anything but the French. If they have not murdered or enslaved our persons, they have at least taken complete possession of our minds, and banished every idea of which they are not the object. As you probably hear as much, and are as tired of them as myself, I will only assure you, that they have not

driven from my brain the idea of you, nor from my heart the tender affection with which I am, &c."

On the 22d of May 1796, Mrs. and Miss S— set out for Ireland, where they stayed only three or four months. The following letter was written the day before Elizabeth left Bath. The dejection expressed in it was occasioned by sorrows of a very different description from the loss of fortune.

*"Bath, May 21.*

" My lazy fit has lasted so long this time, that I dare not venture to make any apology for it, and scarcely should I dare to write again, but that I cannot resolve to quit this island without once more assuring my dear friend, that my esteem and affection are not in the least abated by absence, and that I love her exactly as much as if I had told her so a hundred times over.

" My mother and I set off to-morrow morning for Ireland. Lady —— and Miss —— have sent us a most obliging invitation to their house, and I hope we shall pass a day and a night there. Do you not envy us this visit? If we could carry you and our beloved friend with us, it would be more

than earthly happiness. On the whole I am extremely pleased with the idea of our expedition ; for besides my natural love of rambling, and of seeing and knowing every shing that is worth the trouble, I am weary of the world. To quit it is not in my power; but in leaving England, I shall leave the only world with which I am acquainted, the scene of all our miseries. You never before heard me complain of miseries. I never before had any to complain of. Against this negative pleasure in quitting this country, is to be set the positive pain of leaving some very dear friends; but I seldom see you and Miss B—, and I shall still have the consolation of loving you. I shall leave my K— with great regret, but we must learn to bear it. We are happy in the thoughts of seeing my Father, who has been very uncomfortably situated during the last year. We talk of returning in the autumn, and I am glad it is talked of, because it makes my Mother quit England with less reluctance than she otherwise would; but I strongly suspect that we shall either take up our abode in Ireland, or go abroad wherever the regiment may happen to be ordered ; ‘ but this is written in the book of fate, and no human eye can read it.’ I am grieved at going

from Bath just before you come. I have not seen you these two years, and I may be drowned, I may never return, I may never see you again till 'the life to come.' By the by, have you read Lavater's *Geheime Tagebuck, &c.*? There is in it a quotation from a sermon by his friend Pfenningen, so exactly like your little book, that I wanted you to read it with me. I can give you no account of my studies, but that I have read nothing in the last half year. My Mother and I are going to take leave of our dear Miss B—. I wish you were here to comfort her, she wants it sadly; I hope constantly to hear of her from you. Do not forget me; and be assured whatever changes may happen to me, of fortune, or habitation, my sincere affection for my Mary will never change. Adieu, perhaps for ever!"

The visit at — more than answered the expectation of my friends, and the very obliging manner in which they were received, was highly gratifying to me. I had a letter from Miss S— on this subject, which I particularly regret; but it was destroyed with many others. Mrs. and Miss S— were much pleased with what they saw of Ireland, and very grateful for many civilities received there;

but I have nothing written at that time except the following short letter to Miss H—, written from the county of Sligo.

*“ August 8, 1796.*

“ I have not time to say half what I think and feel in answer to your last letter, my dearest Mary; I will call you so since you like it, though I had forgot that I was ever so impertinent to do it before. I frequently wish for you and our beloved friend, to make you wander through a valley, between mountains tossed together in all the wild and rugged forms imaginable, with an hundred cascades dashing from their summits, and forming a beautiful lake at the bottom; to shew you the fine effects of light and shade on the hills when the sun shines; and when he does not, the clouds hiding their heads, descending half way down them, and sometimes entirely blotting them out of the landscape; then breaking away by degrees, and ascending like smoke. I never before knew so well what Ossian meant by the thick mist of the valley, and the ragged skirts of a cloud as it sails slowly over the dark heath. I often think I see the grey cloud of which his father’s robe is

made. I hope we may meet in the winter; but sometimes I almost despair. However, I shall not be less in one place than another, your tenderly affectionate friend."

Mrs. and Miss S— returned to Bath in October, and my Mother, who was extremely ill, received from them every comfort which friendship could bestow. Elizabeth spent part of the following winter with us. Perhaps the awful scene she then witnessed, might give a peculiarly serious turn to a mind which was always disposed to deep reflection, and fervent piety. The following reflections are taken from her little pocket-books, and were written in 1796 and 1797.

" I find it a very good method to write down my thoughts as they occur, for an idea often strikes me, which, turning to something else, I forget immediately; but considering it as much as is necessary to write it down, makes me more acquainted with the subject, and makes my thoughts more *my own*. For want of some such plan, I see people dreaming away their lives in inactivity of mind, without forming any opinions of their own, till from paying no

attention to their thoughts, they come not to think at all."

" **W**HEN we contemplate the ways of Providence, we are like a person unskilled in painting, who looks at a half-finished picture; he is immediately struck with the want of harmony in the colouring, and the improper disposition of light and shade, and thinks he shews his wisdom by finding faults in the whole plan, and in the execution of every part ; but let him wait till it is finished, and he will then be forced to acknowledge that every stroke has contributed to the beauty of the whole, and that what he considered as defects, now appear the chief beauties of the piece. Perhaps there is none but an artist equal to the painter of the picture, who can, before it is finished, imagine what effect will be produced; unless then we can suppose the creature to be equal to the Creator, and the picture to rise up against the painter, let us not presume to call in question the ordinances of **G**D, but wait till his plans are accomplished, when we shall be convinced that ' whatever is, is right!'

" Is the capacity of man finite? Is **G**D infinite? How can the finite comprehend the infinite?

“ THE pity of the world appears to be very much misplaced ; it is entirely withdrawn from those who have fallen into misfortune through their own fault, and most liberally bestowed on the virtuous unfortunate ; but the virtuous have no need of pity. They never can be miserable, whatever may befall them ; and it is their place to look down with pity on the wicked, whether glorying in the smiles of fortune, or despairing at her frowns.”

“ I do not see that the failure of intellect which we sometimes observe in old people, and in young ones in some cases of sickness, is any argument against the immortality of the soul. We are ignorant how the soul will act after its separation from the body ; but we know that during their union, neither can do any thing without the assistance of the other ; therefore, when the faculties decay, we are not to suppose that the soul is injured, but that the organs, whatever they are, by which it communicates with the body, and by which ideas are presented to it, have sustained some damage. As, if a man become blind, we do not say that his soul is changed, but that the organ by which images were presented to it, is injured ; and accordingly, if

his eyes are cured, the soul is just as able to distinguish objects as ever. In the same manner, the sick person, whose nerves (or whatever it is on which the soul immediately acts) have recovered their tone, is able to think, and speak, and understand, as formerly. The workman is not in fault, but some part of his machine is out of order."

"THE most difficult vice to conquer, is pride; I mean a high idea of our own merits, and a spirit of rebellion. This came in Eve's way; she fell, and perhaps there is not one of her posterity who would not have done the same."

"REASON is the most unreasonable of all things, for without common sense to guide it, it never knows where to stop."

"THE most inconsistent thing in the world is to expect consistency of man, at the same time that we know him to be entirely dependent on circumstances. What we have most earnestly wished, is often proved by events to have been the worst thing that could happen to us. We do, and must, change our opinions according to every circumstance that

occurs, unless we could know all things, and take in the present, past, and future, at a glance."

" IT is surprising how the opinions of the same person change in the course of a few years. It is therefore improving, as well as amusing, to write down the thoughts that occur, in order to look them over after some time, and see in what respects I may have advanced, in what receded, and rectify errors."

" I have no idea of heaping up money, or of any pleasure in saying so much is mine ; it is not mine till I use it. I shall therefore, whenever I have any, lay it out as I find proper occasions ; trusting to that Providence which has never suffered me to want, even when I had no probable means of subsisting, to supply me when I stand in need. Never refuse to give to-day, lest you should want to-morrow."

" How light are all the troubles of this world to those who value every thing it contains according to its real worth ! They may appear insensible to those who reckon by a different standard, but they can bear even this imputation, for they know the value

of human applause. How happy should we be, if we could always *feel*, as we *sometimes think!*”

“ I cannot bear to hear people say, ‘ such a person did me favour, but I have returned it, and am no longer obliged to him.’ If any one does me a favour, without the least expectation or wish of a reward, though it should afterwards be in my power to do ten times more for that person, I can never repay the original obligation, which from its nature does not admit of any recompense, but remains for ever in its full force.”

“ ONE great cause of the republican spirit which prevails at present, appears to have been a false principle in education, that it is necessary to **convince** a child by reason before you expect him to **obey**. Now reason, being the faculty of comparing ideas already presented to the mind, cannot exist in a child, to whom few or no ideas have been **presented**; and no one was ever convinced by the reasoning of another. It is therefore impossible to **convince** him; and if he be suffered to do as he please till he be capable of reasoning, it is a great chance if his understanding be not so warped by the **practice of**

evil, that he mistake it for good; and it is most probable that he may have contracted such a habit of disobedience, as not willingly to submit to the laws of his country, or even to those of his God."

"THE progress of understanding is like learning to play on a musical instrument. Education does not create it, any more than a music-master creates fingers, it only gives us the power of using them rightly. Give an instrument to a person who has never heard music, and who is ignorant of the principles of it, he will probably produce some sound, but it will be discordant and without meaning. This I should suppose the state of a man who has always lived on a desolate island by himself. He will have found the use of his bodily organs, but will scarcely have discovered his mental faculties. On the contrary, a person who has been taught the principles of music, makes himself perfectly acquainted with them by practice, till from playing the music of others, he at length composes new on the same principles; as he learns to use his understanding first by reading and hearing the opinions of others, and then forms his own. Thus the soul and body are reciprocally as the musician and the instrument."

“ I find nothing so effectual in abating self-conceit as to look on people who evidently have quite as high an opinion of themselves in any given respect, as I have, and to see that they are mistaken. It is very possible I may be so too.”

“ It is the fashion now to consider the abilities of women as being on an equality with those of men. I do not deny that there may be many women whose abilities, and still more their powers of conversation, are superior to those of the generality of men; but there never was among women a Milton, a Newton, &c.”

“ THE more talents and good qualities we have received, the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right.”

“ How very narrow are all the limits of the human understanding! Our situation in this world is like that of a person groping about in the dark. Whatever path of science we turn into, we meet with no obstacles that may not easily be surmounted, we flatter ourselves that we have made great discoveries, and think there will be no end of our pro-

gress till we perfectly understand every thing; when on a sudden we knock our heads against the mud walls of our habitation, and are beat back by the blow to the centre of ignorance from whence we set out."

" No event which I thought unfortunate has ever happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not a misfortune, but a blessing. I can never then in reason complain of any thing that happens, because, I am persuaded it is permitted for some good purpose."

" I am surprised, on observing my thoughts, to find how very rarely they are employed in any thing worth thinking about, how seldom they are even common sense. Conscience tells me that a great part of my life is wasted in foolish imaginations and idle dreams."

" We cannot have a more striking proof of the incapacity of man, than the methods he takes to hide from himself his own ignorance. When he meets with any thing in nature which he can neither explain nor understand, he invents a name, by which

he imposes on the world with an appearance of wisdom; and sometimes even fancies himself wise, because he has not acknowledged his ignorance. For instance, we pretend to know what it is that **moves** the planets in their orbits, and we call it **attraction**; though it is plain we are no wiser than if the word had never been used. We meet with a **fossil** of which we cannot account for the formation; a **plant** or an **animal** differing from any we have before **seen**, we say it is a *lusus naturæ*. Some person is affected with a disorder we do not understand, it is immediately said to be nervous. If two or three of our acquaintance are affected in the same **manner**, it is a disorder that goes about, it is in the **air**; though perhaps the **air** has no more to do with it than any of the other elements; and each person, after uttering one of these wise sentences, sits down satisfied that he has completely explained his **subject**,

“ IT is not surprising that so few, so **very few**, geniuses appear in the world, if we consider how many circumstances are necessary to their production: for it is not enough that nature has given a bold and enterprising spirit, capable of the **greatest** undertakings, if the shell it inhabits is **rooted to one**

spot, and compelled to labour for daily bread : it is not enough that she has created a poet, if the mind, full of ardour and enthusiasm, be doomed to plod the dull round of trade. She has in vain bestowed the faculty of deep investigation, and of tracing the hidden causes of things, on one, who, in the constant hurry of action, finds no leisure for meditation ; or given to a woman a spirit of curiosity able to make useful discoveries in every branch of science, which, from a narrow prejudice, must be confined to the affairs of her neighbours. Thus I am persuaded genius often exists, but lies concealed, sometimes even from the possessor of it, for want of occasions to call it forth."

" **T**HEY are most vain, who *say* they have no vanity: for no one ever thought that the want of vanity he boasts of, proceeded from want of merit ; he rather thinks that he excels all mankind in having a mind superior to vanity; and what is this opinion but the summit of vanity?"

" **T**HE greatest misfortune in the world is to have more learning than good sense."

“ **MANY** people find fault with those who study languages, and say they study only words, and forget ideas; but those who do so never will learn any number of languages, for it is totally impossible to remember so great a number of words as is contained in *one* language without affixing ideas to them. The truth is, those who learn languages to any purpose, study ideas *only*, through the medium of words their signs. Unless we clearly understand the sign, we cannot comprehend the thing signified. Those who consider this matter at all, must acknowledge that there are very few words in the English language which have any meaning in English, but that they are chiefly derived from the Saxon, French, Latin, Greek; and those again from the Hebrew, and other Eastern languages. It follows therefore, that those only who understand all those languages, (perhaps many more might be added,) *perfectly* understand English; and those who are acquainted with none of them, speak the words they have learnt from custom, like a parrot, but without clearly understanding the ideas which are meant to be conveyed by them. The study of languages is therefore not only pleasing and profitable for the sake of reading the poetry, and other books which cannot be

translated ; but it gives a much higher relish for the beauties of our own language, by enabling us to feel the force of every expression, which a common reader passes over without observation."

" THOSE who know a little are very anxious to reform every thing ; those who know more, are convinced of the impossibility of compleat reformation, and therefore are inclined to leave every thing as they found it. Those who understand French, or Latin, or German, derive all English words from which ever of those languages they happen to be acquainted with, and endeavour to write and pronounce them accordingly, and certainly our language has suffered much from these pretended reformers. On the contrary, if they were to make themselves acquainted with all the languages above mentioned, they would probably discover that they had been mistaken in many of their etymologies. The English tongue is perhaps more mixed than any other, and its corruptions are chiefly owing to half-learned reformers. This reasoning is applicable to all schemes of *general* reformation. We had better not meddle with what we do not understand ; and if

we put the question *home*, what is it that we *do* understand?"

"IT appears to me probable, that in the original language, all the nouns, and the roots of verbs, (which were the third person singular of the preterite,) were monosyllables, perhaps consisting of not more than two letters; and that from thence the different tenses of the verbs, and the derivations of the nouns, were formed, by the addition of a letter before or after. The confusion at Babel might consist in some men's being deprived of the power of pronouncing certain letters."

"FROM the little information I can collect by tracing languages towards their source, it appears probable that when the inhabitants of the earth quarrelled at Babel, and dispersed in consequence, Ham turned, as is generally allowed, towards Africa, where Egypt was afterwards called by his name, and by that of his son Misraim. Shem remained in the western parts of Asia, and spread from thence over Europe. This opinion is founded on the very strong traces of the Persian language which yet remain in the Celtic and all European tongues, not

excepting Greek and Latin ; though the modern Persian, with which I compare them, is itself derived from the Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia, which probably had a much greater affinity with the Celtic. Noah says, in the 9th chapter of Genesis, ‘ May God extend Japhet, and may he inherit the tents of Shem.’ In the 10th chapter it is said, that the islands were peopled by the descendants of Japhet. From these circumstances I conclude that the family of Japhet went eastward from Babel, till, coming to the sea, some went over it to the islands within sight, which form the Eastern Archipelago; and others followed the coast northwards, till they came to some point from whence they could see America. Thither some of them went; while others spread themselves westward, and these people I take to be the barbarians of the north, who afterwards over-ran all Europe, and who were the same as the wandering Tartars, their brethren, now are. Thus the prophecy is fulfilled, for Japhet is indeed extended, and at this day inhabits the tents of Shem all over Europe. This theory seems to me to derive great force from the similarity of manners between the wandering tribes of the north, the Tartars, and the Americans ; for

though some nations of America, from a long residence in one place, have acquired a degree of civilization, yet there is always a tradition of their having been in a wild state. It is reasonable to suppose the descendants of Japhet, in constantly travelling about, would lose all the knowledge they had gained from Noah, except such as was absolutely necessary for their subsistence. We find the descendants of Shem alone, who remained nearly stationary, and the Egyptians and Chinese who settled soon after they left Babel, had leisure to cultivate the sciences before the elements of them were lost. From my ignorance of the Chinese language, I am at a loss to determine whether the inhabitants of China are descended from Shem or Japhet; the position of the country would incline one to believe the latter, though their manners, so unlike their Tartar neighbours, seem to contradict it; yet this objection may be done away, by supposing them to settle immediately after the dispersion, which appears probable from their reckoning the cycle of sixty years from a period so remote as 2377 B. C, which answers exactly to the building of Babel. Their language consists entirely of monosyllables, which, with their known dislike of innovation in every thing, inclines

me to think that it may perhaps differ less than any other from the original language, or at least from that of Noah."

" We laugh at Erostratus for setting fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that his name might be remembered; but however ridiculous and foolish his ambition might be, it was the same which has always influenced and annoyed mankind. Even so early as an hundred years after the deluge, we have a great instance of it recorded, in all men's joining in building the tower of Babel, ' to make themselves a name.' Since that time to what end has Alexander, and all the other conquerors of antiquity, waded through blood, if not to be talked of, and that their names might be remembered? Even amongst those we call barbarians, the warrior rushes headlong into danger, that the song of the Bard may rise in his praise, and his deeds of valour be remembered. Nor is the mischief of this passion confined to blood-shed. Men will overturn all the principles of the world, and publish the most extravagant doctrines, merely to be talked of. It is surely impossible that Hume could believe his own system; he was only voracious of literary fame. The same might be said

of Voltaire and his associates. It was the vanity of advancing something new, and making a revolution in the opinions of men, which prompted them in their writings. The passion was given to excite us to good deeds; but when men have no disposition to distinguish themselves by what is *good*, they fix on some splendid *evil*, which will be the most universally felt, and consequently the most talked of. To this cause must in a great measure be attributed the variety of opinions which exist in the world on every subject; some of them so very absurd that it is impossible to suppose their authors could believe in them. Perhaps he thinks himself the cleverest man who can persuade the world to believe the most improbable fiction."

What I have here transcribed, and much that is irrecoverably lost; the acquisitions in science which I have endeavoured to trace out, as well as the virtues, to which I should in vain endeavour to do justice, were comprised in the short period of a life not yet extended beyond the twenty-first year; and many of those years were spent without a home, and without a library, and under the pressure of

afflictions, which, however nobly supported, 'taught even youth and innocence to mourn.' Such was the life, which, when compared with the standard of perfection at which she aimed, appeared in her own eyes to call for the reflections that conclude the little book I have just transcribed, and which are dated January 1, 1798.

" BEING now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected;—when I imagine what with those advantages I ought to be, and find myself what I am;—I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of GOD be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of CHRIST; to be content while my trial

lasts, and when it is finished to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations, May God grant me strength to keep them!"\*

In the summer of the year 1798, Miss S— was with her family at Conway, from whence the two next letters were written to Miss H—.

*" Conway, May 26, 1798. .*

" We are all very well and very comfortable now, remembering our friends only as we ought, and as I trust we always shall. I wish I were sure that you

\* Of this paper Mrs. S— says, " I firmly believe this prayer was accepted, for I do not recollect any instance in which she could justly be accused of either indolence or thoughtlessness, except on the subject of her health; on that point she trusted too much to the strength of a naturally good constitution; and had so little confidence in human skill, that she neglected such means in the commencement of her last illness, as in all probability would have removed it."

are equally comfortable, but knowing your contented disposition, I am inclined to think you are. I think I am content; and yet to be sure I should like to have you here, and explore with you all the dark winding passages and broken stair-cases of this beautiful Castle. There is one of the towers that would make the nicest dwelling in the world. I am sure you would wish to inhabit it. It stands on a rock overhanging the river, which is more properly an arm of the sea, and commands the finest view imaginable. It consists of three circular rooms one over the other; in the second of which there is a semi-circular niche with a beautiful roof of groined arches, supported by pillars, with a seat all round, capable of containing five or six people, and three windows looking on the river and its beautiful banks. To all this fairy castle, there is nothing wanting but the possibility of getting at it, for the timbers are entirely gone, and I pine in vain to get into the little niche. It certainly would be very *snug*, filled exactly as one would wish; but any place would do, so filled, therefore let us be content at the foot of the Tower.

“ I am glad our dear Miss B— is so happy at *her* Tower. We have so quick communication with

her, that it scarcely seems as if we were separated. Perhaps we are preparing by degrees for a more lasting separation from all our friends; but our fate is still uncertain. We must make the best of the present, and let the future shift for itself. I never felt such hot weather in May as we have here; but the air is uncommonly soft as well as clear, and in the evenings we take delightful walks, and find great use for our sketch-books. There is another circumstance that would please you, we meet with a great variety of beautiful plants; particularly, the little burnet rose grows in tufts on the mountains, in the marshes, and almost every where. We find here, indeed, every thing we wish for, except a few old friends. Our books are not arrived, but that is no misfortune, for I never find time to read. You will wonder what we do, and really I cannot very well tell, except rambling about to take views, and finishing them a little when we return home. I did flatter myself that here I should find time for every thing, but either I am a very bad contriver, or time does not stand still on any spot of the earth. If any one can catch him, I think it must be *you*, and I am certain you will make the best use of his company."

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"Conway, July 10, 1798.

"We are grown such vagrants that it is not without many fruitless efforts that I sit down to write, even to you. I believe you will not doubt that my inclination makes that a lighter task than if I were addressing myself to any one else; but I am afraid, if we stay much longer amongst these delightful scenes, I shall grow completely and irrecoverably idle. It is not so with you, I dare say; you are studying hard, and enjoying peace, quietness, and leisure, in your comfortable little retreat. I believe I should envy you, if I were not where I am. I often recollect how we all *groaned* together at Bath, at the idea of the unpleasant summer we expected to pass in our different lots; and comparing that idea with the happiness we actually enjoy, (of which from our want of confidence we were so particularly undeserving,) I determine never again to be *anxious* about any thing; persuaded that all events are much better disposed than if *I* had the management of them. You will think I am beginning to philosophise, because there is nothing at present to disturb me; but indeed I expect a very great misfortune. I will not think of it beforehand,

nor complain if it happen ; this is all my philosophy can do.

“ And now you must mount your old friend Pegasus, and go with me to the top of Snowdon to adore the rising sun. If you think your steed will not be tired, you may as well meet me at Caernarvon at five o’clock in the evening of the seventh of last month. You know, present, past, and future, are all one to your *nine friends*. Meet me there at Caernarvon, go with me into the Castle, ramble with me through dark passages without end or number, many more than I had time to go into, for they are galleries leading all round the walls, and round every tower, lighted only by small-slits, in a wall twelve feet thick, for shooting arrows ; so that many hundred soldiers might be employed in defending this castle, and be visible neither without nor within. Ascend with me the Eagle Tower, and count if you can the number of steps, for indeed I forgot to reckon, and having no book of travels from which to extract a journal, I cannot tell you. Hear Mr. C—, the barber, our *cicerone*, very learnedly refute the opinion of Mr. Pennant, that Edward II. was born in a little dark shabby room in the tower, and establish his own,—that that

event certainly took place in the large circular room on the first floor; acknowledging at the same time that the nurse might possibly retire occasionally with the child into Mr. Pennant's room. Come on into another little room, and if you chuse to be remembered amongst fools, write your name upon the planks which still remain. Hear a long account from Mr. C—, of a boy being let down to the bottom of one of the towers, where there is water, to fetch up a dog that had been thrown there, and discovering an iron grate, through which he saw a subterraneous passage never yet explored; and hury away from the Castle, wishing to spend days and weeks in examining it.

“ *July 12.*—I find myself so idle, and my travels so much more tedious in the recital than in the performance, that if I go on giving you a particular account I shall never finish. I will therefore tell you the rest of our adventures as briefly as possible. Quitting the castle we took a most delightful walk beside the river on which it stands, to observe the outside of the building, which, as beauty is but comparative, I being of the sect of the Conwayites, do not admire. We returned to the Inn;—I suppose you are aware that *we* means my Mother, Mrs.

G. S—, and I, who set out together from Conway at nine the same morning ;—well; we returned to the Inn, and eat an enormous supper. You know travellers always tell you how much they eat, but I in compassion will spare you the description of every dish, and how much was paid for it, because I have forgotten both; however this supper is not mentioned in vain, for indeed it was not eaten in vain. As soon as we had accomplished it, we set off (about eleven at night) for the foot of Snowdon, and travelled eight miles through a fine mountainous country by moonlight. Before one we arrived at a little hut where the guide lives, and after having him called up and loaded with a basket of bread and milk, and a tin box for specimens, we began our march at a quarter past one. The clouds were gathering over the mountains, and threatening us with either darkness or rain. We however escaped both, and were only amused with every variety they could give the landscape, by hiding, or half obscuring the moon, and by blotting out, now one mountain, and now another, from our view; till about two o'clock, when the dawn began to appear, they covered the moon, and we saw her no more. We proceeded by a very easy ascent over boggy ground till half-past

two, when coming suddenly to the top of the first range of hills, and meeting with a violent wind which blew from the quarter where the sun was to rise; (for we ascended the mountain on the south-west side,) Mrs. G. S— was frightened, and seeing a very steep ascent before her, said she would sit down and wait for our return. My Mother said she would stay with her, and I proposed our all going back together; but my Mother very kindly insisted on my proceeding. We therefore divided provisions, the ladies returned to the hut from which we had set out, and I went on with the guide, who could not speak a word of English. We steered our course more towards the south, and toiled up several mountains, in some parts covered with loose stones which had fallen from the broken summits, but in general overgrown with different sorts of moss, and a kind of short grass, mixed with immense quantities of the *Gallium pusillum*. I picked up a few other plants, but on the whole was disappointed in the botanical way, as I found very little that I had not before met with on the mountains in this neighbourhood; however, this is not the time of the year for mountain curiosities. I went on as fast as I could, without stopping, except now

and then for a moment to look down on the mountains under my feet, as clouds passed over them, thinking each summit I saw before me was the last, and unable to gain any information from the guide to satisfy my impatience; for I wished to be at the top before sun-rise, and pink clouds began to appear over the steep I was climbing. I also knew that the Ladies would be very impatient for my return, nor was I without anxiety on their account, as I was not sure that they would find their way back to the hut. These ideas occupied my mind all the way up, and if that deceitful but comforting lady—*Hope*, had not continually presented to me the range of hills I was ascending as the last step in ambition's ladder, I am not sure that, with all my eagerness to get to the top, I should not have turned back. I was debating this point very earnestly with myself, in ascending an almost perpendicular green slope, when on a sudden I saw at my feet an immense chasm, all in darkness, and of a depth I cannot guess, certainly not less than an hundred feet; I should suppose much more. It answers in some respects to the idea I have formed of the crater of a volcano, but evidently is not that, as there is no mark of fire, the rock being composed, as it is in

general throughout this country, of a sort of slate. Nor does the mountain appear to have been thrown down, but the pit to have sunk in; which must probably have been occasioned by subterranean waters, as there is water at the bottom of the pit, and the mountain is full of springs. You think you are now at the top, but you are mistaken. I am standing indeed at the top of the abyss, but with a high rocky peak rising on each side of me, and descending very near perpendicularly into the lake at the bottom. I have taken a rough sketch of one of these peaks, with the lake in the deepest shadow; I am turning over my paper, (which the wind renders very difficult,) in order to draw another;—I look up, and see the upper part illuminated by a beautiful rose-coloured light, while the opposite part still casts a dark shade over its base, and conceals the sun itself from my view. If I were ready to jump into the pit with delight at first seeing it, my ecstacy now was still greater. The guide seemed quite delighted to see me so much pleased, and took care in descending to lead me to the edge of every precipice which he had not done in going up. I however presently recollect that I was in a great hurry to get back, and set off along the brink of the cavity for the

highest peak, where I arrived at a quarter past four, and saw a view of which it is impossible to form an idea from description. For many miles around it was composed of tops of mountains, of all the various forms that can be imagined; some appeared swimming in an ocean of vapour; on others the clouds lay like a cap of snow, appearing as soft as down. They were all far below Snowdon, and I was enjoying the finest blue sky, and the purest air I ever breathed. The whole prospect was bounded by the sea, except to the east and south-east, and the greatest part of the land in those points was blotted out by clouds. The sun, however, rose so far towards the north-east as to be still hanging over the sea. I took a sketch of a small part of the mountains, with some of the little lakes which appear at their feet; sat down, for the first time, on a circle of stones which is built on the top of the hill, and made great havoc in the bread and milk, in which accomplishment the guide equalled, if not surpassed me; and at half-past four, almost frozen, I began to descend. My anxiety about my friends increased as I came near the spot where I had left them; I made all possible haste; and found them safe in the hut at ten minutes past six. It certainly would have been pleasanter

to have had more time, and some one to enjoy the expedition with me, but I am delighted that I have been, and would not for any thing give up the recollection of the sublime scene. We got into the carriage immediately, and went four miles further to breakfast at a little village, from whence we walked to the Devil's-Bridge, which is fine almost beyond imagination; returned to Caernarvon to dinner, walked about there in the evening, and went to bed after *thirty-nine hours* of almost constant exercise. After this I think you will not take the trouble to enquire after my health; it must be tolerably good. I intended writing a very short letter, but recollecting you would perhaps like some news from Snowdon, I have been led on till I fear your patience is exhausted, though I have suppressed at least half of what I wish to say."

Miss H— had sent the preceding letter to our mutual friend Mrs. De Luc; and Miss S— heard that it had been mentioned with approbation by an illustrious lady, to whom Mrs. De Luc had read it. This circumstance will explain the next letter.

*“ Shirley, March 25, 1799.*

“ **UNWORTHY** as you are of a line from my pen, I should be very glad of a few from your’s, and therefore must condescend to ask for them; trusting to the insipidity of all I have to say, that my letter will not be put in the trumpet of fame, and blown to the four quarters of the world; for ill as you use your friends, I believe you have still sufficient regard for a certain M— H—, not to publish that she is the most treacherous of human beings; and that she as much deserves to be taken up for treason as any of his Majesty’s disloyal subjects. Now having vented my anger, I have nothing more to say, but that I should be very glad to hear from you.

“ I have got—I will not tell you what; a little, a very little book\* always in my pocket. Mr. C— has given it me. It is two books bound in one, and contains a vast deal of wisdom; but you are a *blab*, and shall know no more.

“ If you want to consult the Syriac translation of the New Testament upon any particular passage, let me know. Mr. C— has a very fine one, printed in Hebrew characters, and the language is so very

\* *Sententiae Rabbinorum.*

like the Hebrew, and where it differs from that, so like the Arabic, that I can read it very well."

" *May 7, 1799.*

" I suppose you conclude that I *am* ' afraid of being tired with your answers;' but philosophers sometimes draw false conclusions, and this is one of them. I cannot enter into all the reasons for not writing sooner. It is enough that here I am,—while Mercury is vainly trying to get the better of Apollo,—here I am writing to you, instead of watching their conflict. It is true I have no very great merit in my forbearance, because I cannot see through the veil with which they have chosen to conceal themselves; therefore be not too vain in fancying I prefer your company to theirs. I imagine you are at this moment visiting your neighbour, Dr. Herschell, and I desire you will communicate to me in this nether world all the information you collect in your nocturnal, as well as diurnal, peregrinations to the heavens. I shall envy,—no I will not say envy you, but I should like to go with you, as I should have liked to have had you with me in some of my late amusements, such as seeing the British Mu-

seum, pictures and statues without end, and some very curious pieces of mechanism.

“ I have just received an invitation to go and look at the Gods through a good telescope.—All in vain! I fancy we have been *humbugged*. I have seen the sun as flat as a trencher; but not a bit of Mercury. Do tell me, if it ought to be seen to-day; and if it ought, what is the matter with our eyes.”

“ In town I have been reading two volumes of Sully’s Memoirs, with which I am delighted, and which I mean to finish the next time I can meet with it. Since I came back, I have been reading Cicero’s letters to Atticus. I cannot say that I understand every part of them, on account of many allusions to circumstances of the times, but with many parts I am much pleased.”

In the summer of the year 1799, Mrs. S— and all her family removed to Ireland, where Captain S—’s regiment was still quartered. During their residence in that hospitable country, they received much kind attention, which they always mention with the warmest expressions of gratitude. The following elegant poem, which was addressed to

Mrs. S—, when the family left Ballitore in 1800, to reside at Patterdale, will shew the impression their characters and conduct had made on the amiable and ingenuous writer:

Soft o'er the vale of Ballitore  
 The gale of peace was wont to blow;  
 Till discord rais'd her direful horn,  
 And fill'd the shades with sounds of woe.

THE blood-stain'd earth, the warlike bands,  
 Our trembling natives saw with dread;  
 Dejected labour left her toil,  
 And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

But see, th' avenging sword is sheath'd,  
 And mercy's voice is heard at last.—  
 How sweet beside the winter's fire,  
 To ponder on the perils past!

Ah! think not yet your trials o'er;  
 From yonder mountain's hollow side  
 The fierce Banditti issue forth,  
 When darkness spreads her curtain wide.

With murd'rous arms and haggard eyes,  
 The social joys away they fright;  
 Sad expectation clouds the day,  
 And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the vale,  
 At distance prowl the ruffian band.—  
 Oh, Confidence! thou dearer guard,  
 Why hast thou left this luckless land?

We droop and mourn o'er many a joy,  
 O'er many a friend to dust consign'd ;—  
 But ev'ry comfort is not fled,—  
 Behold another friend we find.

Lo, Juliet comes to grace the plain,  
 And friendship claims the precious prize;  
 She grants the claim, nor does her heart  
 The children of the vale despise.

Though polish'd life, with every charm,  
 To her its brilliant scenes display'd;  
 Though form'd to ornament a court,  
 She deigns to dignify the shade.

But shades more worthy of the guest  
 From us this precious prize require;  
 Guiltless of blood, with quiet blest,  
 Where truth's own bard attunes his lyre.\*

Where Clarkson for the helpless pleads,  
 Where nature's charms majestic rise;  
 And broad Ullswater's beauteous lake  
 Gives back the mountains, woods, and skies.

\* Thomas Wilkinson.

There, Juliet, may thy lovely maids  
 Their pencil's wond'rous art employ;  
 While each acquirement gives the pow'r  
 To increase their tender parent's joy.

Unknown to dissipated minds  
 The joys their gentle bosoms know ;  
 'Tis theirs to turn the classic page,  
 'Tis theirs to melt at others' woe.

And there, releas'd from war's alarms,  
 May thy lov'd lord delighted rove ;  
 And lay the radiant scarf aside,  
 Dear pledge of Juliet's anxious love !

Like the bright dames of ancient days,  
 She fram'd the web of crimson stain ;  
 To grace her hero's form, or bear  
 Her hero wounded from the plain.

And still dispensing kindness round,  
 The happy household shall unite ;  
 While from amid surrounding bow'r  
 Their virtues beam with native light.

And in their joys we still shall joy,  
 While fancy views their dear retreat ;  
 Though Juliet's eye, and Juliet's smile,  
 No more our gladden'd sight shall meet.

What though the tender tear shall start,  
 And soft regret the sigh shall send ;  
 Yet shall our conscious hearts exult  
 In the rich gift of such a friend !\*

I will here insert some productions, of which I cannot exactly ascertain the date, but which were certainly written before the removal to Ireland. The imitation of Ossian was probably written at a much earlier period; as her partiality for the Highland Bard was not quite so great after she became acquainted with the learned languages as it had been in her childhood; though she never believed that the work was entirely modern, and was very desirous to read the Poems published by Dr. Smith in the original language, but the want of a grammar prevented her making much progress. When she was in Ireland, she endeavoured to collect traditional accounts of the Heroes of Morven and Erin, and always mentioned with pleasure any circumstances which appeared to prove the antiquity of the poems.

\* The author of these lines, a Quaker, is now publishing by subscription, " Poems, by Mary Leadbeater, (late Shackleton,) of Ballitore, including a translation of *Maffæus's* 13th *Aeneid*."

*Imitation of Ossian.*

“IT is the voice of woe,” I cried, as our bark was tossing on the foaming wave; “it is the voice of woe, O Finan; I hear it at times in the blast; it shrieks from yonder rock. Now the storm is somewhat abated, let us take our oars, and try to reach the shore. Perhaps there is some one, more wretched than we, to whom we may bring comfort; and will not that be comfort to ourselves, son of Derog?”

“We can bring no comfort there, O Luno,” answered Finan, “’tis the land of departed spirits. I see the dim forms of our fathers, sailing in their grey robes of mist across the mountains. They beckon us to approach, they shriek our welcome, for full well they know the ocean soon will bear us to that land of darkness; we shall never more behold our lov’d, our lonely Kilda. Our wives look out from the rocks, the fair Malvina, and the raven-hair’d Edilda; they think they see a distant sail, joy sparkles in their eyes; it was but a passing cloud. They look silent and mournful on each other, they slowly return to their children. O Luno, let us not rashly urge our fate; it is rapture to think yet a moment on Kilda.” “Does Finan fear to die? I

said; ‘Finan, the bravest among heroes; he who was first to climb the rock, and seek the sea-fowl’s nest; he who was foremost in the fight; does he weep and tremble, when summoned to the hall of his fathers? When the valiant Derog advances to welcome his champion, shall he meet the groveling soul of a little man?’ Finan spoke not, he raised his oar; I took up mine, we rowed till we reached the shore. The voice of mourning had ceased; there was no sound from the cave of the rock. We wandered on the beach to seek the habitations of men. In the cave of the rock sate a woman, beautiful as the dawn of the morning to the benighted traveller, but her form was wasted with sorrow; she was like the young rose of the mountain which the deer has torn up by the roots; it is still lovely, but its strength has failed. Her head was leaning on her hand, she saw not our approach. On her knees lay a young child, at her feet a youth like the sons of heroes. We gazed a moment in silence; at length I spake. ‘Daughter of sorrow, tell thy grief; we too have known misfortune, and learnt to pity the distressed.’ She raised her head, she gazed with wild surprize. “ Sons of the Ocean,” she replied, “ I have no sorrow now. My child is dead, and I shall follow

him. 'Ere the dark dews of evening fall, I shall meet thee, my child, in the airy hall of my fathers.' Her head sunk again on her hand in silence. ' Yet tell us, lovely mourner,' I said, ' tell us, what land is this, for we come from far, tossed by the tempest from the lonely Kilda.' ' Strangers,' she replied, ' have ye never heard of Rona? Rona, whose fame spread wide as the light of day. Her sons were generous and brave, her fields were fruitful in corn, her hills were covered with sheep. Then was the stranger welcome to the feast. Five families dwelt on our plains; their chief was my father, the valiant Cormac, whose presence was like sun-shine to his guests. Oft have I heard the voice of joy resound in his hall, and seen the beam of gratitude in the eye of the ship-wrecked mariner. But now famine has wasted our island, and there is nothing left to give the weary traveller.' ' Surely,' I cried, ' the hand of the liberal should ever be filled with plenty; happiness should dwell in his habitation, and his children should never taste of sorrow. Or if the tear hang on their cheek for a moment, the hand of pity should be near to wipe it away, and to restore the smile of gladness. Then why is the daughter of Cormac left desolate? Why does the child of the

generous suffer want?" "Because she chose riches rather than virtue," replied the lovely mourner; "yet has she not been unpitied; but that pity, like yon coloured bow which makes the dark cloud seem still darker, made her folly more apparent, and tore her heart with anguish. Oh! son of other lands, I will tell thee my sad tale, though the remembrance be painful to my soul. Then wilt thou see that the daughter of Cormac has not suffered unjustly.—Two youths sought the hand of Evirallin, only daughter of the generous Cormac. Dermod was rich, for his house was well stored with corn, three cows gave him their milk, and twenty sheep grazed for him on the mountain. The store of Mordred was small; yet was he richer than Dermod, for he had a noble soul. But I chose Dermod with his flocks and herds; for I said, the wife of Dermod never can know want; pleasure will always attend her call, she has only to wish, and be satisfied. 'Twas when the eve was lengthened out almost to meet the dawn, and the sun set far to the north, that I became the spouse of Dermod. The soul of Mordred was sad.—The crop which then looked green, was blasted ere the harvest; it gave us not three months food. In the spring the sea-weed failed on the coast; the cattle

died of hunger. Then was Dermod equalled with the poorest. Our neighbours died around us. We divided the last scanty meal; then wandered different ways to seek for herbs and roots, or rather, not to see each other die. As I mused on the top of a rock, Mordred came up with a little cake. ‘ Eat,’ he cried, ‘ Evirallin; preserve thy life and that of thy child. While yet there was corn, I was sparing; I have still enough for many days. Perhaps ere that is gone, some friendly bark may bring us aid.’ The tear of gratitude was on my cheek, but I could not thank the generous Mordred. Scarce had I tasted the food, when Dermod came with haste; he tore the cake from my hand, ere I could give him half, and eagerly devoured it. Mordred, seized with rage, struck him to the ground, and he fell headlong from the rock; the dark wave received him, and he rose no more. We both stood speechless for a moment, then Mordred rushed forward to follow him, but I seized his arm. “ O Mordred,” I cried, “ leave me not desolate. There is none left alive but thee, and me, and this little babe. We all shall perish soon, but let not me be the last. Leave me not like the wounded sea-mew, whom her companions have abandoned, to sit complaining on the desert

rock!"—The heart of Mordred was moved; he walked slow and silent away. Each day did he bring me a little cake. When I begged him to eat, he would not; he said, 'I have eaten before.' This day he came before the accustomed time, he brought this little cake. 'Take it,' he cried, 'Evirallin; it is the last. I came sooner than usual, for I felt that I could not live. I have never tasted food since the day that I killed Dermod.' He sunk down at my feet. In vain I tried to restore him; the noble spirit fled! Then did I pour out my grief; I mourned my own hard fate, and I gave his praise to the winds. The son of the rock repeated it, there was none else to hear. But I remembered my child, which lay on the matted sea-weed. I returned—it was dead! Then were my cares at an end; I sat down to wait for death, which will, ere long, relieve me. Yet, stranger, ere I go, receive this little cake; 'tis all the wretched Evirallin has to give. I could not eat it; 'twere like eating the flesh of Mordred!"—She ceased; she was faint; two hours I supported her head. Finan wept over Mordred. At length I felt her hand; it was cold and lifeless. We made a grave beneath the hanging rock. We laid the fair Evirallin in the narrow house, and Mordred and the

child beside her. We reared these grey stones, at their heads, to mark the spot to future wanderers of the ocean. The last ray of the setting sun look'd on the new-made grave !”

I do not know when the following reflections were written, but the idea was probably suggested by the German poem quoted in a letter to Miss H—, dated April 7, 1794.—*See page 29.*

“ **R**EASON and **R**evelation, the two lights which the **A**LMIGHTY has given us to dispel the darkness of ignorance, and guide us to the knowledge of truth, may be aptly compared to the two lights He has placed to dispel the darkness of the natural world, and lead us to an acquaintance with the visible objects that surround us.

“ As the sun is the grand instrument by which light is dispensed to the whole earth, and so resplendent that all other lights may be accounted darkness in comparison;—so revelation is the instrument by which knowledge is communicated, and so much does it exceed all other evidence in strength, that it alone deserves the name of knowledge.

“ As the moon shines with lustre borrowed from the sun, and witnesses his existence even in his absence, by reflecting a light which she could not have received but from him;—so reason shines with the reflected lustre of revelation, and witnesses its truth, even where, at first sight, it seems never to have existed, by presenting ideas which the mind of man could not have formed, and which therefore must have been originally received from revelation.

“ As the sun diffuses not only light, but vivifying heat, and may properly be called the animating principle of nature;—so revelation diffuses not merely speculative knowledge, but that which leads to everlasting life, and may be said to re-animate the soul.

“ The moon gives no heat; neither will reason ever lead us to life eternal.

“ The sun shines in vain for whatever is not exposed to its light and heat; and revelation has been given in vain for those who will not receive its influences.

“ As the moon is not annihilated by the presence of the sun, but only lost in the superior splendour of his beams;—so reason is not contradicted by revelation, but lost in the superior blaze of evidence.

“ The sun is too dazzling for our unassisted eyes to behold; and revelation is too glorious for our weak faculties fully to comprehend.

“ The light of the moon is faint and dubious; and the light of reason is but an uncertain guide.

“ The scriptures plainly point to the analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds, in numberless instances; as, when the moon is called ‘ the faithful witness in heaven;’ CHRIST is called ‘ the sun of righteousness,’ ‘ the light of the world,’ &c.”

#### SONG FROM AFAR.

*Translated from a German Poem by Matthiessen.*

“ WHEN in the last faint light of ev’ning  
 A smiling form glides softly by,  
 A gentle sigh its bosom heaving,  
 While thou in oaken grove dost lie;  
 It is the spirit of thy friend,  
 Which whispers—“ All thy cares shall end.”

“ When in the mild moon’s peaceful twilight  
 Foreboding thoughts and dreams arise,  
 And at the solemn hour of midnight  
 Paint fairy scenes before thine eyes;  
 The poplars give a rustling sound,—  
 It is my spirit hovers round.

“ When, deep in fields of ancient story,  
 Thou hang’st enraptur’d o’er the page  
 That gives and takes the meed of glory,—  
 Feel’st thou a breath that fans thy rage?  
 And does the trembling torch burn pale?—  
 My spirit drinks with thine the tale.

“ Hear’st thou, when silver stars are shining,  
 A sound as Eol’s harp divine,  
 Now the wild wind full chords combining,  
 Now softly murmur’ring—“ Ever thine !”  
 Then careless sleep,—to guard thy peace,  
 My watchful spirit ne’er shall cease.”

*Observations in North-Wales, probably  
 written at Conway.*

“ SNOWDON, Penman-Mawr, and indeed all the mountains I have examined in Caernarvonshire, are composed of Schistus, the laminæ of which, where they are found in a state of rest, appear generally to rise towards the south-west. In some of the rocks these laminæ are intersected at right angles by veins of gypsum. The mountains are perishing fast, owing to the position of the strata. In winter the rain lodges in the intersections of the stone, and by its expansive force in freezing blows off immense

masses; so that the surface of many of the mountains, particularly of Penman-Mawr, is nothing but a confused heap of loose stones of all possible dimensions. The peaks have disappeared, and are only to be traced by rocks lying confusedly on the tops of mountains, where they evidently must formerly have stood erect. Grand as this country is, it is but the ruin of its former grandeur. I find no marine productions amongst these mountains, and indeed their rough and shaggy forms place them in the rank of primary mountains. Neither have I found any traces of volcanos. What at first sight might appear most like one, is the immense pit at the top of Snowdon; but the stones are untouched by fire, and the cavity seems to have been occasioned by water in the heart of the mountain undermining its centre; while the peaks, more perfect than any I have seen, though covered with ruins, stand round staring at each other, and at the lake newly formed at their feet, as if they wondered at being exposed to the prying eye of day. Vegetation does not cease at the top of Snowdon: several sorts of moss, and lichen, a kind of short grass, the *gallium pusillum*, and a little thyme, grow even to the summit.

“ It is a custom in this country that all those who attend at a funeral give money to the clergyman, proportionate to their rank and fortune, and that of the deceased.

“ On Whit-Monday, all the country people must be up at three or four o'clock in the morning to keep holiday, on pain of being pulled out of bed and put in the stocks by their companions.

“ On Christmas-Day, prayers are read in the Churches at four in the morning, and six in the evening. The church is very handsomely illuminated; and the people eat gingerbread, drink, and behave very riotously, even during the service.

“ What is the meaning of these customs ? ”

In her letters to Dr. R—,\* Mrs. S— alludes to some reflections on the applause of the world, which were probably written at a earlier period of Miss S—'s life. “ I have known some very good people maintain in theory, and almost all in practice, that we ought to endeavour to gain the good opinion of others. It strikes me so far otherwise, that I should

\* See Appendix.

think it wrong to stir my finger *on purpose* to gain the good opinion of the whole world. Not that I despise it; I consider the esteem of the wise and good as a treasure which I should be glad to obtain; but to obtain by being really worthy of it, not by any little fraudulent arts exercised on purpose to catch it. To be better thought of than I deserve, is always a reproach; but the consciousness of having gained that high opinion by appearing in any respect better than I really am, would be to me as insupportable as that of having forged a bank-note. In either case I should have made something pass for more than it was worth; I should expect the fraud to be sometime or other discovered; and if not, I could not enjoy what I had no right to possess. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to guard against than the desire of being admired, but I am convinced that it ought never to be the motive for the most trifling action. We should do right, because it is the will of God; if the good opinion of others follow our good conduct, we should receive it thankfully, as a valuable part of our reward; if not, we should be content without it." — These sentiments are certainly highly characteristic of the writer, for no human being, as Mrs. S— observes,

A complete Analysis of Homer's Odyssey.

Extracts from Quintus Curtius.

Extracts from Maurice's History of Indostan.

Extracts from Bruce's Travels.

Thirteen folio pages, closely written, containing near a thousand words, written in Hebrew and Persic, to shew the resemblances between those languages.

A great number of Greek words with their signification.

A collection of Welsh words.

A collection of words from Africa,—Mandingo, Foulah, Zangay, &c.

Explanation of many of the proper names in Scripture.

A collection of words from the Chinese.

Explanation of the names of many stars, with their titles in Arabic; and other papers in that language.

Extracts from Bartholinus, in the Icelandish language.

An abstract of the contents of the Edda, &c. &c.

To account for the trouble which Miss S— took in collecting so many words in different languages, and making so many extracts from books, it must be recollected that she was often without a home, and deprived of the assistance of dictionaries; and that the books from which she derived so much pleasure and improvement were not her own, and perhaps for a short time only accessible to her.

After Mrs. S— returned from Ireland, she resided during some months at Patterdale, by the Lake

of Ullswater, from whence the following little Poem, written by Miss S—, was sent by her and her sister, with a very elegant Irish Poplin, to a friend, whose services, though not her affection, they always greatly over-rated.

“ *Patterdale, Dec. 8, 1800.* ”

“ WERE India’s choicest treasures ours,  
And did we give them all to thee;  
Yet could not that be call’d a gift,  
Which would not set the debtors free.

“ For more than worlds to thee we owe,  
Who still hast prov’d our kindest friend;  
Then add one favour to the past,  
To take the trifles we can send.

“ To purchase pleasures for ourselves  
Thy bounteous hand a store supply’d;  
The little part we thus employ  
Has bought us *more* than all beside.”

E. S. and C. S.”

From Patterdale, Elizabeth writes thus to Miss H—.

“ *March 22, 1801.* ”

“ You have perhaps heard of the little farm purchased, and the house hired at C—, where we

are to be planted in May. In the mean time we vegetate in a very beautiful country; but this is not the season for enjoying it, and other enjoyments we certainly have none; but we look forward to the land of promise, and flatter ourselves all will be better in the next house. My Father is still in Ireland.\*—Do you remember, Werter says every day he lives amongst the country people he is more delighted with Homer, because he finds his account correspond so exactly with nature? I find it the same here. Our neighbours are very little advanced beyond the state of civilization described by him, and their manners agree surprisingly. I could give you many instances of this, and shew you several Nestors, if I had the happiness of seeing you here. I cannot indeed boast of having met with a Hector. What is still more astonishing is, that the belief in ghosts and witches is still in full force. We have heard several serious and very recent stories of ghosts that have been seen and *laid* in the neighbourhood; and there is an old Conjuror living close by, who is always applied to, and who exerts his power when

\* Mr. S— went into the army in the year 1794, soon after the misfortune which deprived him of Piercefield, and he spent several years in Ireland with his regiment.

the butter will not come, or when any thing is lost ; besides many others of the same trade, in whose incantations the poor people believe *at least* as firmly as they do in the Bible. When I come to witchcraft, you will think it is time for me to leave off. I obey, intreating you to be assured of my most sincere affection."

The circumstance which gave occasion to the following reflections, happened exactly as it is here described.

*"Patterdale, Feb. 1801.*

" ALONE on the pathless steep I wander'd,  
I sought the foaming waterfall ;  
And high o'er the torrent's brink I clamber'd,  
Which loud and dreadful roar'd beneath.

" At length I came where a winter's streamlet  
Had torn the surface from the earth ;  
Its bed was fill'd with dry shelving gravel  
Which slid beneath my hands and feet.

" The pebbles roll'd rattling down the steep slope,  
Then dash'd into the dark abyss.  
I follow'd—there was nought to save me,  
Nor bush, nor rock, nor grass, nor moss.

Then did I tranquilly my life resign ;  
 ' If 'tis the will of God that here  
 ' I perish, may that will be done ! ' but sudden  
 Across my mind th' idea flash'd—  
 ' 'Twas not by his command I hither came ;  
 ' 'Tis I, who wickedly have thrown away  
 ' That life, which He for nobler ends had giv'n.'  
 Then, with a deep repentance for my fault,  
 And firm reliance on his mighty pow'r,  
 I pray'd to Him who is, who fills all space,  
 ' O LORD, deliver me ! I know Thou canst !'  
 Instant I rais'd my eyes, I know not why,  
 And saw my Sister stand a few yards off ;  
 She seem'd to watch me, but she could not help.  
 Then, as the busy brain oft sees in sleep,  
 I thought she saw me slip into the stream,  
 And dash rebounding on from rock to rock.  
 Swiftly she ran all down the mountain side  
 To meet below my mangled lifeless limbs,  
 And tatter'd garments.—Life then had value,  
 It was worth a struggle, to spare her soul  
 That agony.—I pass'd, I know not how,  
 The danger; then look'd up—she was not there,  
 Nor had been ! 'Twas perhaps a vision sent  
 To save me from destruction. Shall I then  
 Say that God does not heed the fate of mortals,  
 When not a sparrow falls without his will,  
 And when He thus has sav'd a worm like me ?

So when I totter on the brink of sin,  
May the same mercy save me from the gulph!"

On some remarkably sweet tones issuing from  
the wood on the fire, during a very severe frost.

*"Patterdale, January 1801.*

" THE storm is past; the raging wind no more,  
Between the mountains rushing, sweeps the vale,  
Dashing the billows of the troubled lake  
High into air;—the snowy fleece lies thick;  
From ev'ry bough, from ev'ry jutting rock  
The crystals hang;—the torrent's roar has ceas'd,—  
As if that voice which call'd creation forth  
Had said, ' Be still!' All nature stands aghast,  
Suspended by the viewless power of cold.

" Heap high the fire with wood, and let the blaze  
With mimic sunshine gild our gloomy room.  
The rising flame now spreads a cheerful ray;  
We hover round, rejoicing in the heat;  
The stiffen'd limbs relax, the heart dilates.  
Hark to that sound! Amid the burning pile  
A voice, as of a silver trumpet, speaks.

‘ Children of Taste! Nature's enthusiasts!  
Ye, who, with daring pride, attempt to paint  
These awful scenes; is this an offering fit  
To great Ullswater's Genius? Is it thus  
Ye adore the picturesque, the beautiful?

Is this your homage to the dread sublime?  
 Oft as ye stray where lofty Stybrow tow'rs,  
 Or Glencoin opes her ramparts to the lake,  
 Ye view the roots of trees that once have been,—  
 The hypocritic tear in every eye  
 Stands trembling, and ye almost curse the man  
 Who laid their leafy honours low;—perhaps  
 Some sage reflection follows, on the fate  
 Of greatness tumbled from its airy height,—  
 Of youth and beauty lopp'd in early bloom,—  
 Or else on avarice, that fiend who turns  
 The woods to gold, the heart to steel.—Then home  
 Ye hie, and feed the fire with those lov'd trees  
 Whose fall ye have deplored. For this, be sure  
 Our sister Dryads ne'er shall spread their arms  
 To screen ye from the summer's noon-tide ray;  
 But e'er the sun ascends his fiery car,  
 Banish'd from these sequester'd glades, far off  
 To scorching plains and barren mountains go,  
 Where not a bough shall wave to fan the breeze,  
 Nor rill shall murmur coolness as it flows.  
 Then learn how vain th' excuse—“ I did no wrong;  
 I only shar'd the gain of him who did.”

I will here insert reflections on various subjects found amongst Miss S—'s papers, most of which, I believe, were written after her return from Ireland.

“Why are the writings of the ancients, generally speaking, superior to those of the moderns? Because paper was scarce. Of course they would think deeply, and consider their subject on every side, before they would spoil their parchment by writing what on reflection might appear not worth preserving. The same cause, added to the labour of transcribing, would prevent copies being multiplied, except of what was really valuable. Thus what has come down to our time, is only the cream of the writings of the ancients, skimmed off by the judgment of their immediate successors, and cannot fairly be compared with the general mass of modern literature.”

“One of the most common subjects of complaint, among those who wish to shew their wisdom by arraigning the whole economy of the universe, is the inequality in the distribution of the goods of this life. It is unfair, say they, that a fool should be surrounded with dignities, honours, and affluence, while a wise man perhaps begs at his door. This is a mistake, arising, as false opinions generally do, from a too hasty view of the subject. Let the wisdom of the one be weighed against the exterior trappings of the other, and it will then appear that

the wise man has by much the greater share of the goods even of this life, wisdom being the most valuable gift that **God** can bestow. It may also be proved that he is the happiest. He is of course virtuous, for true wisdom is the mother of virtue, and his wisdom and virtue will teach him to be contented with whatever lot the will of **God** may ordain for him. This is more than the fool in the midst of his wealth can ever attain to. He is always pursuing some new bauble, and despising all he possesses in comparison with what he wishes to obtain; and though he may riot in what he calls pleasure for a time, he never enjoys that inward satisfaction, that sunshine of the mind, which alone deserves the name of happiness. If, then, honours, distinctions, and riches, were given exclusively to the wise and good, what would become of the foolish and the wicked? They would lose their only enjoyment, and become much more wretched than it is possible for a wise man to be under any circumstances. At the same time the happiness of the wise would not increase in the same proportion as that of the fool diminished; because his mind being fixed on higher objects, he would but lightly regard those advantages on which the other sets so high a

value. The dog eats meat, and delights in all the dainties of the table; but must the sheep therefore complain that it has only grass? It has the food best adapted to its nature. Were the dog turned out to graze, he would starve."

" The hand of a friend imparts inestimable value to the most trifling token of remembrance; but a magnificent present from one *unloved* is like golden fetters, which encumber and restrain not the less for being made of costly materials."

" **HUMILITY** has been so much recommended, and is indeed so truly a christian virtue, that some people fancy they cannot be too humble. If they speak of humility towards **GOD**, they are certainly right; we cannot, by the utmost exertion of our faculties, measure the distance between Him and us, nor prostrate ourselves too low before Him; but with regard to our fellow-creatures, I think the case is different. Though we ought by no means to assume too much, a certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very

able to accomplish, and thus prevent the fulfilment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the powers given us, to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert powers which we are too humble-minded to suppose we possess? In this particular, as in all others, we should constantly aim at discovering the truth. Though our faculties, both intellectual and corporeal, be absolutely nothing compared with the Divinity, yet when compared with those of other mortals they rise to some relative value, and it should be our study to ascertain that value, in order that we may employ them to the best advantage; always remembering that it is better to fix it rather below than above *the truth*.

“ It is very surprising that praise should excite vanity; for if what is said of us be true, it is no more than we knew before, and cannot raise us in our own esteem; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection, that we are only admired because we are not known, and that a closer inspection would draw forth censure, instead of commendation. Praise can hurt only those who have not formed a decided opinion of themselves, and who are willing, on the testimony of others, to rank themselves

higher than their merits warrant, in the scale of excellency."

" **PLEASURE** is a rose near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow."

" As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction. As a shower in the midst of summer, so are the salutary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure."

" A sum of happiness sufficient to supply our reasonable desires for a long time is sometimes condensed into a little space, as light is concentrated in the flash. Such moments are given to enable us to guess at the joys of heaven."

" In vain do we attempt to fix our thoughts on heaven; the vanities of this world rise like a cloud of dust before the eyes of the traveller, and obscure, if not totally conceal, the beautiful and boundless prospect of the glorious country towards which we are tending."

“ IF it were the business of man to make a religion for himself, the Deist, the Theophilanthropist, the Stoic, or even the Epicurean, might be approved; but this is not the case. We are to believe what GOD has taught us, and to do what He has commanded. All other systems are but the *reveries* of mortals, and not religion.”

“ THE christian life may be compared to a magnificent column, whose summit always points to heaven. The innocent and therefore *real* pleasures of this world are the ornaments on the pedestal; very beautiful, and highly to be enjoyed when the eye is near, but which should not too long or too frequently detain us from that just distance, where we can contemplate the whole column, and where the ornaments on its base disappear.”

“ THE cause of all sin is a deficiency in our love of GOD. If we really loved Him above all things, we should not be too strongly attached to terrestrial objects, and should with pleasure relinquish them all to please him. Unfortunately, while we continue on earth, our minds are so much more strongly affected by the perceptions of the senses than by

abstract ideas, that it requires a continual exertion to keep up even the remembrance of the invisible world."

"WHEN I hear of a great and good character falling into someheinous crime, I cannot help crying, 'LORD, what am I, that I should be exempt? O preserve me from temptation, or how shall I stand, when so many, much my superiors, have fallen?'

"SUBLIMITY is something beyond the little circle of our comprehension, and whatever within that circle approaches the circumference, approaches the sublime. The pleasure occasioned by the idea of sublimity seems to me to consist in the exertion of the mind, which, when violent, overpowers weak minds, as violent exercise does weak bodies, but makes strong ones feel and rejoice in their own energy. Mr. Burke certainly understood and felt the sublime; but I think he would have defined it better, if, instead of saying it is occasioned by terror, he had said, it is something incomprehensible to the mind of man, something which it struggles to take in, but cannot; which exerts all its powers, yet baffles them. The instances he brings of it

would in general agree much better with this idea than with that of terror; as, an extent of space of which the eye sees not the bounds, a degree of darkness which conceals them; every thing which occasions indistinctness and difficulty. The same perpendicular height gives a more sublime idea to a person on the summit than at the base, because the eye cannot so easily measure the height."

"IMAGINATION, like the setting sun, casts a glowing lustre over the prospect, and lends to every object an enchanting brilliancy of colouring; but when reason takes the place of imagination, and the sun sinks behind the mountain, all fade alike into the night of disappointment."

"STUDY is to the mind what exercise is to the body; neither can be active and vigorous without proper exertion. Therefore if the acquisition of knowledge were *not* an end worthy to be gained, still study would be valuable on its own account, as tending to strengthen the mind: just as a walk is beneficial to our health, though we have no particular object in view. And certainly, for that most humiliating mental disorder, the wandering of the

thoughts, there is no remedy so efficacious as intense study."

"AN hour well spent condemns a life. When we reflect on the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past rise up and say, what good has marked us? Would'st thou know the true worth of time, *employ one hour.*"

"To read a great deal would be a sure preventive of much writing, because almost every one might find all he has to say, already written."

"A woman must have uncommon sweetness of disposition and manners to be *forgiven* for possessing superior talents and acquirements."

"As by weighing a guinea in water, we prove whether it be really gold, so by weighing our own faculties and attainments with those of the world in general, we may ascertain their real worth. Whatever bulk they have gained by the swelling of vanity, so much weight will they lose on the trial. No one can be convinced how difficult it is to know him-

self, without observing the erroneous opinions which others entertain of themselves ; but having seen how far vanity will lead them, we must suspect ourselves."

" It is not learning that is disliked in women, but the ignorance and vanity which generally accompany it. A woman's learning is like the fine clothes of an upstart, who is anxious to exhibit to all the world the riches so unexpectedly acquired. The learning of a man, on the contrary, is like hereditary rank, which having grown up with him, and being in a manner interwoven with his nature, he is almost unconscious of possessing it. The reason of this difference is the scarcity of the commodity amongst females, which makes every one who possesses a little, fancy herself a prodigy. As the sum total increases, we may reasonably hope that each will become able to bear her share with a better grace."

" **W**H Y do so many men return coxcombs from their travels ? Because they set out fools. If a man take with him even a moderate share of common sense, and a desire of improvement, he will

find travelling the best introduction to an acquaintance with himself, and of course the best corrector of vanity; for if we knew ourselves, of what could any of us be vain? Vanity is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives most in subterranean places, where the air of heaven, and the light of the sun, never reach it."

"**H**OPE without foundation is an *ignis fatuus*; and what foundation can we have for any hope, but that of heaven?"

"**G**REAT actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am more apt to think highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another in stirring the fire, than of one who gives away thousands."

"**T**o be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue."

"**O**UR endeavours to reach perfection are like those of Sisyphus to roll the stone up the hill; we

have a constant tendency downwards, which we must exert all our efforts to counteract."

"A great genius can render clear and intelligible any subject within the compass of human knowledge; therefore what is called a deep book, (too deep to be understood,) we may generally conclude to be the produce of a shallow understanding."

"We were placed in this world to learn to be happy; that is, so to regulate and employ our passions as to make them productive of happiness; if we do not learn this lesson, but on the contrary, make them productive of misery, by cultivating and encouraging the malevolent, instead of the benevolent affections, heaven itself cannot make us happy. For a being accustomed to indulge envy, hatred, and malice, against superior excellence, would be in a state of the most agonizing torture if placed in the midst of perfection, where every object calculated to inspire love and admiration, veneration and gratitude, in a well-disposed mind, would excite the opposite painful emotions in his."

"A happy day is worth enjoying, it exercises the soul for heaven. The heart that never tastes of

pleasure, shuts up, grows stiff, and incapable of enjoyment. How then shall it enter the realms of bliss? A cold heart can receive no pleasure even there. Happiness is the support of virtue; they should always travel together, and they generally do so; when the heart expands to receive the latter, her companion enters of course. In some situations, if I ever do right, it is mechanically, or in compliance with the deductions of reason; in others, it is from an inward sentiment of goodness, from the love of God, and admiration of the beauty of virtue. I believe it is impossible to be wicked and happy at the same time."

"WHEN we think of the various miseries of the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow-creatures, and that it is only for want of feeling that we indulge in joy for a single moment. But when we consider all these apparent evils as dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruption of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness, we can not only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude."

“ **HAPPINESS** is a very common plant, a native of every soil; yet is some skill required in gathering it; for many poisonous weeds look like it, and deceive the unwary to their ruin.”

“ **COURAGE** has been extolled as the first of human virtues; again, it has been considered as the mere mechanical effect of blood and spirits. Whence arise these opposite opinions? To answer this question, we must trace fear to its origin, *i. e.* the cradle. We are all naturally cowards, as we are gluttons, &c. The first passions of children are, a desire of food; fear, when any thing approaches which they fancy may hurt them; and anger, when their inclinations are thwarted. These instincts are wisely implanted, for the purpose of self-preservation, not only in the human species, but in the whole animal creation. By these we are and must be guided, till reason gain sufficient strength to rule them. In some this never happens, and they are children all their lives; or rather they degrade themselves to brutes, by not using their reason for the purpose for which it was given. Since, then, fear is natural, courage does not consist in its absence, but in its proper regulation by reason; to fear only when there is

cause to fear. On this subject there will be various opinions. Some think any bodily pain or injury a cause of fear, others dread the extinction or ridicule of the world, &c. It is the Christian however, having his treasure in heaven, that finds no cause of fear in this world, and who is therefore the only hero. Others may possess degrees of courage sufficient for outside show, to impose upon this world, to be admired, and to be talked of; but which having no better foundation than vanity, ambition, or shame, all originally the offspring of fear, will shrink from even a small trial which none eye beholds, because their natural timidity having been argued down by only weak and partial reasons, will always recur when those reasons fail. Such courage is not a virtue, though still as being an exertion of reason, upon whatever principles, it is more respectable than cowardice. It is the foundation of religion alone, which exalts courage to the highest virtue, and at the same time makes it universal, as being an universal principle applicable to all circumstances.

In the year 1803, Mr. Sotheby, the elegant translator of Oberon, expressed to me a wish that Miss Shaw's

uncommon talents should be employed in something which might interest the public ; particularly in translations from the German. He could scarcely credit what I said of the facility with which she translated from that very difficult language ; and taking down Gesner's works, which was the only German book in my possession, he turned to one of the Idylls, and requested me to ask her to translate it. I believe she had never read it, and I know she had no dictionary ; but I told her that Mr. Sotheby had commended the poem highly, and I wished she would make me understand it. The next morning she brought me the following.

*“A Picture of the Deluge.”*

“THE marble towers were already deep buried beneath the flood, and dark waves already rolled over the mountain tops ; one lofty summit stood alone above the waters. Its sides resounded with the mingled cries of wretches who attempted to ascend, and whom death followed on the dashing wave. Here, a crag, rent from the mountain, fell with its burthen of helpless mortals into the foam.

ing flood ; there, the wild stream of a torrent hurried down the son, as he was dragging up his dying father; or the despairing mother with the load of her children. Only the highest summit now remained above the deluge.

“ Semin, a noble youth, to whom the most noble of maidens had sworn eternal love, had saved his beloved Semira on the summit. All else were dead. They stood alone in the howling storm; the waves dash'd over them. Above them growl'd the thunder, and beneath roar'd the furious ocean. Darkness reign'd around, save when the lightning shew'd the horrid scene. Each cloud's dark brow threaten'd vengeance, and each wave roll'd on a thousand corses; it roll'd on with fury, seeking for more destruction.—Semira press'd her beloved to her trembling heart; tears ran with the rain-drops down her faded cheeks. She spoke with a faltering voice.—

“ There is no more safety, O my beloved ! my Semin ! Death surrounds us. O destruction ! O misery ! Death comes every moment nearer. Which of those waves, oh, which will overwhelm us ? Hold me, hold me in thy trembling arms, O my beloved ! Soon, soon shall I, shalt thou, be no more ; swal-

lowed up in the universal destruction. Now,—O God! yonder it rolls. How dreadful! It rolls yet nearer, illumined by the lightning. Now,—O God! our Judge!" she said, and sunk on Semir. His trembling arm surrounded his fainting love. No voice breathed from his quivering lips. He saw destruction no longer; he saw only the fainting Semira leaning on his bosom, and felt more than the chill of death. Now he kiss'd her pale cheek, wet with the chilling rain; he press'd her closer to his breast, and said, "Semira, beloved Semira, wake! Oh, yet return to this scene of horror, that thine eyes may look on me once more; that thy pale lips may once more tell me that thou lov'st me even in death. Yet once more, ere the flood o'erwhelm us both!" He said, and she awoke. She look'd on him with an eye full of tenderness and inexpressible sorrow,—then on the wide scene of desolation. "O God; our Judge!" she cried, "is there no protection, is there no pity for us? O how the waves dash, how the thunder roars around us! What terrors announce the unpropitiated judgment! O God! our years flowed on in innocence. Thou, the most virtuous of youths!—Woe, woe is me! They are all gone; they who adorn'd my life with

the flowers of joy are all gone!—And thou who  
gavest me life—O agonising sight! the wave tore  
thee from my side. Yet once didst thou rise thy  
head and thine arms; thou wouldest have blest me,  
and wert overwhelm'd. O they are all gone—and  
yet—O Semir, Semir; beside thee the lonely deso-  
lated world would be to me a Paradise. Our youthful  
years flow'd on in innocence. Oh, is there no sal-  
vation, no mercy? Yet why does my afflicted heart  
complain? O God, forgive! We die. What is  
the innocence of man in thy sight?" The youth  
supported his beloved as she trembled in the storm,  
and said, "Yes, my beloved, life is banish'd from  
the earth; the voice of the dying no more is heard  
amidst the roaring of the ocean. O Semira, my  
dearest Semira, the next moment will be our last!  
Yes, they are gone, the hopes of this life are all  
gone; every pleasing prospect that we imagined in  
the enraptured hours of our love, is vanished. We  
die;—but O let us not await the universal doom  
like those who have no hope; and O my beloved,  
what is the longest, the happiest life? A dew-drop  
that hangs from the jutting rock, and before the  
morning sun, falls into the sea.—Raise up thy  
drooping spirit.—Beyond this life is peace and eter-

nity. Let us not tremble now, as we pass over. Embrace me, and so let us await our destiny. Soon my Semira, soon shall our souls rise above this desolation; full of feelings of inexpressible happiness shall they arise. O GOD, hope fills my soul with courage. Yes, Semira, let us lift up our hands to GOD. Shall a mortal adjust his balance? He who breath'd into us the breath of life; He sends death to the righteous, and to the unrighteous; but well is it for him who hath walked in the path of virtue. We pray not for life, O righteous Judge! Take us from hence; but oh, invigorate the hope, the sweet hope of inexpressible happiness, which death shall no more disturb.—Then roll, ye thunders, and rage, thou ocean; dash over us, ye waves! Praised be the righteous Judge; praised! Let this be the last thought of our soul in the dying body.—Courage and joy animated the face of Semira. She rais'd her hands in the storm, and said, “Yes, I feel the delightful, the glorious hope! Praise the LORD, O my tongue; weep tears of joy, my eyes, till death shall close ye. A heaven fill'd with happiness awaits us. Ye are all gone before, ye beloved! We come. Soon, O soon we shall again behold you! They stand before his throne, the Righteous One's; He has

gathered them together from his judgment. Roar, ye thunders ; rage, destruction; ye are hymns of praise to his righteousness. Roll over us, ye waves. See, my beloved!—Embrace me—yonder it comes; death comes on yon dark wave. Embrace me, Semin; leave me not. O already the flood uplifts me from the earth.”—‘ I embrace the ! Semira,’ said the youth, ‘ I embrace thee ! O death, thou art welcome. We are prepared. Praised be the Eternal Just One !’—The next wave found them lock’d in each other’s arms: the succeeding found them not !”

Mr. Sotheby was extremely pleased with this translation, and his encouragement and kind assistance led me to engage my beloved friend in a work, which employed much of her time and attention, and in which she took particular pleasure; till her last fatal illness put an end to her pursuits, and to all our earthly hopes in regard to her. The work to which I allude, is a Translation of Letters and Memoirs relating to Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock. The interest which was awakened by Mrs. Klopstock’s letters, lately published in the correspondence of Mr. Richardson, led me to suppose that authentic in-

formation with regard to that amiable woman would be well received by the public; and the kindness of the venerable Dr. Mumssen, of Altona, who had been the intimate friend of Klopstock, supplied me with many letters and other works in prose and verse, which Miss S— translated, and which are prepared for the press; though some of the manuscripts with which I was favoured by Dr. Mumssen, arrived too late. I will here insert some extracts from Miss S—'s letters, which were sent to me with different parts of this little work, the materials for which were received by me, and forwarded to her at different times.

“C—, November 9, 1804.

“MY Mother has, I hope, told you, my dearest friend, that Mr. Sotheby’s book arrived the day before she left home, which was as soon as I could do any good with it. My Mother and I were so comfortable together, that I did not attempt to do anything except translating the little Ode to Bodine one night after she was gone to bed. I shall now have a clear week between her going and my Sister’s coming, and that will be sufficient to do all you

want. But I ought to tell you what I have got, that you may explain your wishes more fully. —————

————— I shall go on with these till my Sister's return, and then shall wait your orders to send what you chuse. I cannot conclude without thanking you most heartily for the employment. I am so delighted with Klopstock, that I feel very glad of an excuse to give up my whole time and thoughts to him. As to the Dictionary, I am sorry to have troubled Mr. Sotheby, for I have not yet found any use for it. The English often runs so naturally in the same course with the German, that I have nothing to do but to write it down. Perhaps you will be kind enough to mention any thing you dislike; then if it be Klopstock's fault, you must be content; if mine, it shall be corrected with thankfulness."

" *November 25.*

" **T**HAT you may not suspect me of arrogance in saying that I made no use of the Dictionary, I must tell you that the difficulty of Klopstock's Odes (for difficult many of them certainly are) does not consist in hard words, but in the wide range of ideas, and the depth of thought, which he has expressed in

very concise language; of course, often bordering on obscurity, but such obscurity as no dictionary has power to dissipate. On the contrary, in translating the prose, I have several times had occasion to consult it for names of things in common use, which never occur in poetry, and it has not always afforded the information I wanted. There are some words for which I am still at a loss, which I send in German, in hopes that Miss H— can explain them. If you imagine me making rapid progress, you are totally mistaken. Since my sisters and B—\* came home, my perfect stillness is at an end; and my brains being of that kind which requires the aid of outward composure, it is not without difficulty that I can now translate the prose, and the poetry I do not think of attempting. The present sheet is all I have translated since their return, though I have still some left of what I had done before. I fear it will be so long before all our materials are collected, that the subject will be forgotten in the world. Never, I intreat you, think of thanking me; but be assured that if I can do any thing to amuse you, whether it be of any further use, or not, the pleasure of doing so is to me an ample reward."

\* Third son of Mrs. S—.

“ December 22.

“ LAST night arrived your parcel,—your little parcel of great treasures. The letters between Klopstock and his wife are highly interesting to those who know and love them as we do; and many of the letters of their friends written after her death will, I am sure, delight you.

You put a dash under *warm* bed-chamber, as if you thought we could not give you one; it is therefore my duty to tell you that it is the warmest and best thing we have; and that if it were possible to transport you hither, we should not despair of making you comfortable, even in the depth of winter; nor of hearing you admire our mountains every time the sun shone. In fact, their present colouring is so rich, and the small elevation of the sun above the horizon is so favourable to the lights and shadows, that when a gleam *does* dart across the valley, it is, in a painter’s eye, more beautiful than in summer. The mountains in the back-ground are covered with snow, but we have only a little sprinkling on the top of our highest neighbour. I hope too, you would not here be so often ‘ sick at heart’ as you are at Bath, and always *must be*, till you learn, what you never will

learn, to care for nobody but yourself. We expected Miss H— would have some influence in keeping you quiet, by making you happy at home; but it seems even her power is not sufficient. Give my kind love to her. L— is at home for the holidays. He and B— are very grateful for your kind remembrance. As to your own children, I need not waste paper in telling you how much they love you."

"*March 22, 1805.*

"A small box will be dispatched to-morrow, containing a translation of all the prose in Mr. Sotheby's book, &c. I fear you will find some *German* still sticking to the translation, which I have not been able to rub off.—I have added some of my Sunday work, for your private amusement. You are so well acquainted with the subject, and have the power of consulting so many books, that you will probably know I am mistaken in many instances; and you will highly oblige me by telling me so. Where I may be right, it is often no more than a lucky guess, and guesses must sometimes prove erroneous.—At the bottom of the box you will find a few transpa-

encies done by K— and me for your shew-bok.\* T— sends her duty. If she durst, I believe it would her love.†

“ April 16.

“ Your *gratitude* to me, dearest friend, is like T—’s *duty* to you, rejected because you owe none. The employment has been very delightful to me. I could not have got through the winter without something to engage my thoughts, to fix my attention; and I could hardly have found any thing that would do this more agreeably than the Klopstocks: yet I should have wanted a sufficient motive for spending so much time on them, had not you supplied one in the pleasure of doing *any thing* for you. You have provided both the subject and the motive for action; and thus on this, as on all other occasions, I am highly

\* At Patterdale and C—, Miss S— and her sisters found much employment for the pencil, and I am in possession of a beautiful set of transparencies, from scenes in that country, which prove how well they employed it. Elizabeth discovered a method of clearing the lights with wax, instead of oil or varnish, which I think answers perfectly well.

† The faithful servant mentioned by Mrs. S—: see Appendix.

indebted to you. I have now sent all that was wanting of the little volume, except some of the letters of their friends, which seemed to throw no particular light on the subject, and are only interesting as they shew how much the Klopstocks were beloved. If you find this packet more incorrect than the former, do not think that I am tired of the work; I was only very much hurried to get all done in time for my Mother's box. Mr. Satche's speech was never touched till within the last two hours. Of course I was obliged to send the foul copy unread; but it is the facts only that you want, and those you have got; no matter in what language, if you can but read it. All you desired me to do, is, I think, now sent. I do not wonder you are disappointed in Klopstock's prose: it seemed to me in general dull. His wife, I think, writes with more ease. I thought it was best to give you every thing, and leave you to *weed* for yourself. I have accordingly been as faithful as I could. You *must* reconcile yourself to Fanny. I rather think that Klopstock was more in love with her than even with your favourite Meta; at least the odes which relate to her, appear to me to be the finest. His second wife was a blessing sent by heaven, to make him endure existence for the good

of the human race. Do not *blame* him for having been fortunate enough, at very different periods of his life, to meet with three such women. In truth, he is so great a favourite of mine, that I would gladly excuse him at any rate.

“ I never read Peters on Job, nor any thing about the Hebrew language, except the book of Dr. Kennicott’s which you lent me, and Looth’s *Prælections*. Parkhurst has been my only guide; but I fancy he is a very good one.”

I afterwards received from Dr. Mumassen and Mrs. Klopstock other letters and papers, which delayed our intended publication. Some of these were translated by Miss S—, but others did not arrive till she was too ill to attend to them.

As a specimen of Miss S—’s translations from the Hebrew Bible, I insert Jonah’s prayer, and the last chapter of Habbakkuk. I do not presume to form any judgment with regard to these translations; but they were shewn to a gentleman who is well acquainted with the language, and who was requested to give his opinion of them. He said that the author had certainly an extraordinary knowledge

of Hebrew; that he thought him rather too free for a biblical translator, but that he shewed great acquaintance with the language, as well as a refined taste, and that many of his conjectures were evidently happy.—This opinion was formed entirely from a critical examination of the work, without any knowledge of the author; whose acquaintance with the language would certainly have appeared much more extraordinary, had this Gentleman known that these translations, and many others from the same sacred book, were the work of a Young Lady who never received any instruction with regard to the Hebrew language from any person whatever. She had no idea of ever offering them to the public, and it is now done principally to shew with what attention she pursued this most interesting of all studies, and how well she adhered to the resolution she had formed, to let the Word of God be her chief study, and all others subservient to it. She translated some chapters in Genesis, the whole book of Job, many of the Psalms, some parts of the Prophets, &c. She spent some time with me in the years 1802 and 1803, when she brought me her translation of Job, and many observations on different parts of the Old Testament. We had much

conversation on such subjects, from which I always derived information as well as delight. She had shewn me her translation of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, in the year 1797, when she was only twenty years old ; and as it differs considerably from that in the English Bible, I requested a friend to shew it to Mrs. Carter, who said that the idea was new to her, but she thought the words might bear that interpretation. I was afterwards informed that Sir William Jones had given the same interpretation to that chapter. I do not know whether it is mentioned in the works of that great man, from which Miss S— afterwards derived much information, and of which she always spoke with enthusiastic admiration ; but they were not then published.

“ JONAH’s PRAYER.

“ c. ii. v. 2.

“ I call on JEHOVAH from my prison,  
And He will hear me ;  
From the womb of the grave I cry,  
Thou hearest my voice.

Thou has cast me into wide waters in the depth of the sea,  
 And the floods surround me ;  
 All thy dashing and thy rolling waves  
 Pass over me.  
 And I said I am expelled  
 From before thine eyes ;  
 O that I might once more behold  
 Thy holy temple !  
 The waters on every side threaten my life,  
 The deep surrounds me ;  
 Sea-weed is the \*binding of my head  
 I am going down to the clefts of the mountaings.  
 The earth has shut her bars  
 Behind me for ever.  
 But thou wilt raise my soul from corruption,  
 JEHOVAH, my GOD !  
 In the fading away of my life,  
 I think upon JEHOVAH ;  
 And my prayer shall come unto Thee  
 In thy holy temple.  
 They who serve false gods  
 Forsake the fountain of mercy ;  
 But I with the voice of praise  
 Will sacrifice to Thee.  
 What I have vowed I will perform,  
 Salvation is JEHOVAH'S !"

\* The binding of the head was a preparation for burial.

## “ HABAKKUK.

“ The two first chapters of Habakkuk contain a prophecy of the invasion of Judea by the Chaldeans, and of the vengeance which GOD will take on *them* for the evils they inflict on his people, whom He promises He will not utterly forsake ; “ for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea ;” referring to the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, which contains a clear prediction of the Messiah. The third chapter is an ode, apparently intended to be sung by two persons, or two companies. No. I. representing the Prophet foretelling what is to happen to the Jews. No. II. some one recounting the great works and deliverances already performed by GOD, as reasons for trusting that He will again deliver his people. In the conclusion both parts join in a chorus of praise.

“ The *first* division is a prediction of the coming of CHRIST. It is answered by a description of GOD’s actual appearance on Mount Sinai.

“ The *second* tells of evils impending on some neighbouring nations. Answered by an account of the deluge, when the ark was saved upon the waves.

“ The *third*, a threat of vengeance on the enemies of **God**. Answered by the judgments inflicted on Egypt, when the Israelites were brought out in safety.

“ The *fourth* refers immediately to the threatened invasion by the Chaldeans. The answer is plain: I will yet trust in the **Lord**, who will at length deliver me from my enemies.

“ The whole concludes with a chorus of praise.”

“ A SONG IN PARTS.\*

“ BY HABAKKUK THE PROPHET,

“ UPON JUDGMENTS, OR MAGNIFICENT WORKS.

I.

“ JEHOVAH! I have heard thy report,  
† I have seen, JEHOVAH! thy work.  
In the midst of years Thou wilt cause *him* to live,  
In the midst of years Thou wilt give knowledge,  
In trembling Thou wilt cause to remember *mercy*.

\* “ A Song in Parts:” may not **חַפְלָן**, of which the meaning is, “ division,” “ coming between,” &c. mean “ a divided piece,” “ a dialogue?”

† **וְדַאֲוִי** for **דַאֲוִי** Qu. R.

四

“ The Almighty came from the south,  
And the Holy One from Mount Paran.  
His glory covered the heavens,  
And his splendour filled the earth.  
And the brightness was as the light;  
Rays darted from his hands,  
And from the \*cloud, the abode of his power;  
Before Him went the pestilence,  
And glowing fire came forth from his feet.  
He stood, and measured the earth,  
He beheld, and explored the nations.  
And the durable mountains burst asunder,  
The ancient hills fell down,  
His paths in days of old.

1

“I have seen the tents of Cushan under affliction,  
The curtains of the land of Midian shake.

11

“ Was JEHOVAH incensed in the floods?  
Truly in the floods was thy wrath,  
Verily in the waters thy fury;  
But thou madest thy chariot of salvation to ride on the  
    *swift ones.*

\* "The cloud which accompanied the appearance of JAKOVAN.

Then didst thou set up to view thy bow,  
 The pledge to the tribes for thy word.  
 The floods ploughed vallies in the earth;  
 The mountains saw Thee, they travailed,  
 Torrents of water gushed forth.

Selah.

The abyss uttered his voice,  
 The sun lift up his hands on high,  
 The moon stopped in her mansion,  
 At the brightness of thy flying arrows,  
 At the lightning of thy flashing spear.

## I.

“ In indignation thou wilt tread the earth,  
 In fury thou wilt stamp the nations.

## II.

“ Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,  
 The salvation of thine anointed.  
 Thou didst cut off the first-born from the house of the wicked,  
 Thou didst provoke the stubborn to bending.      Selah.  
 Thou didst strike the fountain with his rod,  
 \*They were scattered, †they came forth like a whirlwind,  
 To destroy their flourishing crops,  
 While the food of the oppressed was in safety.  
 Thou didst walk thy horses through the sea,  
 Troubling the great waters.

\* The frogs scattered over the land.

† The flies, locusts, &c.

## I.

“ I heard, and my bowels were moved,  
 At the sound my lips quivered,  
 Rottenness entered into my bones,  
 And they trembled beneath me;  
 While I groaned for the day of tribulation,  
 The coming up of the people to assault us.

## II.

“ Though the fig-tree do not blossom,  
 And there be no fruit on the vine;  
 Though the produce of the olive fail,  
 And the parched field yield no food;  
 Though the flock be cut off from the fold,  
 And there be no cattle in the stalls;  
 Yet I will rejoice in JEHOVAH,  
 I will exult in GOD, my SAVIOUR.

## CHORUS.

“ JEHOVAH my LORD is my strength,  
 He will set my feet as the deer's,  
 He will make me to walk on high places.”

“ To the Conqueror of my Assailants;  
 or,  
 To Him who causeth me to triumph in my afflictions.”

Continual study of the Hebrew poetry probably suggested this Hymn; which is dated Feb. 18, 1803.

“ O THOU! who commandest the storm,  
 And stillest its rage with a word;  
 Who dark’nest the earth with thy clouds,  
 And call’st forth the sun in his strength;  
 Who hurlest the proud from his throne,  
 And liftest the poor from the dust;  
 Who sendest afflictions for good,  
 And blessings at times for a curse;  
 Whose ways are impervious to man,  
 Whose decrees we’ve no power to withstand;—  
 Thou hast plac’d me in poverty’s vale,  
 Yet giv’n me contentment and bliss.  
 Should’st Thou e’er set me up on the hill,  
 O let not my heart be elate;  
 But humility ever abide,  
 And gratitude rule in my breast;  
 Let me feel for the woes of the poor,  
 Which now I’ve no pow’r to relieve;  
 Let compassion not end with a tear,  
 But charity work for thy sake;  
 And the streams of beneficence fall,  
 Enriching the valley beneath;  
 Then though Thou should’st wrap me in clouds,  
 And threaten the hill with a storm;  
 Yet the sunshine of peace shall break forth,  
 And the summit reflect its last ray.”

I am not sure that the following reflections are original. They may perhaps be translated from the German; but the sentiments with regard to the weakness of human reason, and the absolute necessity of divine assistance, would certainly please Miss S—, as they are perfectly in unison with her own ideas.

“ IT is declared in the Scriptures that the natural man knoweth not the things of GOD, neither can he comprehend them; and I am convinced that this is true. GOD only requires the heart and its affections, and after these are wholly devoted to Him, He himself worketh all things within it and for it. ‘ My son, give me thy heart;’ and all the rest is conformity and obedience. This is the simple ground of all religion, which implies a re-union of the soul to a principle which it had lost in its corrupt and fallen state. Mankind have opposed this doctrine, because it has a direct tendency to lay very low the pride and elevation of the heart, and the perverseness of the will, and prescribes a severe mortification to the passions; it will be found, notwithstanding, either in time or eternity, a most important truth.

“ In the Holy Scriptures nothing appears to have a reference to the great work of salvation, but a rectitude of the heart, and subjection of the will ; and it is clear to my understanding that it should be so : for the mere operations of the head, the lucubrations of reason on divine subjects, are as different as men. The natural powers of man may be sanctified by the influences of religion in the soul, and cease from opposition in matters wherein formerly they took supreme direction ; but until they are in awful silence before GOD, the work of redemption is unfelt and unknown.

“ RELIGION is an universal concern ; the only important business of our lives. The learned and the ignorant are equally the object of it ; and it is highly becoming the Father of Spirits, the friend of man, that all the spirits which he has made, should be equal candidates for his regard ; that his mercy should operate upon a principle, of which mankind are equal partakers. If the reason or the understanding were alone capable of religious discernment, nine-tenths of the world would be excluded from his providence ; but not so does his mercy operate. He

influences by love, and the affections are the only objects of it.

“ Look into the opinions of men, contemplate their great diversity, their compleat opposition to each other; and where shall the serious, the reflecting mind find a peaceful station to rest upon? Where shall it find ‘ the shadow of a mighty rock, in a weary land’ of fluctuating devices and tempests of opinion? Not in human literature, not in the inventions of men ; but in silence before the GOD of our lives, in pure devotion of the heart, and in prostration of the soul. The knee bends before the majesty of Omnipotence, and all the powers of the mind say, Amen !—In matters so important as pure religion, the salvation of the immortal soul, it is highly worthy of Divine Wisdom that He should take the supreme direction to Himself alone, and not leave any part of the work to the device of man ; for it is evident to every candid enquirer, that whenever he interferes he spoils it. Religion is of so pure and spotless a nature, that a touch will contaminate it. It is uniform, consistent, and of the same complexion and character in all nations. Languages and customs may greatly differ ; but the language of

pure devotion of the heart to its Maker is one and the same over the face of the whole earth. It is acknowledged and felt 'through the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace.' There is a harmony and consistency in the works of God, external and internal ; the external operations of nature are strictly typical of internal things ; the visible of the invisible world.

" I am convinced that the Author of our being has left nothing to man with respect to the formation of religion in the mind of a child, but the opening his path, and clearing his road from the thorns and briars of contagious example. The influences of man consist in pure example, dispassionate persuasion, and an early subjection of the will to what is written in the law of God. The enlightening the understanding, the purification of the heart, the accomplishing the course of rectitude to the invisible world, and qualifying the soul for beatitude amongst the spirits of the just, must be left to Supreme wisdom and mercy. The sciences are of very partial concern, are in the hands of a few, and are the proper objects of human wisdom, and attainable by its powers alone ; but their centre and their circum-

scription is in time. From high attainments in these the mind of man is taught to wonder, but I much question whether he is often taught to adore. They are too apt to raise the mind, to engage a devoted idolatrous attention, and fix a supercilious disregard to the humble appearance of a meek and quiet spirit; and if it were possible that they should accompany the soul from time to eternity, they would prove a subject of humiliation before an eye that is more extensively opened; yet these may be sanctified by the influence of religion."

I do not know *when* Miss S— read Mr. Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*, but it gave occasion to the following remarks, which are prefaced with a modest allusion to her own inferiority to this great writer, and were never, I believe, seen by any body till after her death.

"A fly found fault with one of the finest works of man."

"Locke's ideas on Infinity appear to me to want his usual clearness. Perhaps the fault is in my own understanding. I will try to unravel my

thoughts on the subject, and see on which side the error lies.

“ His manner of representing to himself *infinity* is to add together certain known quantities, whether of space or duration, as miles, or years, and when tired with multiplication, he contemplates a boundless remainder. This, indeed, serves to bewilder the mind in the idea of incomprehensible immensity; the remainder which is always left, is a cloud that conceals the end; but so far from convincing us there is *none*, the very idea of a remainder carries with it that of an end; and when we have in thought passed through so large a part of space or duration, we must be nearer the end than when we set out. I think the cause of Mr. Locke’s confusion on this subject is his use of the word *parts*. He says that the parts of expansion and duration are not separable, even in thought. Then why say they have parts? Surely whatever has parts, may be divided into those parts, and what is not divisible, even in imagination, has no parts. He forgets his own excellent definition of time and place, that ‘ they are only ideas of determinate distances, from certain known points, fixed in distinguishable, sensible things, and supposed to keep the same distance one

from another ;' only marks set up for our use while on earth, to help us to arrange things in our narrow understandings by shewing their relative situations, and not really existing in nature. This he forgets, and having granted that duration and expansion have parts, he applies his minutes and his inches to measure eternity and infinite space.—To prove the fallacy of this method, suppose 10,000 diameters of the earth to be some part, a 10th or 10,000th part of infinite space; then infinite space is exactly 10 times, or 10,000 times, 10,000 diameters of the earth, and no more. Infinite space has certain bounds, which is a contradiction. There is no impropriety in taking a foot rule to measure the ocean, because multiplied a certain number of times, it will give the extent of the ocean ; but no multiple of what is finite can ever produce infinity ; for though number abstractedly be infinite, a series of numbers may go on continually increasing, yet no one of those numbers can express infinity, each being in itself a determined quantity. When in the beginning of a series, two are added together, each of those two must be circumscribed, consequently the whole circumscribed *ad infinitum*.—On the contrary, *unity* seems much more capable of expressing infinity,

though we finite beings, incapable at present of comprehending it, can form but a vague and inadequate idea. Unity has no bounds, nor, as Mr. Locke says, any shadow of variety or composition; and to appeal at once to the highest authority, it is the sign that the Great Creator has used, as being the most proper to convey an idea of Himself to our finite understandings.

“ Succession, without which Mr. Locke says he cannot conceive duration, is still a division of it into parts. I believe his opinion to be right, that our only perception of duration is from the succession of our own ideas; but is our perception of it the cause of its existence? No more than our walking over the ground is the cause of its extension. He grants this, when he says, that during sleep we have no perception of duration, but the moment when we fall asleep, and that in which we awake, seem to us to have no distance. Since then there may be duration without our perception of succession, may it not be actually without succession? Where all things are eternal, there can be no relation of the end of one to the beginning of another; consequently no time, the measure of a relation which

does not exist. — There is another case in which Mr. Locke thinks a man would perceive no succession in duration; — if it were possible for him to keep his mind entirely fixed on one idea. Does not this apply to the Supreme Being, who having always all ideas present to his mind, can perceive no succession? As He fills at once all space, He exists at once through all eternity. I do not pretend to have discovered this by the chain of my own reasoning; it is suggested to me by the name which God gives us of Himself. He tells us, not only that He is, *הַוְאָ*, *the existing*; but also that He is, *הַוְאָתָה*, *existence, present, future, and past, in one*: which seems to me to mean, not merely that He can look forward or backward into a record of events; but that there is no succession in his duration; that what we call present, past, and future, are always equally present; that all is perfect unity; there is no variety or shadow of changing. Many passages might be brought from Scripture to confirm this opinion, and some, which I think are not intelligible without it; such as, ‘a thousand years are with Him as one day’ ‘before Abraham was, I am;’ ‘time shall be no longer;’ ‘there was no place found;’ answer exactly to Locke’s definition above, and prove

that there is no division in eternity or infinite space. The dispute about foreknowledge and free-will might be settled by viewing the subject in this light. If there be no succession in the existence of God, if the past and future be equally present, He sees the whole course of our lives at once, as clearly as any particular moment which we now call present, without influencing our actions more at one point of time than at another. The infinite divisibility of matter too may be denied, on the ground that what admits of division or multiplication, cannot be infinite.

“ I have observed another inaccuracy in Mr. Locke, as spots are most visible on the whitest substance.

“ He defines knowledge to be ‘the perception of the agreement or disagreement of any of our ideas.’ So far well: but to be sure that it is real knowledge, he says, ‘we must be sure those ideas agree with the reality of things.’ This is also true; but as we have no perception of things but by means of sensation, and we have often, on a closer inspection, discovered that our senses have deceived us, how can we know that they do not always deceive us? If we cannot know this, we

cannot be sure that our ideas agree with the reality of things, consequently cannot attain to any real knowledge during this life. We can only believe testimony which upon experience we have reason to think true, and can be said absolutely to *know* nothing but what God has been pleased to reveal. If it be asked how we know that He has revealed any thing to us, the answer is, we can only *believe* it; but on examining the testimony, we find there is full as good proof that we have revelations from God Himself in the Scriptures, as that any object of sensation is what it appears to be. If therefore we grant our assent to the one, why refuse it to the other? And having once established that we have revelations from God Himself in the Scriptures, it follows, that what is so revealed must be true; and that from thence we may reap real knowledge. Whatever else we call knowledge, is either mere conjecture, or derived through some channel or other from revelation. Of this I am the more convinced by observing ideas current amongst men, which it seems impossible they should originally form. Such is the idea of a God, of infinity, and eternity; for notwithstanding the boasted powers of

human reason, and the light of nature;\*—since I find them incapable of discovering the essence of the most familiar object, or of taking *the first step* in any science,—I have great reason to doubt their power of discovering the being of GOD; and infinity and eternity never coming within their perception, I am persuaded men never could form such ideas. Therefore if they were led by the contemplation of nature to conjecture there must be some cause of all the wonders it presents, they would still seek for some cause of that cause, and merely be lost in endless speculations. If it be objected, that some of the ancient philosophers had the idea of infinity, and that the existence of a GOD is believed by most nations: I answer, it was not human reason made those discoveries; if it were, why have not all nations equal lights, all having the same guide? On the contrary, I have no doubt that whatever vague ideas of Deity are found in any country, might, if we knew the exact history of its inhabitants, be traced to the original revelation to Adam, to Noah, &c. preserved or corrupted by tradition. This has been done in a great measure with respect to some

\* “ I wish to ask what Mr. Locke means by the light of nature, when he has proved that we have no innate ideas?”

of the Indian nations, by Sir William Jones and others, and it still remains a fine field for future research. If we examine those nations of antiquity which had the most nearly adequate ideas of the Deity, we shall find them to be those which were favoured with the most frequent revelations. The Jews clearly stand foremost in both these respects; and why should they, who were never thought superior to the Greeks in abilities, be supposed capable of more sublime ideas, unless they received them from revelation? Why should some of the Greek philosophers come so much nearer the truth than others of not inferior capacities, but that besides the vulgar belief of their country, (the corruption of original revelation,) they received instruction from some of the Jews, or from the study of the Sibylline Oracles, and the verses of Orpheus? If, on the contrary, we look at those nations furthest removed in time and place from the centre of dispersion, as the savages of America, Africa, &c. those particularly who, having had the least commerce with the rest of the world, come nearest to our ideas of nature; we find that their reason, though unwarped by the prejudices of education, far from leading them to superior knowledge, and a more intimate acquaintance

with **God** and his works than is to be met with in civilized society, has left them but one degree above the brutes they associate with. Original revelation, not only of the existence of a **God**, but of all arts and sciences, except perhaps those most immediately necessary to existence, being in some entirely worn out; in others so mutilated and defaced as scarcely to be recognized;—in the midst of this darkness no genius starts up with the discovery of abstract truth; there does not seem even to be any progress in improvement; for the accounts of some of them at this day agree exactly with what was written of them ages ago. If then man were originally created in the savage state, how came the improvements we observe amongst ourselves, since, when reduced again to that state, we see him incapable of taking the first step towards getting out of it? I think this is the fair way of stating the parallel between human reason and divine revelation; for though all knowledge would still come from **God**, if He made man capable of discovering it, it seems to me plain that He has *not* done so; and therefore we should do well to apply to his word for instruction in the first place, as being the only fountain of real knowledge.”

The family had resided five years at C—, and had enjoyed very good health. Elizabeth was particularly fond of the place, and the air seemed to agree with her better than any other. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, her enthusiastic admiration of such magnificent and sublime views as that country affords, and her taste for drawing, certainly led her to trust too much to the strength of her excellent constitution, and to use more exercise than was good for her; but it did not appear to disagree with her, and I do not know that there was any cause of alarm in regard to her health, till the fatal evening in July 1805, which is mentioned by Mrs. S— in a letter to Dr. R—, to which I refer the reader.\* It was on the 17th of October 1805, that Miss S— arrived at Bath in the sad state which that letter describes. What I felt at this meeting may be easily imagined. During the few days which she spent with me, the skill of Dr. G—, and the care of the tenderest of parents, appeared to be attended with all the benefit we could expect. She had lost her voice, as well as the use of her limbs; but she enjoyed society, and expressed particular

\* See Appendix.

pleasure in meeting Mr. De Luc, who spent some hours with us. When she was able to be removed to the house of her kind friends Mr. and Mrs. C—, I went to Clifton, where a dangerous illness detained me; till my extreme anxiety to see Miss S— before she left Bath, determined me to return on the 21st of December. My dear friend came to me the next morning, and appeared so much better in every respect, that I was led to cherish hopes which lessened the pain of our approaching parting. She could then converse with ease and pleasure, and walk without difficulty, and the last hours which I was ever to enjoy with her in this world, were some of the most delightful that I ever spent. She anxiously wished to be removed to Sunbury to see her amiable sister before her marriage; and after sleeping one night at my house, she set out for that place with Mrs. S—, and I saw her no more.

A letter written immediately after her removal from Bath, to her kind friend Mrs. C—, shews how much better she was at that time, and that she was able to resume some of her favourite pursuits. ;

“ To MRS. C—.

“ *Sunbury, Dec. 28, 1805.*

“ Dear Madam,

“ HAVING no excuse of illness for employing an amanuensis, I take the pen myself to thank you for all your goodness to me, of which I assure you I shall always retain a grateful sense. The good effects of your nursing now appear. I was certainly somewhat fatigued with the journey, and for the first two days after I arrived was but indifferent, but yesterday and to-day I am astonishingly well, have learnt to sleep, and cough but little. I have been thus particular in the account of myself, because, from the kind interest you and Mr. C— take in my welfare, I know you would wish it.

“ I am very busy tracing the situation of Troy, in Mr. Gell’s book, and am very well satisfied with it. Yesterday we took an airing to Hampton-Court and Twickenham. The day was delightful, and the air seemed to give me new life.

“ K— returns her best thanks for all your good wishes, and hopes to make her acknowledgments more fully in person. You have perhaps heard that

she is to be married on Wednesday, and go to —

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“ With grateful and affectionate respects to Mr. C—, I remain, dear Madam,

“ Your ever obliged, &c. E. S.”

For some time after she arrived at Sir J. L—'s at Sunbury, Elizabeth was able to enjoy the agreeable society which that house affords, to walk out a little, and to take constant exercise in a carriage; but these favourable appearances did not continue long. I had a letter, in which she hinted at the dangerous state in which she evidently thought she was; and an extract from one written to her beloved sister speaks the same language with regard to her health.

“ *March 28th.*

“ I want you, my K—, to be as composed on this subject, as I am myself. You must not be frightened when you hear I am worse, nor because it is said that I am better, suppose that I am to be immediately well; for both mean nothing, and perhaps last but a few hours. I have myself a decided opinion of the probability of the event, and I see no kind-

ness in feeding you with false hopes. I wish you to be prepared for what *you*, though not *I*, would call *the worst*. I do not mean that there are any symptoms to cause immediate alarm, but the constitution seems to be wearing out; that, however, *may* be restored by the warm air of the spring and summer. Assure Mr. A— of my esteem and regard, and tell him I shall never forget his kind attentions to me, &c."

To her friend Mrs. W— she writes thus :

" *C—, July 4, 1806.*

" I am sure, my dear Mrs. W— has not attributed to unkindness or neglect, or any of those *impossible* things, my keeping unanswered a most kind letter of her's, from January to July. The case is this. I thought you heard enough of me, while my mother was at Bath. After she came to Sunbury, we were always *going*, and I was never well enough, or quiet enough, to write to you as I liked; besides, I thought I should write from Matlock, where I should fancy that you were present, and that I was talking to you. Often, indeed, did

we talk of you, and wish for you there ; but there again there was no quiet, and I never felt equal to writing, or doing any thing. In short, I have never had a pen in my hand from the time I left Sunbury, till now; and now, if my father were not going to-morrow, I should put off writing, in hopes of being more able to say something to you some other day. This, however, I can say to-day, or any day;— that though my strength has failed, my memory and affections have not; and that while they remain, you will ever hold your place in the one, and your share in the other. I am much concerned at the accounts which I hear of you.—It is very tedious to suffer so long; but we shall all be better soon.

“ As to myself, of whom I know you will wish to hear something, I do very well when the sun shines, and the wind is in the south; I seem then to inhale new life at every pore; but if a northern blast spring up, (my original enemy,) I seem to shrink and wither like a blighted leaf. To avoid this enemy, I am obliged to keep the house, which is not at all favourable to a recovery. I have been as ill, I think, since I came home, as I have ever been; but better the last few days, which have been fine ones. My mother is all kindness and attention to

me, and T— is the best nurse in the world ; but all this care will turn to no account, unless the summer should happen to be a fine one. I am perfectly easy as to the event, and only wish I were not so troublesome to others. — You would love L—, if you knew how thoughtful and attentive he has been to me. He will be a great loss to me, and to my mother a still greater, for he is her constant companion, and a very entertaining one. — My mother desires me to say every thing that is kind for her ; but indeed I have so much to say for myself, and am so totally incapable of saying it, that I must leave you to fill up the blank with what you know of us both, not forgetting that Mrs. B— is always to have her full share. Your ever affectionate &c."

From the time that Mrs. S— left Bath, which was about the end of March, the accounts which I received in all her letters, most strongly painted the anguish which her too tender heart felt, while watching the gradual approach of the dreaded event which *she* had from the first considered as inevitable. On the 9th of July, Capt S— and his youngest son L— spent some hours with me in their way to Plymouth,

and brought me a letter from Elizabeth, of which the following is an extract. It is the last that I ever received from that dear hand!

“ Having determined to send a few lines by my father to my best of friends, before your kind and most welcome letter arrived, I am not now disobeying your commands by writing, but fulfilling my own previous intention. I can never thank you enough for all the kind interest you take in me and my health. I wish my friends were as composed about it as I am; for thanks to you and your ever dear and respected mother, I have learnt to look on life and death with an equal eye, and knowing where my hope is fixed, to receive every dispensation of Providence with gratitude, as intended for my ultimate good. The only wish I ever form, and even that I check, is that my illness might be more severe, so it might be shortened; that I might not keep my father and mother so long in suspense with regard to all their plans, and occasion so much trouble and anxiety to my friends.—I should like to say much to you on this subject, but I am pressed for time, and as you may see, I do not make a very good hand of writing.—You enquire how the change

of weather affected me? As much as you can possibly suppose. During the hot weather I really thought I should get rid of the cough; but with the cold, every symptom returned as strong as ever. Yesterday and to-day have been warm and pleasant. I get into the tent, where I now am, and *revive*. We shall indeed lose a great comfort when L—\* goes. He has been most kindly attentive to me. &c. &c."

In my answer to this letter I did not attempt to deceive my friend; I knew her too well to think it necessary or right to do so. I wrote as to a *Christian* on the verge of eternity, and whose whole life, as her mother justly observes, had been a preparation for death. I received her thanks for my letter, in a most kind message conveyed to me by Mrs. S—, who spoke in every letter of increasing illness,—till in one which she kindly addressed to my friend Mrs. D—, she said, "this morning the angel spirit fled!"

Aug. 7, 1806.

\* Her youngest brother; who was then going to sea for the first time.



## APPENDIX.

M



*Letters from Mrs. S—— to the Rev. Dr. R——,  
written after the Death of Miss S——.*

LETTER I.

“ C——, 1807.

“ I Am gratified, my dear Sir, in complying with your wish, because the request proves that the esteem which you professed for my beloved daughter's character, is not buried with her in the grave; and because it justifies me to myself for dwelling so much on a subject on which I have a melancholy pleasure in reflecting. I shall repress the feelings and partiality of a parent, and merely state a few simple facts, connected with the progress of her mind.

“ Elizabeth was born at B——, in the county of Durham, in December 1776. At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in, which

marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, whilst she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her; from a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions; whatever she did was *well done*, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years. I mention these minute circumstances, because I know that whatever pourtrays her character, will interest the friend for whose perusal I write.

“ In the beginning of 1782, we removed into a distant county, at the earnest intreaty of a blind relation; and in the following year, my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I was induced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve, in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes. This lady was then scarcely sixteen, and I expected merely to have found a companion for my children during my absence; but her abilities exceeded her years, and she became

their governess during our stay in Suffolk, which was about eighteen months. On the death of my relation in 1784, we returned to B—, and remained there till June in the following year, when we removed to Piercefield. In the course of the preceding winter Elizabeth had made an uncommon progress in music. From the time of our quitting Suffolk, till the spring of 1786, my children had no instruction except from myself; but their former governess then returned to me, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. I mention these particulars to prove how very little instruction in languages my daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own unassisted study,

“ It frequently happens that circumstances apparently trifling determine our character, and sometimes even our fate in life. I always thought that Elizabeth was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. B— acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, purposely to read the Holy Scriptures in the original languages. In the

summer of 1789, this most excellent woman, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, and I have reason to hail it as one of the happiest months of my life. From that period to the hour of her death, I had in Mrs. B— the steadiest, the most affectionate of friends; a friend who had *at heart* not only the temporal, but the eternal happiness of myself and family; and who, in proportion as summer friends flew off, became yet more attached to me.—

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“From the above-mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in. Those who knew the late Mrs. B—, could not withhold from her their love and reverence. With young persons she had a manner peculiar to herself, which never failed to secure their affections, at the moment she conveyed to their minds the most important instructions. The Word of GOD was her chief study and delight, and she always endeavoured to make it so to others. The uncommon strength of her understanding, and the clearness with which she explained the most abstruse subjects, ensured her the admiration and respect

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for troubling you with a few observations upon it. In childhood, our actions are under the controul of others, and we are scarcely answerable for them; but from the period when we renew our baptismal vow in Confirmation, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the service of our Creator and Redeemer by receiving the Holy Eucharist, we must be considered as thinking and acting for ourselves; though still subject to the commands, and happy in the advice, of our parents. You have, I presume, been sufficiently instructed in all the necessary articles of faith; but I know you think *deeply* on all subjects, and if you feel any doubts, or see any difficulties, in the Christian Religion, this is the time when you should endeavour to satisfy yourself with regard to them, and perhaps my library might afford you that satisfaction, if you would indulge me with your confidence, and mention them to me. The necessary articles of faith appear to me few and simple, and rather addressed to the heart than the head. The Gospel was preached to the poor and ignorant, as well as to the learned; and the seed sprung up and bore fruit, whenever it fell *on good ground*. But those who have abilities and opportunity, should spare no pains to examine the evidences which have

convinced some of the wisest men that ever lived, of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures; and such an examination is particularly necessary in the present times. When we are convinced that the Bible is the word of **God**, and the rule of our faith and practice, nothing remains but to listen with reverence and devotion to the divine instruction it contains, and to believe, on the authority of **God**, what our weak reason could never have discovered, nor can fully comprehend. The humble, pious, and virtuous mind, which willingly accepts the gracious promises of the Gospel, and is fully resolved to practise the duties it enjoins, will seldom be disturbed by those objections to its doctrines which have been often answered to the satisfaction of the best and wisest men. The Christian religion is so suited to a feeling heart, that I think we can want no arguments for its truth, except those which are drawn from its evident tendency to make us virtuous and happy. To love the **God** who created and redeemed us; to express our gratitude for infinite obligations, by the sincere though imperfect service of a few years; to cast all our care on Him who careth for us; and, secure in his protection, to banish every gloomy apprehension which might disturb our

peace;—this surely must appear an easy task to those who know and feel the pleasure of even *an earthly* friendship: but when we add to this the certainty that our endeavours to please will be not only accepted, but rewarded; when every Christian can say, ‘after a few years, perhaps after a few hours, I shall, if it is not my own fault, be happy, perfectly happy to all eternity;’ surely, with such encouragements and such hopes, no temptation should have power to draw us from our duty. Yet when we look into the world, when we see how little influence these principles have in society, and how seldom they guard the heart against the allurements of pleasure, or support it under the pressure of affliction; it must be evident to every thinking mind, that very great and constant care is necessary to preserve through life those good resolutions, which I believe most people form when they enter into it. For this purpose allow me to recommend *constant devotion*. A few minutes spent every morning and evening in this duty will be the best preservative against the temptations to which we must be exposed; but in order to make it really useful, it should be accompanied with self-examination, and it should be followed by such an habitual sense of the presence

of God as may influence our conduct in every part of our life. In our gayest as well as in our gravest moments; in our studies, and our pleasures; in the tender intercourse of friendship; in the sprightly sallies of a conversation which seems only intended for amusement; still we should be able to turn our thoughts with heartfelt satisfaction to that tender Parent to whom we owe all our guiltless pleasures. 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' The business in which we cannot ask his protection and assistance, cannot be an innocent pursuit; the amusement for which we dare not thank Him, cannot be an innocent pleasure. This rule strongly impressed on the mind, and applied to every circumstance in life, will be a constant guard over virtue in all situations, and a constant check to every thought as well as action which is contrary to our duty.—Such, I think, should be the piety of a true Christian; and such piety will undoubtedly afford the highest pleasures we are capable of feeling in this world, while it guards that virtue which will secure our happiness in the next. But to entitle ourselves to this intercourse with our God, we must carefully and constantly attend to the state of our souls, by frequent and diligent self-

examination. As this appears to me a point of great importance at all times, and particularly as preparatory to receiving the Holy Sacrament, allow me to explain more fully what I took the liberty of saying when we conversed on this subject.

“ At our entrance into life, (by which I mean the period which follows the total dependence of childhood,) it is necessary to obtain a just idea of our own character, and of our particular duties. Nobody is so perfect as not to have a *tendency* to some fault. Pride, passion, fretfulness, obstinacy, indolence, and many other failings, are perhaps born with us, and whoever has not discovered one or more of these in his heart, certainly does not know himself. Let us then, as the first step towards wisdom and virtue, carefully study our own character, and determine where our principal danger lies; and remember, as my beloved Sister observes, that ‘ he who has discovered a fault in his character, and intreated GOD’s assistance to conquer it, has engaged Omnipotence on his side.’ ”

“ The next point to be considered is our particular situation, and the duties it requires. It is vain to suppose we could do better in different circumstances, or to think that our imaginary merits will

cover our real faults; we are not to choose our own part in life, but to act properly that which is assigned to us. What are my particular duties? How can I best serve God? How can I most contribute to the happiness of those with whom I am connected? How can I employ my time and my talents to the best advantage? What are the errors into which I am most likely to fall? Do I hurt those whom I am most bound to please, by pride, peevishness, or contempt; or do I make them happy by constant kindness, gentleness, and long-suffering? These are questions which every human being should ask his own heart, and which only his own heart can answer. From an examination of this kind, I should wish every one who really aims at Christian perfection to make out in writing a plan of life suited to his particular situation and character, and resolutely determine to act up to it. This requires time and reflection; but this once done our task will be much easier afterwards. A few minutes every night should be spent in considering how far we have conformed to that plan through the day, which I think is most easily discovered by considering how the day has been spent; for every thing, be it ever so trifling, if it is to be done at all, may be done

*well* or *ill*.—Did I attend to my devotions in the morning? Have I done good, or contributed to the happiness of others; or have I given pain to any human being by unkindness? Have I been surprised by those faults, whatever they are, which I have most reason to dread; or have I carefully avoided them?—Such questions constantly asked, and impartially answered, will prevent our acquiring wrong habits; and nothing is *unconquerable*, which is not *habitual*. Bishop Andrews says, ‘sleep is so like death, that I dare not venture on it without prayer;’ and I think it would be well if we considered it in that light, and made our peace with GOD at the end of every day, as if it were the last we should enjoy. I am sure the habit of doing this would greatly lessen the horrors of that awful period, when we must make up our accounts, however painful it may be to us. When habit has made this easy, little more will be necessary to guard us against that self-deceit which is our most dangerous enemy; but at stated times, as at the beginning of every year, and when we intend to receive the Sacrament, it will be useful to take a general review of our past life, and compare it with the plan we had determined to pursue, in order to see how far we have kept the good reso-

lutions we had formed, and in what respect it is most necessary to guard our future conduct.

"Perhaps, my dear young friend, I have said nothing which your own good sense would not point out to you much better than I am capable of doing it, and I have taken a liberty for which I can only plead the advantage which very moderate talents *must* gain from experience. I have lived longer in the world than you, and have felt the ill effects of many errors which I hope you will avoid; but I have also sometimes felt the good effects of those principles, and that line of conduct, which I wish to recommend to you, and in which I trust Providence will guide you to eternal happiness. &c. &c."

## LETTER II.

### MRS. S— TO THE REV. DR. R—.

"At the age of thirteen, Elizabeth became a sort of governess to her younger sisters, for I then parted with the only one I ever had, and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid.—This degree

of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well-regulated mind. She was a living library; but locked up except to a chosen few. Her talents were 'like bales unopened to the sun;' and from a want of communication were not as beneficial to others as they might have been, for her dread of being called a learned lady caused such an excess of modest reserve as perhaps formed the greatest defect in her character. But I will go back to the period of which I was speaking.

" When Elizabeth was fifteen years old, we were reading Warrington's History of Wales, in which he mentions the death of Llewellyn-ap-Griffydd, as happening on the banks of the Wye, at a place which he calls Buillt, and its having been occasioned by his being pierced with a spear, as he attempted to make his escape through a grove. We amused ourselves with supposing that Llewellyn's death must have happened in our grove, where two large stones were erected (as we chose to imagine) to commemorate that event; and that the adjoining grounds were from thenceforth called Piercefield. This conversation gave rise to a poem, of which Mrs. H. B— has a copy, with other papers on the same subject, for a sight of which I refer you to her.

“ When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercfield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion, no one can judge better than yourself; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when immediately after the blow was struck, you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary considerations could induce you to accept a few months before. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost; on the contrary she always appeared contented; and particularly after our fixing at C——, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

“ I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home of our own, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend;\* nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland, when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a

\* Mrs. M——, now Mrs. G. S——.

settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted. Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Pierrefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of her life afforded little opportunity for improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind, at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye, at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost.

In October 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England; in the hope that by strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort, which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country. —— We passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of the Lake of Ullswater, and continued there till the May follow-

ing, when we removed to our present residence at ~~Coventry~~. This country had many charms for Elizabeth. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired; and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected; there was scrupulous attention to all the minutiae of her sex; for her well-regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world; no human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and of her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought; but her own words declare this truth much more forcibly than I can, in a paper which is now in Mrs. H. B.'s possession:

“ Her translation of the Book of Job was finished in 1803. During the two last years of her life, she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers, written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock. Amongst her papers I found a letter from Mrs. H. B— on this subject, dated March 1805, in which she says, ‘ my endeavours to obtain a clear account of the new edition of Klopstock’s works have been unsuccessful, but I still hope that I shall very soon know whether it contains any thing new, or worth sending to you. In the mean time, if you are not tired, let me have every thing written by Mrs. Klopstock. We can determine on nothing till we have got *all* our treasures.’ The rest of this letter does not particularly relate to my daughter, but I cannot forbear copying it, for a reason that will be obvious to you. ‘ Miss H— and I wished for a little country air, and perfect quiet. We are in a lovely spot; not possessing the sublime beauties of your country, but the prettiest, cheerful scene imaginable; ornamented with little neat cottages, fields covered with lambs, fine trees, and the whole beautifully varied with hill and dale. To me it has still greater charms, as it is my native country, the scene of my early happiness: . . .

“ Where e'er my careless childhood stray'd,  
“ A stranger yet to pain!”

My *first* house is always before my eyes, and my *last* is so near that I can listen to the bell which tolled for those who were most dear to me on earth, and visit the humble tomb where I hope to rest with them. Do you remember how often, during the last few weeks of her life, and after her faculties were much weakened by illness, my dearest mother used to say to herself, ‘ Verily there is a reward for the righteous ! ’ We have placed these words on the stone which covers a vault, in which a little space remains for me. God grant that I may have reason to repeat them in my last moments with the faith and hope that animated her sweet countenance ! —— Near forty years have elapsed since my parents quitted their residence in this country, but it is very pleasing to witness the gratitude with which they are still remembered. I talk to the poor grey-headed peasants, and delight to hear them say, ‘ The Squire and Madam were *very good*. ’ What ever those may think who have *only* titles or wealth to boast of, the *good* are remembered longer than the *great*; and the name which I inherit from my father, still conciliates more good will in this little

spot than any in the Peerage. Indeed it is so easy to be beloved, it costs so little money or trouble, and it pays such rich interest, that I wonder more attention is not bestowed on it.\*

“ For the translations from Klopstock, and from the Hebrew Bible, as well as for many other writings, both in verse and prose, I refer you to Mrs. H. B.—.

“ I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.”

\* Some apology may perhaps be required from the Editor, for not omitting the little tribute of filial affection, which Mrs. S— had inserted in a letter written to a friend of ~~her~~ families. To those who have equal reason to be proud of their parents, the writer of this note ventures to appeal on this occasion; and by them she hopes to be forgiven. In her answer to this letter, Miss S— says, “ Your inscription on the stone pleases me exceedingly. The words are in *every* sense appropriate. No one could witness the latter days of that holy life, without feeling a perfect conviction of their truth.”

## LETTER III.

MRS. S—— TO THE REV. DR. B——

“ Dear Sir,

“ In compliance with your request, I will now endeavour to trace the progress of the fatal disease which deprived me of my beloved child, to the last closing scene. In the summer of the year 1805, Elizabeth was seized with a cold, which terminated in her death; and I wish the cause was more generally known, as a caution to those whose studious turn of mind may lead them into the same error. I will give the account as she herself related it, a very short time before she died, to a faithful and affectionate servant, who first came into the family when my daughter was only six weeks old.

‘ One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew; till in a moment I felt

struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain, but it did not.'

" From that time a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave me great apprehension of what might be the consequence if the cause were not removed; but no intreaties could prevail on her to take the proper remedies, or to refrain from her usual walks. This she persisted in, being sometimes better, and then a little worse, till the beginning of October. I had long been engaged to spend the winter with a most dear and interesting friend at Bath, and my three daughters had accepted a kind invitation to spend that time at Sunbury. Elizabeth had, previous to her illness, offered to accompany me to Bath, in order first to make a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C—, in the hope that she might possibly beguile some of the painful hours, which that worthy man constantly, though so patiently, endures; at least she thought that she might afford some little comfort to Mrs. C—. To these friends we were bound, by every tie of gratitude and affection, to offer every conso-

lation in our power. Their hearts were ever open to our griefs; their house always afforded shelter and protection from the various evils which assailed us. To my third son they have proved themselves, if possible, *more* than parents.

"A few days before we were to set out from C—, my daughter became so rapidly worse, that I doubted the possibility of her bearing the journey; at the same time I was most anxious to remove her to a milder climate, and within reach of medical assistance. When we reached Kendal, I insisted on taking the advice of a physician, as to the propriety of continuing our journey, and I received his directions for proceeding as fast as she could bear without inconvenience; her pulse, he said, indicated considerable inflammation, and a warmer climate would be very desirable. She bore travelling much better than I could have expected, making no complaint, but of pain in her legs, till we reached Gloucester, when I was astonished to find that she had lost all use of them. The next morning her voice too was gone; and in this sad state, unable to speak or to stand, she was carried to the house of our beloved friend in P— street. From this deplorable condition she was soon relieved by the skill and atten-

tion of Dr. G—, and we had sanguine expectations of her being restored to health. As soon as she had recovered the power of walking, she was removed to S— Place; but instead of a comfort, she became an additional cause of anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. C—. Friends less tenderly attentive, or less uniformly attached, would have shrank from the charge of receiving her, instead of pressing the performance of her promise. I saw her daily, and had the joy of seeing her gradually amend. After continuing six weeks in S— Place, she was anxious to see her beloved sister before her marriage; and with Dr. G—'s approbation she accompanied me to Sunbury. Her delicate state of health was well known to Sir J. L—, but he most kindly urged her removal to his house, thinking that the society of her sisters, and the change of air, might be beneficial. In this conjecture he was right, and I left her, at the end of ten days, much better; although the marriage of her sister had greatly agitated her spirits, as occasioning a separation from the favorite of her heart.

“ I returned to the friend whom I had left ill at Bath, and continued to receive the most flattering accounts of Elizabeth's health, not only from herself,

but from many who observed the delightful change. In one of my letters to her, I asked if she thought she should be better in any other place, or if she could point out any situation in which she would feel herself more comfortable. In her answer she said, ' I know no place in which I can be better, or any that I should like half so well. The kindness and attention of Sir J. and Lady L— cannot be exceeded. I am left at perfect liberty to do as I like, and you know how pleasant it is to me to listen to the conversation of two or three very sensible men, without being obliged to take any part in it.' — On the 6th of March my beloved friend Lady —— expired. A few days before that event I had a letter from my daughter, to tell me that as she had some symptoms of returning inflammation, she had been bled, but more as a preventive, than from any necessity. On the 22d I arrived at Sunbury, just as she was going out in a carriage with Lady L—. I had indulged the pleasing expectation of seeing her materially better, and was therefore thunderstruck at the first sight of her, for I instantly thought I discovered confirmed decline in her countenance. On my expressing to my friends my surprise, they told me she had been greatly better, that the change I perceived had only

taken place a few days before, and might be ascribed to the long continuance of a cold east wind. I wrote the next day to Dr. B—, and fixed a time for meeting him in London. After seeing her, the Doctor candidly told me it was a very bad case; that he would try a medicine which sometimes had proved very beneficial, but owned that he had little expectation of its succeeding with her, and desired to see her again in ten days, which he accordingly did. He then said he would not trouble her with more medicine; and on my entreating him to tell me exactly what plan he would wish to be pursued, without at all considering *my* situation; he replied, "In the month of May she may go where she likes, but early in September you had better go to Flushing in Cornwall; unless she should be very much better than I own I expect, and in that case I would recommend your going to the Madeiras; but to send you there, with my present opinion of the case, would only be aggravating your sorrow, by removing you from your country and your friends." To Clifton, Elizabeth always expressed a particular dislike, saying that she was sure the want of shade would kill her; and as she shewed a decided preference to C—, it was determined that we should

go thither. Sir J. L— would not suffer us to depart till the weather became perfectly mild; indeed I must ever gratefully remember his uncommonly friendly attention. Though a constant invalid and sufferer himself, scarcely a day past, without his suggesting something likely to contribute to my daughter's ease and comfort; nor was Lady L— less constant in her kind attentions.

"On the 6th of May we quitted the hospitable mansion of our friends at Sunbury, where my daughters had passed five months. Matlock water had been recommended by some people, and with Dr. B—'s approbation we determined to make some stay there. At that place Elizabeth saw her father, after an absence of many months. The pleasure of meeting him, the novelty of the scene, and the remarkable fineness of the weather, seemed to give her increased strength and spirits; and the day after our arrival she walked so far, that I confessed myself tired, but this apparent amendment was soon over, and she relapsed into her former languid state, unable to walk to any distance, and only riding a little way, while some one walked beside her. We remained at Matlock near three weeks, but not perceiving that she gained any benefit, we set off for

C—. Travelling always seemed to agree with her, and on her arrival at her favourite spot, I again perceived an alteration for the better, but it was only for a few days. I had a tent pitched as near the house as I could, in which she sat the chief part of the day. When the weather permitted, she went out in an open carriage, and however languid she appeared, still the grandeur of the scenery never failed to call forth her admiration. One day, when we were sitting in the tent, and talking of the surrounding beauties, she asked me if that would not be a good situation for our new cottage.\* I agreed that it would, but added, "I can determine on nothing, till I see how the next winter in Cornwall agrees with you. Should your health be better there, we shall certainly sell this place, and settle in the south." She answered with more than usual quickness, "If I cannot live *here*, I am sure I can nowhere else." This was the only thing she ever said to me which implied an expectation of approaching death. I understand that she wrote to some of her friends on the subject, and I find a letter from Mrs. H. B—, which evidently alludes to something

\* A cottage is now built on the beautiful spot, pointed out by Miss S—.

Elizabeth had written to her respecting her illness, for in it she says, 'You have long had a worse opinion of your state of health, than I hope it deserves; but much attention is and will be necessary; and I depend on your promise of taking care of yourself. I felt little doubt that you were ready to leave a world, in which as yet you have not had much enjoyment, for one that is much better suited to such a mind as yours; but we cannot spare you yet. You will, I hope, find much to interest you in life, and though I may not live to see it, you may, some time or other, be surrounded with blessings, which may make amends for all past sorrows.' In another letter from the same friend, dated July 16, 1806, she says, 'When we ask to be relieved from our sufferings, we ask what our Heavenly Father often in mercy denies; but when we ask to be supported under them, we ask what we shall certainly obtain. May you experience this, dear child of my heart, under every trial; and may those who love you as I do, experience it too.' — No other part of this letter was preserved, which I find

\* This written at a very early period of Miss S.—'s illness; and when all her friends, except her mother, had hopes of her recovery.

more regret, as I have since learnt that it was in answer to one which Elizabeth had written to prepare her friend for the event which soon afterwards took place. Her total silence to me, I fear, may be ascribed to her perceiving, in spite of all my endeavours to conceal it, that I had long been too apprehensive of her real state. No one seemed to think her so ill as I did. Indeed, the change was so gradual, that it was only by a comparison with the preceding week, that we were sensible of her having lost strength in the last. It was not till the Monday before her death that any material alteration appeared, and I know you are already informed, by a letter which I wrote to our mutual friend, of what passed during the last three days of her painful existence.

“ I have now, my dear sir, complied with your request, with regard to my beloved daughter. Perhaps my desire of fulfilling your wish, may have led me into a tedious detail of little matters; and it is more than probable that the havoc which time and sorrow have made in my mind, may have occasioned my omitting some things of more importance. I do not attempt to draw any character of this inestimable being, because it was well known,

and understood by you ; and the conduct of her whole life speaks much more in her praise, than could be expressed even by the partial pen of a ~~another~~.

“ I am, &c. &c.”

#### LETTER IV.

FROM MRS. S— TO MRS. H. B—.

“ *August, 1806.*”

“ THANK GOD, I can now with some composure sit down to thank my best and dearest friend for all her kind letters ; but after such a loss, we must have time to weep, and time to dry our tears, before we can either receive or bestow comfort.—My neighbours have been kindly attentive to me, offering to come here, and begging me to go to them; but I have answered, that home and perfect quiet are all I can enjoy at present. GOD bless dear Mrs. D—, for her kind enquiry of who would comfort me. She knows how to administer comfort, even when she most needs it herself.

This I have experienced from her, and ever gratefully shall I feel it. But God has comforted me, and the gratifying conviction that my angel is for ever happy, with the consciousness of having to the best of my abilities fulfilled my duty towards her, are consolations which I would not exchange for this world's wealth.

“ I shall have a melancholy pleasure in complying with your request, and will begin where my last letter ended. T—— slept in a room only separated from my beloved child by a wooden partition, and so close to her bed that she could hear her breathe. On Wednesday morning T—— told me she was much the same, though the sweet sufferer herself said she was better. I went to her, as usual, the moment I was out of bed, and was struck with the change in her countenance. On feeling her pulse, I was persuaded she could not continue long. She told me she was better, and would get up. She did so, and was cheerful when she spoke, though it evidently increased her pain, and difficulty of breathing. When she coughed or moved, she seemed to be in agony. She took nourishment as usual, and on my asking what book I should read to her, she mentioned Thomson's Seasons. I read Winter. She

made many observations, and entered entirely into the subject. About three o'clock Mrs. — called, having come with a party to see the Lake. Elizabeth said she should like to see her. Before she went up stairs, I requested she would feel the pulse, which I was persuaded indicated the termination of her sufferings before many hours. She entered into conversation cheerfully. Mrs. — told me that she thought I was mistaken; that her pulse were not those of a dying person, and she was of opinion that she might last some time. So much were all deceived, who did not watch every turn of her countenance as I did! The apothecary came afterwards. He thought her in great danger, but could not say whether immediate, or not. At nine she went to bed. I resolved to quit her no more, and went to prepare for the night. T—— came to say that Elizabeth entreated I would not think of staying in her room; and added, ‘she cannot bear you should do it, for she says you are yourself well, and rest is necessary for you.’ Think of her sweet attention! I replied, “on that one subject I am resolved; no power on earth shall keep me from her; so go to bed yourself.” Accordingly I returned to her room, and at ten gave her the usual dose of

laudanum. After a little time she fell into a dose, and I thought slept till past one. She then took some mint-tea. Her breath was very bad, and she was uneasy and restless, but never complained; and on my wiping the cold sweat off her face, and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, which I did very often in the course of the night, she thanked me, smiled, and said, 'that is the greatest comfort I have.' She slept again for a short time, and at half past four asked for some chicken-broth, which she took perfectly well. On being told the hour, she said, 'how long this night is!' She continued very uneasy, and in half an hour after, on my enquiring if I could move the pillow, or do any thing to relieve her, she replied, 'there is nothing for it but quiet;' I said no more, but thinking that she was dying, I sat on the bed watching her.---At six she said, 'I must get up, and have some mint-tea;' I then called for T—, and felt my angels' pulse; they were fluttering, and I knew I should soon lose her. She took the tea well; T— began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head on the faithful creature's shoulder, became convulsed in the face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired.

“ It did not appear that she thought her end was so very near; for only two days before, she told T— the chaise was finished, and she should speak to me to have it home, for it would be better to go an airing in it, before we set out on the journey. I did not tell her my opinion of her state, because I might be mistaken, and I believed that her whole life had been one state of preparation for the awful change. Every paper I have found confirms this gratifying idea. On reflection, I have every thing to reconcile me to her loss, but my own selfish feelings; and having witnessed the sufferings of humanity in a beloved child,

“ Though raised above  
 “ The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 “ Of human joys;—yet with a mingled ray  
 “ Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must I feel  
 “ A mother's love, a mother's tender woe!”

“ Be easy, my dearest friend, on the subject of my health; it is as good as usual, and I wonder myself at the state of my mind. I believe the overlooking my Elizabeth's papers has administered more comfort to me than I could have received from any other source; for every line has strengthened my

conviction that the dear writer of them must be happy. I regret her having destroyed many papers lately. Those remaining are chiefly religious and moral reflections, translations from the Bible, &c. I wish to send them to you, with some little trifle of her property for each of her dearest friends. You will value them as having been hers, and excuse the dotage of a parent who wishes her friends to remember the treasure she once possessed. Tell me that you and all whom I tenderly love are better. I need not name them. I have a thousand things to say to you, but it cannot be now. God for ever bless you, my dearest friend ! Thank all those who so kindly feel for me."

#### LETTER V.

" *September 1.*

" Mr. A— very kindly desires me to set off directly for Edinburgh, thinking it necessary I should immediately quit a place in which I have suffered so much; and I have a very kind letter from K—, which I have answered by saying that it is my intention to be with them on the 26th. I have also a most friendly invitation from Mrs. R—; two or three of my neighbours have kindly made the same

offer; but at present I like no place but this. I love to look at the seat on which my angel sat, at the bed on which she lay; in short nothing consoles me but what reminds me of her. It is a sorrow which is soothing to my mind, and raises it above the petty griefs to which I have too often given way. Nature never bestowed on me her talents; habit never gave me the same application; but my beloved child has left me an example which I should glory in following, and I pray God that I may enabled to do so !

“ I had promised Mr. and Mrs. G—, that the first visit I made should be to them, provided they would assure me that I should see no one else. Whilst I was there, Mrs. G. was called out to a lady who was going on directly, and who had with her Mr. and Mrs. G— C—; I begged to see her; but this unexpected meeting overset all my firmness, and she observed that she had never seen me so cut down before. I answered that I had never before *lost so much*. ‘No,’ said she, ‘nor any other human being.’ You may imagine how grateful these words were to my heart. The dear woman stayed only a few minutes, and is gone to Edinburgh, where she will see our beloved K—. I have blotted my paper, but *you will excuse it*,”

## LETTER VI.

"September 8.

"On the 5th I dispatched a little box for you. It contains all the papers, a small parcel, &c. You will observe in one of the memorandum-books a few words respecting the expenditure of the legacy left her by your excellent mother, which I am sure will please you.\* I think I *did know* your sainted parent; and doing so, I felt a reverence and affection for her little short of yours. When I consider her unvaried affection for me, I fear I am tempted to think better of myself than I ought.

"B—'s sudden removal from this country has sensibly affected me, because I feel persuaded that I must not expect to see him more.† If it please God to preserve his life, it will probably be years before he returns; and (like you) I do not look far in this world, nor dare I look forward to any pleasing event. In five short months I witnessed two sad scenes of death, and the impression each made on my mind can never be effaced.

\* 'Account of a legacy left me by that excellent and ever-honoured Mrs. B—. May I spend every sixpence as she would advise me to do, if she were present!'

† The third son of Mrs. S—, who was then ordered to join the expedition under General Crawford.

“ I can now again attend my own parish church; and I cannot tell you how gratifying it is to me;—I seem to meet my beloved Elizabeth every Sunday. This idea occasions sensations that I would not exchange for any earthly treasure. They are not such as depress my spirits; quite otherwise. They excite my hope, increase my piety, and strengthen me to meet the trials of the ensuing week. Indeed I feel that she is dearer to me every day.”

## LETTER VII.

“ FROM MRS. G— TO MRS. H. B—.

“ *September 9, 1806.*

“ FEELING as I know you do for your beloved friend at C—, I think it will be a comfort to hear from one who has had much intimate conversation with her since the sad loss she has sustained. It is true that to you she has opened her whole heart, and you know all that passes there better than I can tell you; but it will interest you to hear of her looks and deportment from a friend who has seen her frequently, and who feels for her most sincerely. Yesterday evening we returned from C—, after passing two days there. Her firmness, her collect-

ed mind, exceeds any thing I have seen, because I trace through it feelings the most acute.

" The instant we heard of what had happened, Mr. G—, impressed by the idea of her receiving the blow in a state of solitude, was inclined to go directly, but I convinced him that it was better to write first. I soon had a few lines which afforded all the satisfaction we could expect to receive; quiet, she said, was at first absolutely necessary, but it would be a comfort to see us when she could support the meeting. A worthy Clergyman afforded all necessary assistance, and to him she gave directions as to all that was to be done. The last solemn ceremony took place early in the morning, and was conducted with perfect simplicity. It was over before we heard of it, otherwise Mr. G— and I should have been tempted, through respect for the living and the dead, to have attended. On Mr. G—'s account, however, I believe it was better omitted, though he says it would have been a satisfaction; but it might have been too much for his nerves, for they were so much affected by his first visit to C—, that it was several days before he recovered. Indeed it was an affecting visit. On that day three weeks we had seen your dear girl sitting under the

same tent in a field overlooking the Lake, accompanied by her Father, Mother, and Sister; now we found her place empty, her Mother and Sister alone. It was not very long before Mrs. S— had the resolution to speak of her. She sought and found the highest consolation in dwelling on her virtues, and on the proofs she had found in the writings she left behind, that she was well prepared to quit this world. Mrs. S— afterwards read to us the most kindly sympathising letter from T— W— that ever was written on such an occasion, with some verses to the memory of his favourite, so characteristic, and coming so truly from the heart, that neither Mr. G— nor I could restrain our tears. Mr. G— rejoices in having fitted up that shew-box for you, and means to do an appropriate moon-light for it."

#### LETTER VIII.

" FROM MRS. G— TO MRS. H. B—,

" MR. G— has been trying to do his promised moon-light in a way that may do some justice to his regard for you, and to the memory of the interesting person to whom it alludes, but he bids me tell you that, when most anxious to do his best, he seldom can please himself. He trusts however that

you will be in some degree gratified by this token of his regard to you, and to the memory of one so justly dear to you, and so affectionately valued by himself. He applied to me for some lines to write on the space he has left at the bottom of the frame, and was pleased with my suggestion of selecting a couplet from the verses written by T— W—. They came pure from the heart of one who truly appreciated her character, and tenderly lamented her loss." &c.\*

I will here add the letter and poem mentioned by Mrs. G—. The author, T— W—, a Quaker, is well known, and universally respected in the country where he resides; and Mrs. S— says of him,

\* With this letter I received a beautiful landscape, with an urn sacred to the memory of my beloved friend, which is placed with her transparencies. This picture was one of the last efforts of Mr. G—'s elegant pencil. That ingenuous, amiable, and most excellent man, died on the 10th of June, 1807. The lines to which Mrs. G— alludes are now indeed peculiarly appropriate, and they are placed on the picture:

“ Long shall my care these sweet memorials save;

“ The hand that traced them rests within the grave!”

"He is one of the very few people who really knew my daughter, and he felt for her character that esteem which the wise and good ever entertain for each other." Miss S— had much pleasure in his society and correspondence, and he sometimes attended her and her sisters in their long walks amongst the mountains.

## LETTER XI.

"To Mrs. S—.

"My dear Friend,

"WILL it be an intrusion on the sacredness of thy sorrow, thus to address thee? I have heard of thy loss, and can truly say I sympathize therein. I have awoke in tears in the night, to meditate on the affecting event; and the thoughts of my friend, and precious daughter, are frequently my companions by day. Many are now my recollections of dear Elizabeth; her sweet and serious countenance is often so vivid in my remembrance, that I sometimes can hardly think I shall see her no more. How unsearchable are the ways of the ALMIGHTY! He frequently selects the wisest and the best for him-

self, whilst “ the world lying in wickedness” seems to want their example and reproof, and the virtuous and drooping Christian their encouragement and support. Yet we are not to question his ways; for surely they are in wisdom, though that wisdom we cannot comprehend. Never let us forget, my friend, that this is a state of trial. Affliction and trial will terminate in the grave, and if we are faithful to the last, we shall rise in happiness. I have had no particulars of the trying event; when thou hast strength to write, it would be desirable to know how thou and J— are, and whether thy husband, or any branch of the family, were at C—— during the solemn scene? Thy lot has often been to bear the heaviest part of the burthen. I shall devote the rest of my paper to a little memorial of its kind to thy valued daughter.

“ Farewell! With true esteem and affection, I remain thy sincere and sympathising friend,

“ T. W.”

**LINES ENCLOSED.**

“ HOW dark this river, murmuring on its way;  
 This wood how solemn, at the close of day!  
 What clouds come on, what shades of evening fall,  
 Till one vast veil of sadness covers all!—

Then why alone thus lingering do I roam,  
 Heedless of clouds, of darkness, and of home?—  
 Well may I linger in this twilight gloom  
 Alone, and sad—ELIZA's in her tomb!  
 She who so late, by kindred taste ally'd,  
 Paced this lone path, conversing at my side;  
 The wildering path 'twas her delight to prove,  
 Through the green valley, or the cooling grove.

“ Can I forget, on many a summer's day,  
 How through the woods and lanes we wont to stray;  
 How cross the moors, and up the hills to wind,  
 And leave the fields and sinking vales behind:  
 How arduous o'er the mountain steeps to go,  
 And look by turns on all the plains below;  
 How scal'd th' aërial cliffs th' adven'trous maid,  
 Whilst, far beneath, her foil'd companion staid?

“ Yet whilst to her sublimest scenes arise,  
 Of mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies,  
 The intellectual world still claim'd her care—  
 There she would range, amid the wise and fair,  
 Untutor'd range;—her penetrating mind  
 Left the dull track of school-research behind;  
 Rush'd on, and seiz'd the funds of Eastern lore,  
 Arabia, Persia, adding to her store.

“ Yet unobtrusive, serious, and meek,  
 The first to listen, and the last to speak;  
 Though rich in intellect, her powers of thought  
 In youth's prime season no distinction sought;

But ever prompt at *duty's* sacred call,  
 She oft in silence left the social hall,  
 To trace the cots and villages around,  
 No cot too mean, where misery might be found:  
 How have I seen her at the humblest shed,  
 Bearing refreshment to the sick man's bed;  
 His drooping spirits cheer'd—she from his door  
 Return'd, amid the blessings of the poor!

“ Oh, lost *ELIZA*! dear, ingenuous maid,  
 While low in earth thy cold remains are laid,  
 Thy genuine friendship, thy attentions kind,  
 Rise like a vision on my pensive mind;  
 Thy love of truth, thy readiness to please,  
 Thy sweet, resolv'd simplicity and ease,  
 Enhanc'd the favours of ingenious art,  
 And made thy gifts pass onward to the heart:  
 These beauteous tints,\* these peaceful scenes I view,  
 Thy taste design'd, and ready friendship drew;  
 Long shall my care the sweet memorials save—  
 The hand that trac'd them rests within the grave!

“ Lamented maiden! pensive and alone,  
 While sorrowing friendship pours her tender moan,  
 Sad memory sees thee, at our parting hour,  
 Pale, weak, yet lovely as a drooping flower,  
 Which sheds its leaves on autumn's sickly bed;—  
 Thou from thy pillow rais'd thy peaceful head;

\* “ Her drawings in a rustic building beside the river *Emont*.”

To me thou held'st thy feeble hand—it bore  
 Naambanna† dying on his native shore;  
 Like his, Religion's holy truths, address'd  
 To thy young mind, were treasur'd in thy breast;  
 Like his, we saw thy early blossoms wave;  
 Now see the Virtues weeping o'er thy grave!"

The last manuscript with which I was favoured by Dr. Mumssen arrived too late; and when I wrote to thank him for it, I mentioned the irreparable loss I had sustained, and spoke of my lamented friend in the following words; which drew from him an answer so gratifying to my feelings, that I hope I may be pardoned for inserting it. My letter contains a very imperfect sketch of Miss S—'s character, but it is drawn with truth.

#### LETTER X.

*Extract from a Letter from Mrs. H. B.—  
 to Dr. Mumssen.*

“ September 1806.

“ THE lovely young creature on whose account I first applied to you, had been for above a year

† An affecting account of the pious African, Henry Granville Naambanna, which she gave the author, as he took his last leave of her a short time before her death.

gradually declining, and on the 7th of August she resigned her pure spirit to GOD who gave it. Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive my dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with Geometry, Algebra, and other branches of the Mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She shewed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant,

modest, gentle, and affectionate; nothing was neglected, which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted, which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety, which seemed always to raise her above this world, and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures almost without regret, and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation.—For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt I am not qualified to judge; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness, the sweet attention which she always shewed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, 'where (as one of her friends observes) her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows.' &c. &c.

## LETTER XI.

DR. MUMSEN, IN REPLY.

*"Altona, Oct. 3, 1806.*

"LET me very heartily sympathise with you, dear Madam, in your sorrow. The loss you have suffered is great, is irrecoverable in this world. The account you gave me of the extraordinary character of your late angelic friend, has filled my breast with admiration and awe. I have read your letter with tears. So many accomplishments, natural and moral; so much of science, erudition, and eminence of rare talents, combined with grace, with gentleness, and all the virtues that adorn a female mind! It is wonderful, and cannot be enough admired. Great, indeed, must have been your happiness in the possession of this treasure.—Alas! the gentle spirit that moved her tender limbs is soon divested of its mortal garment, and gone to join its kindred angels!

*"Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella!"*

But I think her happy in this our period; for what can be more fortunate on earth than to fall into the hands of the virtuous, and free from contact of a corrupted race, to make her passage over our un-

lucky planet pure and immaculate, and with the robe of innocence appear before her Creator? To taste all the sweets of science and art, and having satisfied all honest desires, remove from the feast of life with gratitude. ' 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished !'

" Your being deprived of such a hand, I fear, will put a stop to your honourable project; yet I will hope that somebody will be found to assist you in reducing and sifting the materials you have collected.

" Pray tell me the name of your late young friend, that I may honour her memory. Such radiant flames seldom descend to inhabit terrestrial forms.

" " With true esteem and affection, I am, &c.

## LETTER XII.

FROM THE REV. DR. R— TO MRS. S—.

" I HAVE to thank you, my dear Mrs. S—, for your very interesting manuscript. To those who once shared the friendship of your excellent daughter, the most trifling incidents of her life are now become valuable records; and scenes of childhood,

when connected with the expansive powers of genius, cease to be insignificant; as the smallest rill assumes an importance from being contemplated as the source of a great and majestic river. Let me however confess, that without a more powerful motive for my request, than the one you so justly assign to me, I should have spared you the sad remembrance of the days of infantine occupations; and judging of the culture by the produce, have given due credit to your system of education, nor felt any inclination to pry further into the secrets of a mother's care.

" But the plant you had the happiness to rear in the moral garden of life, (though, alas! of short duration,) exhibited such a luxuriant fertility, and a vigour of shoot so far exceeding the ordinary growth of intellect, that it seems a duty you owe to society to mark the several points and stages of its advancement to such early maturity.

" I see you start at the proposal I am about to make; but the papers now before me not only serve to increase my admiration of your beloved child, but convince me, the more I read them, that she that is gone ought to live in universal remembrance; that over such a grave grief should not be

dumb ; and that the world, deprived by her death of one of its brightest ornaments, has a claim to every memorial of her exalted worth and talents, to shew the unthinking crowd what *may* be done, and to hold forth an example of what *has been done*, even in so short a space of time, by fulfilling the duties of a Christian life, and the purposes of rational existence.

“ You know that I am no advocate, generally speaking, for biographical sketches and memoirs. The vanity of some of these communications might well be spared, and the profligacy of others ought not to be endured. But if the reflecting reader, tired or disgusted with a mere series of adventures, should prefer a narrative that led the mind to thought, to one that only filled it with wonder or amusement; if he had rather follow Cowper to his study than a general to the field, or a statesman to the cabinet; to such a class of readers, I scruple not to say, you have it in your power to offer a most captivating publication. Every page I unfold fills me with fresh astonishment ; and when I collect the evidence of your daughter’s attainments within the short period of her earthly existence, when I combine the graces of person, and the elegance of accomplishments, with her more noble and higher distinctions of in-

telle&t, I seem to lose sight of what once adorned society, and to be tracing a form of ideal perfection.

“ Over every thing she touches she seems to spread a new charm; and whether she furnishes materials from her own capacious mind, or draws them from the stores of others, there is a choice and arrangement which evinces the soundest judgment, as well as the sweetest imagination. Her feelings are exquisite, but never romantic; and in the flight of her most excursive fancy, she keeps within the bounds of truth and taste. In all that she invents or describes, nothing is overcharged or unnatural. Her pen, like her pencil, places every object in the most pleasing point of view; and the delicacy of her thoughts is even heightened by the purity, I may say piety, of the expressions in which they are conveyed. In her various translations from the German, and other languages, most of which I have compared with the different authors, she never mistakes or weakens the spirit of the original.—Klopstock, under her management, talks English as well as his native tongue; and the warmest of his admirers would rejoice to hear the facility and precision with which she has taught their favourite poet and philosopher to converse amongst us.—Of her

search with familiar exposition. From the received translation it very seldom *unnecessarily* deviates, which I consider to be a proof of the author's taste and judgment; for, in general, the language of our English Bible is such as no one possessing these would wish to alter. The correction of error, and the improvement of the sense, seem to be the only inducements, and serve as the chief guides in every variation of phrase adopted in the version of your friend. These variations are undoubtedly sometimes considerable, but always ingenious, and generally well-founded, and never hazarded but with reasonable colour, and manifestly after much investigation. New readings and new significations are occasionally introduced; and from the appearance of some of these at the commencement of the work, I had at first been led to entertain doubts as to the merit of the translation; but upon farther acquaintance, and a fuller review, I find them much less frequent and less violent than (I am sorry to say) are to be met with in most of our modern versions of the various parts of the Old Testament. Conjectural emendations of the text particularly are most sparingly indulged in; so that upon the whole, I cannot but recommend the publication of the entire version; in

Hebrew versions, of which I would not allow myself to be a competent judge, I can now speak in the strongest terms of praise, from the testimony of some of our best Hebrew scholars, to whom the Book of Job has been more particularly submitted. The opinion of this extraordinary production, transmitted to me by a friend who ranks among the first in this department of literature, I here subjoin.

‘ My dear Sir,

‘ I H A V E exceeded the time I had prescribed to myself for sending you my report of the MS. of Job; but I was desirous to form the best judgment I was capable of, before I ventured on a final opinion. I have now, however, most fully satisfied my mind upon the subject; and I feel that I should do great injustice to the work, if I did not pronounce it to be an excellent translation. After a close scrutiny, and a careful comparison with the original, it strikes me as conveying more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess. It combines accuracy of version with purity of style, and unites critical re-

the fullest confidence that it will be received as a valuable present by the lovers of biblical literature.\*

“ Upon such proofs, I may venture to rest my justification, if any be necessary, for earnestly requesting your permission to draw from the journal of her improvement a simple narrative of your daughter’s life. Many of the documents must necessarily be omitted, but enough may be given to confirm our estimate of her worth, and prove to the world that it has not been raised beyond its due standard by the partiality of her sorrowful and surviving friends. —— If the dear companion of some of her early studies might be prevailed on to undertake the arrangement of the materials, (and I think our solicitations to her for that purpose may not be in vain,) your mind will be better reconciled to the measure, and the world will be satisfied as to the fidelity of the detail. —— Let us, I beseech you, unite to accomplish this; and believe me, &c.”

\* Letter from the Rev. Dr. Magee, of Trinity college, Dublin, author of *Discourses on the Doctrine of the Atonement*.

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